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## APRIL MEETING, 1886.

The Annual Meeting was held on Thursday, the 15th instant, at noon, Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Recording Secretary.

The donations to the Library for the past month were reported by the Librarian, and among them were the "American Cyclopædia," from D. Appleton & Co., publishers; Lord Macaulay's Works, in eight volumes, from Dr. Everett; and a copy of the "Ordinance of Secession" adopted by the people of Virginia in 1861, which was taken, by permission of General Devens, from the house of Jefferson Davis in Richmond, on the 7th of April, 1865, by Mr. R. B. Forbes, of this city.

It was mentioned by the Corresponding Secretary that Mr. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ontario, Canada, had signified his acceptance of his election as a Corresponding Member.

The PRESIDENT announced the decease of the Hon. John J. Babson, the historian of Gloucester, and paid a tribute to his worth, and stated that Mr. C. C. Smith had been appointed to prepare a memoir of him for the Proceedings.

Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, of this city, presented a marble bust of Alexander Hamilton, a copy of the original one by Houdon.

The PRESIDENT read a communication from Mrs. Henry P. Sturgis, of Boston, who enclosed the following letter, written by the purser of the United States steamer "Susquehanna" to one of the firm of Messrs. Russell & Sturgis, of Manila, giving an account of the first attempt to open communication with the Emperor of Japan on behalf of the Government of this country:—

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA,"

JAPAN, 14 July, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. —: Let me give you a rapid sketch of our doings since we left Hong-Kong for Shanghai, where we carried Mr. Marshall the Commissioner.<sup>1</sup> We called at Macao for him and for Dr.

<sup>1</sup> This was the late Hon. Humphrey Marshall, then minister of the United States to China.—Eds.

Parker,<sup>1</sup> who went with us, being Secretary of Legation. After our arrival at Shanghai, we attempted to take Colonel Marshall and suite to Nankin; but our steamer is too large, and we grounded fifteen miles up the Yangtse-Kiang River, and returned. Early in May Commodore Perry arrived, and transferred his flag to our ship from the "Mississippi;" and on the 23d we started for the Loo-Choo Islands, arriving at Napa-Kiang on the 26th. About ten days afterwards we marched to Sheudi, the capital of the island, to make our respects to the Regent, who did not seem to appreciate our politeness, but was extremely anxious to prevent the visit and to induce us to go away. But we insisted on being friendly and polite, although he came on board to beg us not to go, and made use of all the diplomacy of helplessness, but in vain. They have a holy horror of missionaries, and are extremely reluctant to have strangers come amongst them. On the 9th of June we sailed for the Bonin Islands, where the depot must be if they establish a line of steamers between Shanghai and California. We arrived at Port Lloyd on the 14th, and sailing on the 18th returned to Napa on the 23d. On the 2d of July we sailed on the grand Japan expedition, and on the 8th ran up the magnificent Bay of Jeddo, the capital of the Empire. Our arrival was signalized by rockets from the forts; and very soon a great number of boats came off and surrounded us, but we would not let any one come on board until we were informed that the Governor of Uraga was alongside. We immediately invited him and his suite on board, and gave them a polite reception. They were very gentlemanly in their deportment, and, pretending not to know our object, inquired why we had come into that forbidden portion of the Empire. We told them very distinctly that we were the bearers of a letter from the President of the United States to his Majesty the Emperor of Japan, which we had come here to deliver. They contended that no communication could be received here,—that it must be delivered at Nagasaki and presented through the Dutch. We told them that our President's letter could not be presented through any foreign people, but must be received directly from ourselves by the high authorities of Japan. We told them also that as we pledged our word that no American should land or molest them, we could not suffer our ships, armed as they were with heavy guns, to be surrounded, as was usual, by their boats, and that if they did not leave the vicinity of the ships in fifteen minutes, we would fire into them and send the armed men whom they saw before them to destroy or disperse them. The Governor and some of his suite looked eagerly at the big guns, tried to lift the sixty-four-pound shot, viewed the stern array of the marines, put their heads into the muzzles of the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Peter Parker was both physician and missionary, not only among the foreigners, but among the upper-class Chinese. He was also interpreter to the American Embassy, and subsequently full minister. — EDS.

eight-inch guns to be satisfied of their size, seemed to be convinced there was no mistake, then waved his *fan* and gave orders to the boats, which immediately dispersed and never assembled near us again. This ship towed the "Saratoga" and the "Mississippi" and the "Plymouth" all the way. After many attempts to change our determination, which we always met with courteous firmness on our part, they told us, yesterday afternoon, that the Prince of Idzu, a high councillor of State, had been appointed by the Emperor a full ambassador to receive the President's letter; that he had already arrived and proposed that the Commodore should land with his staff and guards to present the letter at Gori-Hama, about two or three miles below Uraga,—a place much better suited to the purpose, and where they were now erecting buildings for the ceremony. We agreed without hesitation, never caring for Golownin's fate or troubling our heads about treachery, etc. Accordingly, this morning we landed about fifty officers, about two hundred blue jackets, and about one hundred and twenty marines, and two bands of music. Buchanan<sup>1</sup> was the first to land, Major Zeilin the second, and your friend the purser the third. As the men landed we rapidly formed them on the beach; and when the Commodore arrived, placing him and the officers in the centre, we marched right up to about five thousand Japanese troops drawn up in different lines to receive us; and passing through them, the officers entered the building where the Prince was awaiting our arrival. The Governor of Uraga and his interpreter then received the letter of the President to the Emperor, and the letter of credence of Commodore Perry,<sup>2</sup> having the seal of our country enclosed in golden boxes, and *on their knees* put them into a Japan box, which they secured with silk cords, by command of the Prince to be carried out in that manner to the Emperor. We then bowed ourselves out of the temporary building, after receiving the credentials of the Prince and a receipt for the letter. The effect as we approached the shore was beautiful and exciting: a mere handful, less than four hundred Americans, were landing in the face of five thousand troops, whose various Eastern dresses and silken banners were imposing, whose character for cunning and duplicity was well known, and who were supported by countless multitudes covering the neighboring hills. But the moment we came near enough to compare ourselves with them, all ideas of treachery vanished; for there was not a Yankee who did not feel that with one broadside, one war-

<sup>1</sup> He was commander of the "Susquehanna," and afterwards, during the Civil War, belonged to the Confederate army, and was at one time confined in Fort Warren. — EDS.

<sup>2</sup> In the "Narrative of the Expedition of Commodore Perry to the China Seas and Japan," compiled by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. (chap. xiii.), this letter is given, together with many interesting details of the landing, and an engraving representing the scene when President Fillmore's letter to the Emperor was delivered. — EDS.



whoop, and a rush upon them with the cold steel we could scatter as many as could stand before us. Their unsoldierlike dresses, their antiquated arms, spears, and cross-bows, matchlocks, and about sixty old Tower muskets, and four or five two-pound brass field-pieces. Their officers, dressed in silk and seated on camp-stools, in front of the soldiers under umbrellas, made us feel confident that we could drive any number of them like pigeons before our eagles. Your navy has accomplished in six days what it required the Emperor of all the Russias six months to succeed in; yes, and more,—for his letter was delivered at Nagasaki, under many restrictions, and ours was received near Jeddo, freely and directly, by a prince of the Empire specially appointed for the purpose. We have landed at their own instance at this heretofore sealed portion of the Empire; we have unfurled the stars and stripes to their breezes, and awakened the echoes of their hills for the first time since the creation to the music of “Yankee Doodle” and “Hail Columbia.” We have surveyed their harbor, promised to return with a large force next spring for our answer, and left them on the most friendly terms, without a single accident or disturbance. We sailed on the 17th, arrived again at Napa on the 25th, sailed August 1, and arrived at Hong-Kong August 7.

The Japanese gentlemen wear two swords and one *fan*!

Mr. CHASE presented to the Society an original portrait of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, by Thomas Sully, which formerly belonged to the late Governor Swann of Maryland.

Judge HOAR presented Whall's picture of the Apostle Eliot preaching to the Indians; Salter's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which was taken from personal sittings of the Duke; and Chester Harding's of Daniel Webster, which had been bequeathed by the late John H. Eastburn to this Society.

The Hon. R. C. WINTHROP presented an original miniature likeness of Oliver Cromwell, by Samuel Cooper, which had been left to him by the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of this city, with the wish that it might ultimately be deposited with this Society.

The PRESIDENT presented a sermon delivered by Mather Byles, March 6, 1760, being a day appointed by order of his Majesty as a public thanksgiving for the signal successes granted to the British arms.

Mr. JENKS presented an outline map showing a portion of the town of Canton in 1725.

Mr. T. C. AMORY presented a catalogue of sixty or more portraits of Daniel Webster and of more than ten statues, statuettes, and busts. Many on the list are repetitions, but a

large number are originals. The names of nearly twenty different artists are given, and of the proprietors when known. This pious tribute to a great memory is the work of General James Dana; and Mr. Amory said that at his request this copy had been sent to him by the compiler to be presented to the Society.

*Catalogue of Portraits, etc., of Daniel Webster. Compiled by  
James Dana, 1883.*

Owner.	Location.	Artist.
Museum Fine Arts . . . .	Boston.	Ames.
Mrs. Peter Harvey . . . .	"	"
Charles H. Joy . . . .	"	" 1852.
Harvey D. Parker . . . .	"	" Purchased of Mrs. Ames.
Harvard Law School . . . .	Cambridge.	"
Joseph Burnett . . . .	Southboro', Mass.	" Formerly in Astor House, N. Y.
Mrs. Fletcher Webster . . . .	Marshfield.	" Unfinished.
Dartmouth College . . . .	Hanover.	" Gift of Dr. J. Baxter Upham.
Phillips Academy . . . .	Exeter.	" Gift of Marshfield Club.
United States . . . . .	Capitol.	Healy.
France . . . . .	Palace-Versailles.	"
City of Boston . . . . .	Faneuil Hall.	" Answering Haines.
Franklin Haven . . . . .	Boston.	" 1850.
Family of Lord Ashburton . . . .	London.	" Presented to Lord Ashburton by Mr. Webster at the time of the Treaty.
Mr. Justice Blatchford . . . .	New York City.	" 1848.
Abram Binninger . . . . .	" " "	" Painted for Lorenzo Draper, while U. S. Consul at Paris.
Union League Club . . . .	Philadelphia.	"
Boston Athenæum . . . .		Harding. Full length. 1849.
Mrs. John P. Healy . . . .	Boston.	"
Misses Fletcher . . . . .	Cambridge.	"
Mrs. Fletcher Webster . . . .	Marshfield.	" Copy of Mrs. J. P. Healy's.
Alexander S. Webb . . . .	15 Lexington Avenue, New York City.	" Painted for "Hone Club."
Rice W. Payne . . . . .	Warrenton, Va.	" 1842.
" " . . . . .	" "	" Copy.
Family of Commodore Stockton . . . . .	Trenton, N. J.	" ¾ life size.
C. J. H. Woodbury . . . .	31 Milk Street, Boston.	"

Owner.	Location.	Artist.	
Mechanics' Institute . . .	Lowell.	Lawson.	His "Original." Full length. 1844. <sup>1</sup>
Thomas W. Pierce . . .	Topsfield, Mass.	"	1882-83. Recent painting.
Henry Williams . . .	Boston.	"	Full length.
Dartmouth College . . .	Hanover.	"	Presented by John Aiken <i>et al.</i> of Lowell.
Misses Fletcher . . . .	Cambridge.	Hoit.	
John M. Batchelder . . .	"	"	
State of New Hampshire .	Capitol.	"	Full length.
Mrs. Paran Stevens . . .	244 Fifth Avenue, New York City.	"	His last work; formerly in Revere House parlor.
Mrs. Fletcher Webster . .	Marshfield.	Stuart.	Painted for Edmund Dwight.
Essex Institute . . . .	Salem.	Jane Stuart.	Copy of preceding, presented by Mrs. J. Morton Warren.
City of Boston . . . .	Charlestown City Hall.	Pope.	1853. Presented to the city of Charlestown by citizens thereof.
United States . . . .	State Department.	"	In Diplomatic Reception Room.
G. Washington Warren . .	Boston.	"	Copy.
Dartmouth College . . .	"	Alexander.	
Mrs. David McIlvray . . .	"	Unknown.	
Misses Fletcher . . . .	Cambridge.	"	
James French & Son . . .	226 Washington Street, Boston.	"	
Benjamin French . . . .	319 Washington Street, Boston.	"	Supposed to be Howe.
Mrs. Henry B. Pearson . .	42 Worcester Square, Boston.	"	Full length.
Franklin Haven . . . .	Boston.	"	
Pilgrim Society . . . .	Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.	"	
Mrs. Dr. Lindsley . . . .	Washington, D. C.	"	
Family of the late William H. Seward . . . .	New York.	"	
Gordon W. Burnham . . .	New York City.	"	

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lawson has painted some fifteen copies of his "Original." Believed to be chiefly owned in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

*Miniatures, etc.*

Owner.	Location.	Artist.	
Mrs. R. M. Staigg . . . .	Chapel Station, Brookline, Mass.	Staigg.	1844.
Massachusetts Historical Society . . . . .	Boston.	"	
Massachusetts Historical Society . . . . .	"	Miss Goodridge.	
Family of Miss Goodridge .	"	"	"
Henry Cabot Lodge . . .	Nahant.	"	"
Mrs. Daniel Webster . . .	New York.	Saunders.	
Edward A. Kelly . . . .	9 Marlborough Street, Bos- ton.	Unknown.	Presented by Mr. Webster to Grace Fletcher at the time of their engage- ment. Believed to be the first portraiture. Daguerreotype. "1852. Daguerreo- type. Pre- sented by Mr. Webster. Enlarged photo- graph. At Washington, 1843 or 1844. At Mr. Win- throp's request.
Thomas B. Lawson . . .	Lowell.		
Edward S. Tobey . . . .	Boston.		
Stephen M. Allen . . . .	"		
United States . . . . .	Capitol.		
Robert C. Winthrop . . .	Boston.	Eastman Johnson.	

*Statues, Busts, etc.*

City of New York . . . .	Central Park.	Ball.	Life size. Gift of Gordon W. Burnham.
Commonwealth of Mass. .	State House grounds.	Powers.	Life size. Order of General Court.
Dartmouth College . . .	Hanover.		
D. P. Ives & Co. . . . .	Boston.	Ball.	Statuette.
George W. Nesmith . . .	Franklin, N. H.		Stamped in bronze.
Marshall P. Wilder . . .	Dorchester.	"	Statuette copy. Stamped in bronze.
" " . . .	"		
John M. Batchelder . . .	Cambridge.		Stamped in rub- ber.

Owner.	Location.	Artist.	Bust.
Unknown . . . . .		<i>Clevenger.</i>	
Frederick Jones . . . . .	New Ipswich, N. H.		Statuette. For many years owned by Dr. Stilman Gibson of that town, and stood on a pedestal in front of his mansion.

On motion of the Treasurer, it was —

*Voted*, That the income of the Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund to Sept. 1, 1885, be added to the appropriation for printing the Trumbull Papers, and that the words "Printed at the Charge of the Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund" be placed on the titlepage of the second volume, now in press.

Mr. WINSOR presented a copy of an unprinted journal kept on the Kennebec expedition to Quebec, under Arnold, in 1775-76. Its author was Ebenezer Wild, who was one of those captured in Arnold's party during the attempted storming of Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775. He remained a prisoner till the arrangement was made with Carleton for the release of the New Englanders in June. The manuscript was given to Harvard College Library in 1850 by W. S. Stoddard. The other diaries of this expedition which have been preserved or noted are here enumerated.

1. Arnold's, Sept. 27 to Oct. 30, 1775. The original manuscript was left behind by Arnold when he fled from West Point. Extracts from it are printed in S. L. Knapp's "Life of Aaron Burr," 1835. It is now owned by Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York. A copy made of it, when owned by Judge Edwards, of New York, is in the "Sparks Manuscripts" (LII. vol. ii.).

2. "Journal of the March of a Party of Provincials from Carlyle to Boston, and from thence to Quebec, begun the thirteenth of July and ended the thirty-first of December, 1775. To which is added an Account of the Attack and Engagement of Quebec, the 31st December, 1775." Glasgow, 1775, pp. 36. Sabin ("Dictionary of Books relating to America," vol. ix. No. 36, 728) says it is the journal of a company of riflemen, under Captains William Hendricks and John Chambers, and that it was sent from Quebec to Glasgow by a gentleman who appended the "Account."

3. A manuscript journal kept by Henry Dearborn, Sept. 10, 1775, to July 16, 1776, is in the Boston Public Library.

4. "Caleb Haskell's diary, May 5, 1775, to May 30, 1776, — a revolutionary soldier's Record before Boston and with Arnold's expedition." Newburyport, 1881, pp. 23. It is edited by L. Withington. The diarist was of Ward's company.

5. John Joseph Henry's "Accurate and Interesting Account of the Hardships and Sufferings of that Band of Heroes who traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec." Lancaster, Pa., 1812. There were later editions, with changed titles, published at Watertown, N. Y., 1844, and at Albany, 1877, the last having a memoir of Judge Henry, the author, by his grandson Aubrey H. Smith, from which we learn that the narrative was dictated by Henry to his daughter in his last years, with the aid of notes and memoranda made at the time, and that it was printed without the author's revision.

6. A journal of Lieutenant William Heth, of Morgan's Riflemen, is referred to in Marshall's "Washington," pp. 53, 57.

7. A journal of Sergeant McCoy is referred to in Henry's "Account."

8. Major Return J. Meigs' "Journal of the Expedition against Quebec under Colonel Benedict Arnold in the Year 1775." It forms Vol. I. of Charles I. Bushnell's "Crumbs for Antiquarians," New York, 1859; and it is also printed in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections (vol. xii.).

9. J. Melvin's "Journal of the Expedition to Quebec in the Year 1775." New York (100 copies), 1857. Introduction by William J. Davis. It was also printed by the Franklin Club, Philadelphia, 1864. Melvin was of Dearborn's Company.

10. E. M. Stone (see No. 14) refers to John Peirce's journal of daily occurrences, Sept. 8, 1775, to Jan. 16, 1776. Peirce was an engineer with the pioneers. His record is defective at the beginning and end, and has not been printed.

11. "Journal of Isaac Senter, Physician and Surgeon to the Troops on a Secret Expedition against Quebec in September, 1775." Philadelphia, 1846, taken from Vol. I. of the Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It begins at Cambridge, Sept. 13, 1775, and ends at Quebec, Jan. 6, 1776.

12. The diary of Ephraim Squier, Sept. 7 to Nov. 25, 1775, is preserved in the Pension Office, Washington, and is printed in the "Magazine of American History" (vol. ii. p. 685).

13. Stone (No. 14) reports, as at that time in the hands of David King, of Newport, a journal of Captain John Topham, for September, October, and November, 1775, which had not been printed, and was illegible before the date of October 6.

14. "Invasion of Canada in 1775, including the Journal of Captain Simeon Thayer, describing the Perils and Sufferings of the Army

under Colonel Benedict Arnold, with Notes and Appendix by E. M. Stone." Providence, 1867, being Vol. VI. of the R. I. Hist. Soc. Collections.

15. "Journal of an Expedition against Quebec in 1775, by Joseph Ware, of Needham, Mass. Published by Joseph Ware, grandson of the journalist." Boston, 1852. It begins Sept. 13, 1775, and ends on board a cartel-vessel at sea, Sept. 6, 1776. The notes are by Justin Winsor. It was first printed in the "N. E. Hist. and Geneal. Register," April, 1852. Whitmore ("Amer. Genealogist," p. 84) questions Ware's authorship.

*A Journal of a March from Cambridge, on an Expedition against Quebec in Colonel Benedict Arnold's Detachment, Sept. 13, 1775. [By Ebenezer Wild.]*

*September 13th.* — Marched from Cambridge until evening, and encamped at Malden that night.

*14th.* — This morning marched very early, and encamped in the evening at Beverly. This day marched twenty-five miles; the weather very sultry.

*15th.* — This morning marched briskly along, and got into Newburyport at eight o'clock at night, where we were to make a stay for several days.

*16th.* — In Newburyport, waiting for the vessels getting ready to carry us to Kennebec.

*17th.* — This day had a general review, and our men appeared very well and in good spirits, and made a grand appearance; and we had the praise of hundreds of spectators, who were very sorry to see so many brave fellows going to be sacrificed for their country.

*18th.* — Had orders to embark in the evening. Our fleet consisted of eleven sail of vessels, sloops, and schooners. Our number of troops consisted of 1,300; eleven companies of musketmen, and three of riflemen. We were embarked this evening, and lay in the river all night.

*19th.* — Early this morning weighed anchor with a pleasant gale, our colors flying, drums beating, fifes playing, and the hills all round covered with pretty girls, weeping for their departing swains. This night had like to have proved fatal to us, for we were close on board of rocks before we knew anything about it. We were immediately all called upon deck, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces against the rocks; but the wind freshing we got clear after several tacks, to the great joy of us.

*20th.* — Arrived in Kennebec River; rowed and sailed up against wind and tide.

21st. — Arrived at Fort Weston [Western], where we halted for some days, and here we were furnished with bateaux and provisions for carrying us up the river. Continued here the 22d, 23d, and 24th.

25th. — Embarked on board our bateaux, and arrived at Fort Halifax in the evening of the 26th.

27th. — Carried over Ticoneck Falls our bateaux and provisions, forty rods carriage, and pushed up three miles.

28th. — Pushed up eight miles; the water so bad that the bateaux men were obliged to drag the boats up over shoals; in many places were up to their chins in water.

29th. — Pushed up to the second carrying-place, called Cohiggin Falls.

30th. — Carried over sixty rods, and pushed up five miles.

October 1st. — Pushed up over rocks and shoals, where we were many times over head in water pulling the bateaux over; we arrived at the third carrying-place in the evening.

2d. — This day carried over Norridgewalk Falls one mile and a quarter, and then encamped. We felt very uncomfortable this night after dragging our boats over roots and rocks and mud.

3d. — Pushed up eleven miles on our way. Captain Hendricks' company of riflemen shot a young moose, which weighed about two hundred pounds. But we had none of it, they being before us. This day we left all inhabitants, and entered an uncultivated country and barren wilderness. The timber for the most part is birch, pine, and hemlock. Some places on the river there are places where large sugar trees grow.

4th. — Pushed up eight miles to Tintucket, or Hellgate Falls, and carried our boats over forty rods.

5th, 6th, and 7th. — Pushed up to the head of the Kennebec, where we carried out into a pond. These three last days we came about twenty miles.

8th. — This day we pushed on very briskly, it being Sunday. The foremost companies lying still on account of heavy rains; we marched all day, it being very wet and cold, and suffered a good deal from the inclemency of the weather, and came up with some of them at night.

9th, 10th, and 11th. — Carried to the first pond, three and one-half miles land-carriage; crossed the pond two miles.

12th and 13th. — Carried to a second pond three quarters of a mile; crossed the pond one mile over, then carried two miles to a third pond, and crossed the pond two miles over.

14th and 15th. — Carried to the Dead River three miles, and went up one mile; then encamped at night. This river runs so still that it can



scarce be perceived which way it runs; it is black water, about four rods wide, and runs southeast.

16th. — The water now being deep and dead, we betook ourselves to our oars, and rowed up six miles.

17th. — After carrying over a small carrying-place, about ten rods, rowed up fifteen miles.

18th. — Rowed up twenty miles, and carried over a small carrying-place.

19th. — Carried over four carrying-places, and rowed up about five miles.

20th, 21st, and 22d. — Were detained in our tents by heavy rains.

23d. — The water being shallow, we were obliged to lay by our oars and take our setting poles. We pushed up ten miles.

24th. — Our provisions growing scanty, and some of our men being sick, we held a council, and agreed to send the sick back, and send a captain and fifty men forward to the inhabitants as soon as possible, that they might send us some provisions. Accordingly, the sick were sent back, and Captain Hanchitt, with fifty men, sent forward. Before this, Colonel Enos, with three captains and their companies, turned back, and took with them large stores of provisions and ammunition, being discouraged (as we supposed) by the difficulties they met with. This day got forward nine miles. The water being very rapid, many of our boats were upset, and much of our baggage lost, with provisions and guns.

25th. — Snowed all night; very cold this morning, Pushed over two carrying-places. Got forward eight miles to-day.

26th. — Pushed up four ponds, and carried over two carrying-places, one of them a mile over; the ground covered with snow.

27th. — Crossed a pond half of a mile over, and carried fifteen rods to another pond, two miles over, to the great carrying-place, four miles and fifty rods over. Here it was agreed to leave most of our bateaux, being greatly fatigued by carrying over such hills, rocks, and swamps as were never passed by man before.

28th. — After carrying over the great carrying-place, we encamped by a small stream, running into Chadore pond. Dealt out to each man four pints of flour and what little meat we had left, which was about four ounces per man.

29th. — Early this morning set out for the head of Chadore River. This day we suffered greatly by our bateaux passing by us, for we had to wade waist-high through swamps and rivers, breaking ice before us. Here we wandered round all day, and came at night to the same place which we left in the morning, where we found a small dry spot, where we made a fire, and we were obliged to stand up all night in order to dry ourselves and keep from freezing.

We continued so till next day, when a bateau came up and took us across the river.

30th. — At noon were relieved from our miserable situation, and made the best of our way through the woods for Chadier [*sic*].

31st. — Pushed on for Chadore with all speed, in hopes of overtaking our bateaux in order to get some flour, for ours was all expended; but to our great grief and sorrow our bateaux were stove, and our flour was lost, and the men barely escaped with their lives. Now we were in a miserable situation, not a mouthful of provision; and by account seventy miles from inhabitants, and we had a wilderness, barren and destitute of any sustenance, to go through, where we expected to suffer hunger and cold and fatigue. Here the captain with the ablest men pushed on in order to get provisions to send back for the sick.

November 1st. — This morning started very early, hungry and little satisfied with our night's rest. Travelled all day very briskly, and at night encamped in a miserable situation. Here we killed a dog, and we made a very great feast without bread or salt, we having been four days without any provisions; and we went to sleep that night a little better satisfied. Our distress was so great that dollars were offered for bits of bread as big as the palm of one's hand.

2d. — This morning when we arose, many of us were so weak that we could hardly stand; we staggered about like drunken men. However, we made shift to get our packs on our backs, and marched off, hoping to see some inhabitants. This night a small stick across the road was sufficient to bring the stoutest to the ground. In the evening we came in sight of the cattle coming up the river-side, which were sent by Colonel Arnold, who had got in two days before. It was the joy-fullest night that ever I beheld, and some could not refrain from crying for joy. We were told by the men who came with the cattle that we were yet twenty miles from the nearest inhabitants. Here we killed a "creetur," and we had some coarse flour served out, with straws in it an inch long. Here we had a noble feast, and some of the men were so hungry that before the "creetur" was dead the hide and flesh were on the fire broiling.

3d. — Marched this day twenty miles, wading through several small rivers, some of them up to our middle, and very cold. In the evening we came in sight of a house, the first we had seen for forty-one days.

4th. — Last night had plenty of beef and potatoes; but little or no bread was to be had. Snowed most of the night. In the morning marched down the river to inhabitants thick settled.

5th. — Continued our march down the river; the people very hospitable; provisions plenty, but very dear; milk one shilling sterling per quart, and bread a shilling per loaf, weighing no more than three pounds. Came this day twelve miles.

6th. — Came up with Colonel Arnold and the advanced party. Marched off together at two o'clock, and marched till twelve o'clock at night. Roads excessive bad, most of the way mid-leg deep with mud and water. Marched seventeen miles.

7th. — Marched three [miles]; then halted till night, when a lieutenant was sent forward with thirty men to see if our way was clear. Accordingly they marched till near two o'clock in the morning, when we halted. We were in sight of Quebec, the river St. Lawrence between us and the town.

8th. — Took up our quarters along the river-side until our troops behind could come up. Here we stayed until the 13th. By this time all the men alive had come, several having perished with hunger in the woods. During our stay here, we took a midshipman belonging to a frigate in the harbor, who came on shore with several others in a boat, to carry away flour from a mill on our side of the river, which is about a mile or some better wide. At the city one twenty-eight-gun frigate and a sloop-of-war, with some merchantmen, were in the harbor.

13th. — Crossed the river at night in long boats and canoes. Some of the canoes upset in the river; but none of the men were lost, only some few guns and clothes. Got all over before morning at a place called Wolf's Cove.

14th. — This morning were fired upon by the frigate, but received no damage. Took up our quarters in some good houses near the town, which were forsaken by the owners. Here we remained until the 20th, during which time we were informed that there were not more than one hundred regulars in the city, with a number of sailors and other new recruits, in all not exceeding four hundred under arms. The first day we came over the river, we passed close by the walls of the town, and gave three cheers without being molested by the enemy, who fired a few shots from their cannon, but did us no harm.

21st. — Marched up the river twenty miles to Point aux Trembles, our ammunitions being almost expended and too scant to attack the town with. Here we were joined by General Montgomery with the York forces from Montreal, who had taken St. John's, Fort Shamble, and Montreal. In these places they took a great quantity of provisions, clothing, ammunition, and cannon, with nine hundred and fifty prisoners. Remained here until the 5th of December.

December 5th. — Marched back to Quebec and laid siege to the town; continued the siege until the 29th, during which time we took several prisoners. Cannonaded and bombarded each other both day and night. During these transactions the two men who had been left with Lieutenant McSolon came to us and informed us that they had buried him at the first inhabitant's, after he had been brought down the river by two Indians, hired by Captain Smith for the purpose.

29th. — This night prepared to storm the city in two different places. General Montgomery with the York forces on one quarter, and Colonel Arnold on the other hand. Accordingly, about five o'clock in the morning, began the attack; but they could not get to the wall, but retreated back to their quarters, their general and two leading officers being killed by the fire from the enemy. Colonel Arnold with his party carried on the attack on his quarter, and got possession of their two gun battery, and took seventy prisoners. Our colonel being wounded in the beginning of the attack, was carried back. The captains themselves then took the lead, and drove the enemy until, overpowered by numbers and surrounded, we were obliged to surrender ourselves prisoners of war.

Jan. 1, 1776. — In the French convent they gave us some rum to drink and some hard bread to eat. Our allowance of provisions was one pound of bread, one half pound of pork, one gill of rice for a day, and six ounces of butter a week.

2d. — In prison, this day we had a cask of porter [given] by some gentleman of the town.

3d and 4th. — The general sent for a list of our names, of the old countrymen in particular by themselves that were with us, and they chiefly enlisted in the King's service.

5th to 8th. — The prisoners petitioned to have their packs sent in to them, whereupon they sent out a flag and received them for us.

8th to 15th. — The general sent for a list of the occupations of the prisoners. The small-pox is very plenty with us. Captain Hubbard died with the wound he received in coming in.

19th to 22d. — Five of those that enlisted out of prison and five others deserted in the night. There were two men put in irons for attempting to break out of prison.

22d to 25th. — There were three vessels and a house burned by our people. The enemy went into St. Rochs after plunder. There were two of our people taken going to set fire to the shipping.

25th to 29th. — There were three men deserted the garrisons. The people get out into St. Rochs every day and fetch in the remains of the buildings that were burnt.

29th to 31st. — Two men of Captain Ward's company died of the small-pox. The men are getting well, some of them.

February 1st to 5th. — There were two men deserted. Seven of our men died with the small-pox, and one of our men died with the pleurisy; he was sick but one day.

5th to 9th. — Three men deserted, and forty men lay sick in prison.

9th to 12th. — Very wet and snowy; the storm very heavy. Three men were stifled to death on duty.

12th to 15th. — This morning sixty men went to the hospital with the small-pox. The men have it very horribly.

16th to 20th. — Six of the old countrymen that enlisted in the King's service deserted, and the remainder were put in prison again because those deserted.

20th to 24th. — Five men died with the small-pox. The enemy made an attempt to go out after our people's cannon, and were driven back. There was a continual firing after them.

24th to 31st. — Nothing remarkable.

March 1st to 6th. — Three men deserted.

6th to 10th. — One of the prisoners was put in irons for talking with one of the sentries. We hear that Boston is taken by our people.

10th to 13th. — There was an alarm in the city about ten o'clock at night. A large picket-guard was set around the prison and a field-piece before the door.

13th to 18th. — The emigrants are moved to the artillery barracks and the rest of us into a stone jail, and are locked up at seven o'clock at night.

18th to 25th. — Nothing remarkable.

25th to 30th. — In the night one of the prisoners got out of prison, and run to our people. We are in a miserable condition. Having no wood, we are almost frozen.

30th and 31st. — Most of the prisoners consulted together to break out of prison, and to try their best to take the town; but as one of the prisoners was cutting away some ice at the cellar door, in order to have it handy to open in a moment to go out at, the sentry standing near and hearing the cutting acquainted the officers of the guard, who acquainted some other officers. They, coming in, inquired who was cutting at the door, and what they were upon. One of the prisoners informed them of all the transaction that was going forward. The officers searched all the rooms in the prison and every man's pack to see if they could find any arms or ammunition, for they supposed some of the people in the town had supplied us with arms and ammunition, but they could not find any such things with us. At this, we were all put into strong irons.

April 1st to 14th. — Our people having a battery across the river at Point Lewis, they threw shot into the town, very merry. The officers of the guard are very particular with us; they call a roll, and count us morning and evening.

14th to 27th. — It is very sickly with us. The scurvy and lameness rage very much, occasioned by living on salt provisions.

27th to 31st. — The town was alarmed in the night.

May 1st to 6th. — Nothing strange, but in great distress and despair.

6th. — This morning three ships came in with reinforcements of about one thousand men. All the bells in the town rang for joy most of the day; then all the forces marched over to Abram's plains to have

a battle with our people, but they retreated as fast as possible, and left a number sick in the hospital, likewise some of their cannon and ammunition, with a number of small arms and packs.

7th and 8th. — The general ordered the irons to be taken off the prisoners. He also gave the emigrants their liberty again. This morning two ships came in. The ships have gone up the river and a number of troops by land to Montreal.

9th to 14th. — Three ships and three brigs came in. There were six prisoners put in with us, taken stealing about. One company set out for Montreal.

14th to 19th. — Two ships went out, one of them a packet for England.

19th to 23d. — One ship and a number of small crafts came in. Thirteen prisoners enlisted into the King's service. One ship sailed out.

23d. — Our allowance is one pound of soft bread and one pound of beef per day.

24th to 26th. — The militia have laid down their arms. One of those men that went out of prison was put on board a fifty-gun ship; but as he did not incline to enter on board, they put him in irons, and threatened to hang him, but he was taken out of irons and put into [them] again in the evening. Robert Burd was taken out of prison, and has got his liberty; he is going to his home in Ireland.

26th to 30th. — One ship went out and twenty came in. There were eight or nine prisoners taken out to work; they stayed out one or two days, and were required to swear allegiance to the King that they would not take up arms against them, and to make known all experiments against him.

30th and 31st. — Four ships came in; one brig and two ships went out.

June 1st to 5th. — Twenty-eight ships came in with General Burgoyne. There are six thousand Hessians and Hanoverians come to assist the King's troops. Five hundred marched up the river for Montreal.

5th. — This day General Carleton and some other officers came to see us. He inquired of us whether we had fared as well as he promised us we should when we were taken. We told him we fared very well. He said he did not take us as enemies, and likewise said if he could rely upon our honors he would send us to N. England if we would promise to be quiet and peaceable, and not take up arms any more.

*June 6, 1776. A Copy of an Answer sent to General Carleton.*

May it please your Excellency: We, the prisoners in his Majesty's jail, return your Excellency our most hearty and unfeigned thanks for your clemency and kindness to us, while in prison, being sensible of your humanity. We return your Excellency thanks for your offer

made us yesterday, and having a desire to return to our friends and families, we will promise not to take up arms against his Majesty, but remain peaceable and quiet in our respective places of abode; and we further assure your Excellency that you may depend on our fidelity, and we remain your Excellency's humble servants. Signed in behalf of the prisoners.

Judge CHAMBERLAIN described a journal of Captain Henry Dearborn, covering the same period, which relates the sufferings of the men who marched from Boston through the wilderness to Quebec, and narrates the capture of the city which followed.

*A Journal kept by Cap<sup>t</sup> Henry Dearborne,<sup>1</sup> of the Proceedings, and Particular occurrences, which happened within my knowledge, to the Troops, under the Command of Colonel Bennedict Arnold, in the year 1775 Which Troops were detached from the American Army Lying before the Town of Boston, for the purpose of marching to, and taking possession of Quebec:—*

Said detachment consisted of Eleven hundred Men, Two Battalians of Musket-men, and three Companies of Rifle-men as Lighte-Infantry.

<i>Officers of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.</i>		<i>Officers of the 2<sup>d</sup> Battalion.</i>
Lieu <sup>t</sup> [Co]lo : [Roger Enos]	}	Lieu <sup>t</sup> Colo : Christopher Green
Maj <sup>r</sup> Return [J.] Me[i]gs		Maj : Timothy Biggelloe
Cap <sup>t</sup> Thomas Williams		Cap <sup>t</sup> Sam <sup>l</sup> Ward
Cap <sup>t</sup> Henry Dearborne		Cap <sup>t</sup> Simeon Thayre
Cap <sup>t</sup> Scott		Cap <sup>t</sup> John Topham
Cap <sup>t</sup> Oliver Hanchett		Cap <sup>t</sup> M <sup>c</sup> Cobb
Cap <sup>t</sup> William Goodrich		Cap <sup>t</sup> Jonas Hubbard

<sup>1</sup> Henry Dearborn, of New Hampshire, who was in the military service during the Revolution, from the breaking out of hostilities in 1775 to the close of the war, kept journals of many of the transactions in which he participated. Some, if not all, of these are extant. Several are in the Boston Public Library, having been purchased at the sale of the manuscripts of the late John W. Thornton, who was executor of the will of Henry A. S. Dearborn, the son of the journalist. Two of Dearborn's journals are in private hands,—one covering the period of Sullivan's expedition against the Indians in the interior of New York, in 1779; and the other, that of Arnold's treason. So far as I have seen them, these journals, with one exception, are in Dearborn's handwriting. The exception is the journal which follows. But that it passed under his eye is evident from several additions and corrections from his own hand, as are indicated in the footnotes to the text. Dearborn was a man of some education and of great intelligence. He usually expressed his thoughts in good English, and could commit them to paper

*The Captains of the Rifle Men.*

Morgan  
Smith  
Hendrick

SEPTEMBER 10<sup>th</sup> 1775

I march'd my Company from Winter-Hill to Cambridge 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> and the chief of the 13<sup>th</sup> We Lay at Cambridge preparing for to March, at 5 O Clock P. M: March'd from Cambridge to Medford, and Encamped,

14<sup>th</sup> at 12, O Clock march'd from Medford to Salem & Encamp'd

15 Marched to Ipswich and encamped.

16 Marched to Newbury Port and Encamped.

17 Being Sunday, we attended Divine Service there.

18<sup>th</sup> at 4 Clock, the whole detachment Embarked on Board 10 Vessels.

19 at 10 Clock A: M.. we made Sail, But as Soon as we got outside of the Bar, we hove too,— In order to receive the Several Signals which we were to observe while at Sea, Said Signals were to be given by the Vessel, which Colo: Arnold was on Board of Called the Commodore.

THE SIGNALS WERE AS FOLLOWETH VIZ<sup>t</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> Signal, for Speaking with the whole Fleet an Ensign was to be Hoisted at the Main-Top: masthead.

2 Signal, for Chasing a Sail, Ensign at fore, top, mast, head.

3 Signal, for heaving too, a Lanthorn at Main, Topmast, head, and two guns if head on Shore, and three Guns, if off shore.

4 Signal, for making sail, in the Night, a Lanthorn at Mast head, and four Guns, — In the day, a Jack at the fore Top: Mast-head.

5 Signal, for dispersing and every Vessel for making the Nearest, Harbour Ensign at the Main-Top Peak.

6 Signal, for Boarding any vessel, a Jack at Main Topmasthead — at 12 O Clock we put to Sea, and had a fair wind — at 10 O Clock .. P: M: we hove too, head, off Shore with a Brisk wind, the Chief of our people were Sea-Sick.

20 In the Morning, we made the mouth of Kennebeck River which we enter'd at 10 'Clock an Came to an Anchor, at 3 .. O: Cl P: M: we Weighed, Anchor and put up the River a Bout 3 Leagues, and came to an Anchor, I went on Shore at Rousask where there are a Number of Inhabitants and a Meeting house.

with accuracy and in a good handwriting. These facts beget a doubt whether I should have followed the vagaries of the copyist in orthography, punctuation, and the use of capital letters. But I have done so with exact fidelity, and even to the omission of obvious words, so far as a twofold comparison of the copy with the text would secure it. — M. C.



21<sup>st</sup> Put up the River as far as Swan Island, at the upper End of Merry-meeting-Bay-where we Run on Shore and Came to an Anchor, I went, on Shore with some of my officers, and Stay'd all Night.

SEPTEMBER 22<sup>d</sup>

Proceeded, up the River, We pass'd Fort Richmond at 11: O Clock where there are but few Settlements at Present, this afternoon we pass'd Pownalborough, Where there is a Court-House and Goal — and some very good Settlements, This day at 4. O Clock we arrived at the place where our Batteaus were Built.

We were order'd to Leave one Sergeant, one Corporal and Thirteen men here to take a Long the Batteau's, they embark'd on Board the Batteaus, and we all proceeded up the River to Cabisaconty, or Gardners Town, Where Doctor Gardner of Boston owns a Large Tract of Land and Some Mills, & a Number of very good dwelling Houses, where we Stayed Last night, on Shore.

23<sup>d</sup> We put up the River, and before Night, we arrived at Fort Western which is 50 Miles from the Mouth of the River, this evening a very unhappy accident happen'd, a Number of Soldiers being in a Private-house, some warm words Produced a quarrel and one Mc.Cormick being Turned out of the House, Soon after discharged his Gun into the House, and Shot a Man thro, the Body of which wound he Soon Expired.

Mc.Cormick was Try'd by a Court Martial and Condemn'd to be hanged, He abstinately denyed the fact until he was Brought under the Gallows where Confess'd the Crime — but for Some reasons was re-prieved, until the pleasure of Genl Washington could be known.

24<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> We lay at Fort Western preparing for our March — Fort Western Stands on the East side of the River and Consists of two Block Houses, and a Large House 100 feet Long which are Inclos'd only with Picquets, this House is now the property of one Howard Esq: where we were well entertained.

25 Captains Morgan, Smith, and Hendrick, with their Companies of Rifle, Men embarked on Board their Batteaus, with orders to proceed up the River as far as the great Carrying place, there to Clear a Road a Cross the Carrying place, while the other divisions were geting up.

26 . . . Colo: Green embark'd on Board the Batteaus with three Company's of Musketmen to proceed for CANADA.

27 . . . at 3 . . O: Clock P . . M: Major Meigs embarked on Board the Batteaus with four Companies of men, my Company being One of them) With 45 days Provisions proceeded up the River four miles, and encampt, the not very rapid.

28 Procee'd up the River four miles, the Water exceeding Rapid, some bad falls and encampt.

29 Proceeded up the River four miles to Fort Hallifax against a very rapid Stream, where we arrived at 11—O Clock A..M—this Fort stands on a point of Land, Between the Rivers Kenebeck and Sabastacook—It Consists of Two Large Block-Houses and a Large Barrack which is Inclosed by Picquet Fort—after Staying half an hour at the Fort I Cross'd the River to a Carrying place, which is 97 Rods, We Carry'd a Cross our Batteaus and Baggage and Encampt.

30 Proceeded up the River this Morning, found it exceeding rapid and rocky for five miles, so that any man would think, at its first appearance, that it was impossible to get Boats up it, I fill'd my Battoe to day, and wet all my Baggage, but with the greatest difficulty, we got over what is call'd the 5 mile ripples, and then encampt, and dried my Cloathing as well as I could.

Octo: 1 Proceeded up the River 3 miles, the Stream was very rapid, here Major Meigs had Bought an Ox, and had him dress'd for us when we came up, we eat what we could and took the remainder into our Batteaus, and proceeded up the River four miles further and encampt, the Water not so rapid as before, the Land here on the Shores very good in General.

2 Procee'd up the River Nine miles, the Water not very rapid intil towards Night, We encampt, it Rained very fast the most part of the night.

3 Proceeded up the River over very bad falls and Shoals such as seem'd almost Impossible to Cross, But after much fatigue, and a Bundance of difficulty we arrived at Schouhega<sup>n</sup>-falls, where there is a Carrying place of 60 rods, here we hall'd up our Batteaus and Caulk'd them, as well as we could they being very leaky, by being knocked a Bout a Mong the Rocks, and not being well Built at first, we Carried a Cross and loaded our Batteaus, and put a Cross the River, and encampt, this days March was not a Bove 3 Miles, from here I sent Back two Sick men.

4 Our Course in general from the mouth of the river to this place, has been from North, to North East, from here we Steer N: W.. to Norrigwalk, which is Twelve miles to where we arrived to night, the River here is not very rapid. Except Two bad falls, the Land on the North side of the river is very good, where there are 2 or 3 families settled, at Norrigwalk, is to be seen the ruins of an Indian Town, also a fort, a Chapel, and a Large Tract of Clear Land but not very good, there is but one family here at present Half a Mile above this old fort, is a Great fall, where there is a Carrying place of one Mile and a Quarter.

5 We haled up our Batteaus, and Clear'd them for overhauling, and repacked all our pork, and Bread, several Barrels of Bread was Spoiled, here we found Colo- Greens Division.

6 - - - After our Batteaus were repair'd, we Carry'd them a Cross the Carrying place, and Loaded them again, we put up the River two Miles and Encampt.

7 We proceeded up the river nine miles and encampt. the Land we pass'd to day, was exceeding good, the Stream not very rapid, it rained very heavy all night.

8 It rain'd some part of this morning, But we proceeded up the river Seven miles to Carritunkus-falls, where we arriv'd at 1 O Clock, P: M: the Weather proved very rainy, here is a Carrying place of 95 Rods, we Carry'd a Cross and put up the river 3 miles, the water was very rapid, and encampt.

9 We proceeded up the River, 9 miles the Water was very Rapid, the river is divided here into a Number of Channels, occasion'd by small Islands, which Channels are Shoal and rapid, it rain'd the Biggest part of this day, We encamp'd at dusk, and I Caught Some fish before Supper.

10 We proceeded up the River, I march'd by Land, the Weather Severely Cold, in Crossing a Small River on a Logg I slipt off and fell flat on my Back in the river, the Water not being more than four feet deep I waded out, But was obliged to Stop and Strike up a fire, to dry me, at 2 . . O . . Clock we arrived at the great Carrying place, Where we found the three Rifle Companies, and Colo: Green's Division we Carryed one Turn a Cross the Carrying place which is four miles, to a Pond.

11 Lieut<sup>t</sup> Hutchins and Ten of my men were order'd to assist Cap<sup>t</sup> McCob in Building a Block-House, here today, Our last Division has now arrived, Commanded by Colo . . Enos—We Carryed the Chief of our Baggage and Boats To-day.

12 This morning we took the remainder of our Baggage and march'd a Cross the Car'ying place to the Pond. which is one mile wide But we Cannot Cross it today by reason of the winds blowing very hard, here we Catch'd plenty of . . . trout.<sup>1</sup>

13 We Cross'd the pond and Came to another Carrying Place half a mile a Cross, where our first division had Built a Block-house and left some Sick men under the Care of Doctor Erving. We Carryed over the Carrying place to a pond, We Cross'd the pond, 1½ Miles and Came to a Carrying place, one mile and three Quarters, We Carry'd half a mile and encampt.

14 . . . We Carry'd a Cross the Carrying Place, to a Pond three miles over, we Cross'd the pond and Came to a Carrying place, four miles over a Very-high-Hill, and the last mile a Spruce Swamp Knee deep in mire all the way, We Carry'd one mile over this Carrying place and then Encampt, from here I sent three sick-men Back.

<sup>1</sup> The word "fishes" is erased, and "trout," in Captain Dearborn's hand, inserted.

15 We Carry'd a Cross the Carrying place to a Small Stream within half a mile of the dead River, we went down this Stream into the River, and proceeded one Mile up said River and then encamp't, the water here very deep and Still, the Land where we Encamp't was very good.

16 At 12 . . Clock we proceeded up the River ten miles to a Small Carrying place 7 Rods a Cross and then encamp't.

17 We proceeded up the River 10 miles and Came to an Indian Wig-Wam, Said to belong to an old Indian Called Nattannas it Stands on a Point of Land Beautifully situated, there is a Number of acres<sup>1</sup> of Clear'd Land a Bout it, . . . the river is very Still, and good Land on each side of it a Considerable part of the way, To day we proceeded up the River 5 miles farther, and found Colo: Arnold, and Colo: Green with their Divisions, making up Cartri<sup>d</sup>ges, here we Encamp't.

18 . . The weather is very rainy To day. My men had their Powder-Horns filled with Powder . . . Joseph Thomas is appointed my Ensign, By Colo: Arnold this day, I had a  $\frac{1}{2}$  Quarter of Beef Served to my Company today.

19 . . The weather Rainy, at 2 . . O . . Clock A : M : We Set off : from this place proceeded up the River five miles, pass'd several Small falls and then Encamp't.

20 Proceeded up the River, pass'd by Several small falls. one Carry-ing place, thirteen rods, the Weather rainy all day we Suppose this days March to be 13 Miles.

21 We proceeded up the River 3 Miles to a Carrying place 35 Rods Carry'd a Cross and Continued our Rout up the River two miles to a Porlag 30 Rods a Cross and Encamp't.— it Rained very fast all Night, the River rose fast.

22 . . The River has Risen eight or Nine feet, Which renders it very bad getting up, We pass'd three Carrying places To'day 74 Rods Each, our whole March To-day is not more than four miles, the River Rising so much, fills the Low ground so full of Water, that our Men on Shore have found it very difficult and Tedious Marching.

23 We Continued our March, tho. very slow by reason of the Rapid-ity of the Stream, a very unlucky accident happen'd to us today, the most of our men by land<sup>2</sup> miss'd their way and marched up a Small river, Which Comes into the Dead River, a few Miles a Bove where we en-camp't last night, We fancied they took a Wrong Course, I Sent my Bat-teau up that four miles (where they that went in it) found the foot people had Cross'd the River on a Tree, and had Struck a Cross for the dead River, my Batteau Came Back, and we proceeded up the River to a

<sup>1</sup> The word " farms " is erased, and " acres," in the hand of Captain Dearborn, inserted.

<sup>2</sup> The words " by land " are interlined in a different hand, — probably Captain Dearborn's.

Carrying place, where we found our foot-men at the foot of these Falls, Several Batteaus overset, which were entirely lost, a Considerable quantity of Cloathing, Guns, and Provisions, our march to-day we Judge, to be, about 8 miles — here we held a Counsel, in Consequence of which we Sent Cap<sup>t</sup> Hanchet and 50 Men forward to Shadear as an advanced party, and Sent Back 26 . . Sick-men under the Command, or Care of an officer and Doctor.

24 At 10 . . O, Clock, we proceeded up the River, tho with a great deal of difficulty, the River being very rapid, This days march don't exceed four miles.

25 Continued our Rout up the River, the Stream very rapid, We pass'd three Carrying places, Two of them four Rods and the other 90, our march to-day 6 miles and then Encampt, . . . This Night I was Seized with a Violent Head-Ach and fever, Charles gather'd me some herbs in the woods, and made me Tea of them, I drank very Hearty of it and next morning felt much Better.

26 Continued our Rout and Came to a Pond 2 miles a Cross and then Came to a narrow gut <sup>1</sup> 2 Rod wide, and four rod Long, and then to another Pond one mile over, then to a narrow Streight,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles Long, Then a third Pond 3 Miles over, Then pass'd another Streight half a mile Long, and then enter'd a fourth Pond a Bout a quarter of a Mile Wide, then entered a Narrow gut 4 Miles in Length, and then Came to a Carrying place 15 Rods a Cross, Here we Encampt.

27 . . . Cross'd the Carrying Place to a pond half a mile over, Came to a Carrying Place, one Mile, also to a Pond  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile Wide, then to a Carrying place 44 Rod, to a Pond 2 Miles Wide and Cross'd it. — and Came to the <sup>2</sup> Carrying place into Chaudear pond <sup>3</sup>  $4\frac{1}{2}$  Miles a Cross, we received orders here to Leave our Batteaus, and all march by Land, We here Divided our Provisions and gave every man his part, we march'd a Bout half a mile, and then encampt. Here I found a fine Birch Canoe Carefully Laid up, I Suppose by the Indian's.

HERE a Very unhappy Circumstance happen'd to us, in our March, Which proved very fatal and Mortifying to us all, Viz<sup>t</sup>—

When we were at the great Carrying place (just mention'd) from the Dead River to Shodeer Pond we had the unhappy News of Colo, Enos, and the three Company's in his Division, being so Imprudent as to return back Two or three days before which disheartned and discouraged our men very much, as they Carri'd Back more than their part, or quota of Provision, and Ammunition, and our Detachment, before being but Small, and now loosing these three Companies, We were Small, indeed, to think of entering such a place as QUEBEC, But being now almost out

<sup>1</sup> This word is in a different hand from that of the copyist.

<sup>2</sup> "A" is erased and "the" inserted by Captain Dearborn.

<sup>3</sup> "Into Chaudear pond" is interlined, apparently by Captain Dearborn.

of Provisions we were Sure to die if we attempted to Return Back. — and We Could be in no Worse Situation if we proceeded on our rout — Our men made a General Prayer, that Colo: Enos and all his men, might die by the way, or meet with some disaster, Equal to the Cowardly dastardly and unfriendly Spirit they discover'd in returning Back without orders, in such a manner as they had done, And then we proceeded forward.

28 Very early in the morning my Company marched one Mr Ayres, the Cap<sup>t</sup> of our Pioneers a Gree'd to go with me in the Canoe, We took it on our Backs, and Car'y'd it a Cross the Carrying place, to a Small Stream, which led into Shodeer Pond, we put our Canoe in, Went down the Stream, my men marched down by Land — When we Came to the Pond, I found Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich's Company, who Could not proceed by reason of finding a River which leads into the Pond, which they Could find no way to Cross, my Company Came up and had thoughts of Building a raft — I told them I would go with my Canoe, and See if I could not find some place to Cross the River, going into the Pond and round an Island, where Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich was with Some of his Men who had Waded on, He informed me that he had made a thorough Search, and that there was no way to pass the River without Boats, the Land round here was all a Sunken Swamp for a Great distance, Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich, informed me also, that one of his Sergeants and another man, who were not well, had gone forward with a Batteau, and he did not doubt but I could find it not far off it now Began to be Dark, We discover'd a Light on Shore which Seem'd to be 3 Miles from us, Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich was almost perished with the Cold, having Waded Several Miles Backwards, and forwards, Sometimes to his Arm-pits in Water & Ice, endeavouring to find some place to Cross this River, I took him into my Canoe, and Carryed him over, and When we arrived where we Discover'd the Light, we found a good Bark-House with one man in it who was Left by our advanced Party for want of Provision to join his Company, We warmed ourselves but not finding Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich's Batteau here, we Sent my Canoe farther on to find it, if Possible, after being gone an Hour and a half, they return'd but had not found the Batteau, Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich and I were very uneasy all Night a Bout our men.

29 As Soon as it was Light we went to our Men and Began to Carry them over in my Canoe, But Lucky for us Cap<sup>t</sup> Smith's Batteau arrived which we hired to Carry our Men over, But after we had got them over this river, we had not marched above 50 Rod before we Came to Another River, Geting a Cross these Two rivers took up the Chief of the day, Before Sun Set we all arrived at the Bark-House Safe, where I slept last Night, But the men were very much fatigued here we encampt.

30 We Marched very early in the Morning, our Provisions [*torn*] to be very Scant, Some Companies had but one pint of Flour for Each

Man and no Meat at all, M<sup>r</sup> Ayres and I went down the Pond, in our Canoe, this Pond is 13 Miles Long, at the Lower end of the Pond, I met my Company where we found the Mouth of Shodeer River, Which Looked very wild, Here I Choose to walk by Land, and accordingly did a Bout Eight Miles, I was at this time very unwell, we encamp'd near a fall, where all the Boats that had attempted to Come down had upset except Colo, Arnolds, and mine, The Number of Boats that was upset here was Ten, one man was Drown'd, and a great Quantity of Baggage and Guns were lost.

31 We Started very early this morning, I am Still more unwell, than I was yesterday, We Carry'd our Canoe over a Carrying place of a Bout Half a mile, and put it into the River, the Same is very Rapid, Shole and Rocky, We pass'd another Carrying place to-day, we went down about 28 miles, then went on shore and Enca'p'd, I saw Some of the men on foot to-night who I find are almost famished for want of Provisions.

Nov. . . 1 This morning we new Pitched our Canoe she being Somewhat Leaky, we have run several times on the Rocks going down falls, where I expected to have Stove her to pieces, we put her in and proceeded down the river, which Remains very rapid, and a Bounding in falls, we got down a Bout 30 Miles, by which time our Canoe got to be worn out, we went on shore and Encamp'd, Here I saw Some of the foot-men who were almost Starved, This day Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich's Company Kill'd my Dog, and another dog, and Eat them, I remain very unwell.

2 M<sup>r</sup> Ayres my Shipmate, Said he would Try to go down a Little further, in the Canoe and Carry our Baggage, I conclud<sup>d</sup> to march by Land, I set out and marched about four miles and met some Frenchmen with 5 oxen & Two Horses going to meet our People, although, I wanted no Provision myself, yet knowing, how the Poor men were suffering for want &<sup>1</sup> seeing we were like, to Come to some Inhabitants, it Caus<sup>d</sup> the Tears to Start from my Eyes, before I was apprized, I proceeded about four miles farther, and Came to a Large fall, where we found a good Canoe, Here was a Carrying place one Mile long, We Carryed a Cross the Carrying place, and put in. below the falls, where we found Two Indians with Some Provisions for our men, they left their Provision with some of our men, and went down with us, I got into their Canoe, and one of them into our's, the river being very rapid, & Shoal, we found it very difficult to pass. — we run down about eight miles, and to our Great Joy Espy'd a House, where we arrived at 4 . . O . . Clock P . . M : at 5 . . . O . . . Clock Lieu<sup>t</sup> Hutchins, Ensign. Thomas and 50 of my men arriv'd, with Cap<sup>t</sup> Smith's Company which were the

<sup>1</sup> "&" is inserted by Captain Dearborn.

first Company that arrived, Here, Colo— 3<sup>1</sup> Arnold had Provided provisions for us against we arriv<sup>d</sup>. We Stay'd here one night, this morning our men proceed'd down the River, tho, in poor Circumstances, for Travelling, a Great Number of them being Barefoot, and the Weather Cold and Snowy, many of our men died within the last three days,<sup>2</sup> from here to QUEBEC, is Seventy miles, I hir'd an Indian to Carry me down the River 6 miles to where Colo: Arnold was, where I found 22 Indians who Engaged with Colo: Arnold for 40 / A month, here I Stay'd all night, By Colo: Arnolds advice being Snowy, I took a Puke this night which did not operate much.

4 The Weather Snowy I Stay'd here to-day, Major Biggellow, Doctor Senter, and some others stay'd here Likewise all night.

5 The Weather is very Clear and pleasant for this season of the year, Major Biggaloe, and I hir'd each of us a Horse to go down the River 6 miles, and Came to a Tavern, where we had Provisions Served out for the Men, the Country here is Tolerable good Land, and Considerably Settled on Both sides of the River, the People are very Ignorant, but<sup>3</sup> seem to be very kind to us, at evening Charles Hilton, and Charles Burget, a French Lad, Inlisted, at Fort Western, who was a native of Canady, Came back for me with Two Horses, we Stay'd here all night.

6 I hir'd an Indian to Carry me down the River, 9 Miles, to one Sonsosees, a French-mans, one of Charles Burgets relations, where I hir'd Lodgings and took my Bed Immediately, I was this time in a High fever. I kept the Two Charles<sup>4</sup> to take Care of me — I will now with my Pen follow our Main Body, they have now proceeded as far as S<sup>t</sup> Mary's the middle Parish of what is Commonly Call'd Sattagan, here is a very good Church, and a pleasant Country — our people are Supply'd with provisions at Several places By the way, but being in Great Hurry, and having but Little time to provide, necessaries, our men were but Very poorly supply'd in General, the Inhabitants appears to be very kind, but ask a very Great price for their Victuals.

7 Our Troops<sup>4</sup> Proceeded as fast as possible, they<sup>5</sup> followed the river Shodear down from the first Inhabitants about 36 miles, and then Turn'd to the Eastward, and left the river, had to pass thro, a wood 15 Miles where there is no Inhabitants, and at this time of the year it is Terrible Travelling, by reason of its being Low Swampy land, our people Carry'd Twenty Birch Canoes a Cross these woods, in order to Cross the River S<sup>t</sup> Laurence in. — as we Suppos'd the Boats near

<sup>1</sup> The date "3" stands in the margin before the word "Arnold."

<sup>2</sup> The last ten words are interlined by Captain Dearborn.

<sup>3</sup> "But" is interlined by Captain Dearborn.

<sup>4</sup> "Troops" is interlined by Captain Dearborn.

<sup>5</sup> "We" is erased and "they" inserted by Captain Dearborn.



Quebec, would be in the Hands of our Enemies after we had got thro, these Woods, we arrived at St Henry's, a Considerable Parish with a Church, we pass'd several other Small parishes, before we arrived at Point, Levi, where the main Body of our Detachment, arrived the 9<sup>th</sup> Day of November, But so fatigued, that they were very unfit for action, a Considerable number of our men are left on the road Sick or worn out with fatigue & hunger.<sup>1</sup>

On our arrival we found Two Men of war Lying in the river Between Point-Levi, and Quebec, and Guard Boats passing all night, up and Down the River.

{
10 Our men lay at Point Levi, nothing extraordinary happen'd  
11 except that a Deserter from Quebec Came to us who Inform'd  
12 us that Colo: M<sup>c</sup>Lane had arrived from Sorrell, with his Regi-  
13 ment, and our men made A prisoner of a young Man, by  
 the Name of M<sup>c</sup>Kenssey, Midshipman of the Hunter Sloop War —  
 On the evening of the 13<sup>th</sup> Our men Embarked on Board 35 Canoes,  
 and by four of the Clock, in the morning we had Landed all our men  
 that were fit for duty which was about 500 . . at Woolfs Cove, entirely  
 undiscover'd, altho, we pass'd Between Two Men of War, who had  
 Guard Boats Cruising all Night, after Parading our men, and sending  
 a Reconitring party towards the City, and placing Some Small Guards,  
 we marched a Cross the plains of Abraham, and took possession of a  
 Large-House formerly own'd by General Murray, Now by Mg<sup>t</sup> Codl-  
 well, and some Houses adjacent which made fine quarters.<sup>2</sup>

14 After reconitring, proper Guards being placed to Cut off all Communication from Between the Town and Country, at 12 . . . O . . Clock the Enemy surprized one of our Centinels, and made him Prisoner, soon after our Main Body, Turn'd out and march'd within Half a mile of the Walls on the Height of Abraham, Immediately after being full in the'r view, we gave them Three Huzza's, but they did not Chuse to Come out to meet us, this afternoon, the Enemy set fire to Several Houses in the Suburbs, at Sun set Colo: Arnold sent a Flag to Town Demanding the Possession of the Garrison in the Name, and in behalf of the united American Colonies, But the Flag being fired upon was obliged to Return, We lay Constantly upon our Arms to prevent a Surprize, We are by a Gentleman from Quebec inform'd, that we may expect an attack very soon from the Garrison.

15 Colo: Arnold sent a flag to Demand the Town again this morning, thinking the Flag's being fir'd upon Yesterday was done thro. mistake, but was Treated in the Same manner, as yesterday, This morning an express was sent off to General Montgomery, at 12 . . . O Clock we were alarmed by a report that the Troops in the — Gar-

<sup>1</sup> The last eight words are added by Captain Dearborn.

<sup>2</sup> The words "for our men" are erased by a different pen.

rison Were Coming out to attack us, we Turn'd out to meet them, but it Proved to be a false report.

16 This Morning it is reported that Montreal surrendered to Gen! Montgomery last Sabbath, and that he had taken a Number of the enemys Ships, One of our Rifle Serg<sup>s</sup> was kill'd to day by a Cannon shot from the Town, we sent a Company of men To,day to take possession of the General Hospital, which is a very large Pile of Building a Bout three Quarters of a mile from the Walls of Qebec, in this Building is a Nunnery of the first order in Canada, where at present there are a Bout Thirty fine nuns — The Canadians are Constantly Coming to us, and are expressing the Greatest satisfaction at our Coming into the Country.

17 A Soldier Came to us from Quebec, But brings no Extraordinary Intelligence, a Party of our men are gone over the River, to Bring over some of our men, who were not Come over before, also to bring some provisions, — The Weather is very pleasant for this Country, and the Season.

18 Nothing Extraordinary To,day, the evening orders that are given is to Parade To-morrow Morning at 3 — of the Clock.

19 . . Very early this morning we Decamp'd, and March'd up to Point Aux-Tremble, a Bout Seven Leagues from Quebec, the Country thro, which we marched is thick settled and pleasant, there are a Number of Handsome Chapels by the way, we find the people very kind to us.

20 . . . An Express arrived this morning from Gen! Montgomery, The Contents of which is that he's in full possession of Montreal, also of the shipping that are there, and that he intends to join us very Soon . . . We have sent an Express to Montreal To-day.

21 The Curate of the Parish Dines at Head-quarters To-day.

22 An Express arrived this day from Montreal, which informs that Gen! Montgomery's Army had taken 13 Vessels with a Large Quantity of Cloathing and provisions and that the General was a Bout Marching for Quebec.

23 . . . This Morning an express arrived from Montreal which Inform, that Gen! Montgomery is on his March for this place, And that he has sent Cloathing forw<sup>d</sup> for our Men.

24 This Morning the Hunter Sloop of War, and three other Arm'd vessels appear'd in sight; — An express is sent from us to meet the Troops from Montreal.

25 The Hunter Sloop, a Large Snow, and an Arm'd Schooner Came to an Anchor Opposite our Quarters this Morning. Some of our men were sent up the River in a boat to meet the Troops which were Coming down from Montreal.

26 A Number of Gentlemen Came in this morning from Quebec.

27 We are inform'd that the House belonging formerly to Maj<sup>r</sup> Coldwell, in which our Troops were Quarter'd before Quebec, is Burnt' down.

28 Colo: Arnold is gone up to Jackerty, about 12 Miles above Point Aux-Tremble, to hasten down the Ammunition<sup>n</sup>.

29 . . Cap<sup>t</sup> Morgan who had been sent down Near Quebec, sent up Two Prisoners which he took in the Suburbs.

30 Cap<sup>t</sup> Duggan, has arrived from Montreal with Provis'ons and Ammunition.

Dec<sup>r</sup> 1 Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery, arriv'd this day at 10..O Clock with Three Arm'd Schooners, with men, Artillery, Ammunition, Provision & Cloathing, to the Great Joy of our Men, Towards evening our Detachment turn'd out & march'd to the Gen<sup>ls</sup> Quarters, where we were Rec<sup>d</sup> by the General, who Complimented us on the Goodness of our appearance.

2 This morning our field Artillery was sent down by Land and our Large Cannon by Water Near Quebec. — the Boats when they had Landed the Cannon were to go to Point Levi for the Ladders.

3 Our men are drawing Cloathing this day, the General has made a present of a Suit of Cloaths to all our Detachment which they were in great need of.

4 At 12-O Clock we marched for S<sup>t</sup> Foy's before Quebec, We March'd as far as Augustine, where we Tarry'd all Night.

5 In the Morning we proceeded on our March and about noon arrived at S<sup>t</sup> Foy's — my Company were order'd into the General Hospital for quarters.

6 Nothing extraordinary or remarkable to-day, the weather is attended with Snow Squalls.

7 We are inform'd that a Company of our took a sloop with Provisions and Some quantity of Cash, not far from the Island of Orlean's.

8 We receiv'd Some shot from the enemy to-day but no person Injur'd thereby.

9 Now I will give Some account of Matters respecting myself I Still remain sick at Sattagan at the House which I heretofore mention'd taking up Lodging at, from the 6<sup>th</sup> Day of November to the 28<sup>th</sup> before I went out of the House, the first Ten days I had a Violent Fever, and was Delirious the Chief of the time, I had nothing to assist<sup>1</sup> Nature with, but a Tea of Piggen plumb Roots, and Spruce, as there are no Doctors in these parts nor any Garden Herbs, my fever abated in some Degree, but did not leave me, I had a violent Cough, and lost my flesh to that Degree, that I was almost Reduced to a perfect Skeleton, and so very Weak that when I first began to set up for Several days, I could not go from the bed to the fire with a Staff without being

<sup>1</sup> "Assist," in the hand of Captain Dearborn, takes the place of a word erased.

held up, I heard that our people had got Possession of Quebec, and as I could not perceive that I gain'd any Strength, and my fever remain'd upon me very high, at this time I concluded to send Charles Burget, my french Lad to Quebec, to see if he could procure me something from an Apothecary to help my Cough and to assist<sup>1</sup> nature, in Carrying off my fever, he went and in four days return'd, but to my great mortification Brought nothing for me but bad News, which was, that our people had not got Possession of Quebec, but had March'd from Quebec up the River, towards Montreal, hearing this, Struck a damp upon my Spirits which reduced them something Low, But through the kind hand of Providence, I amend'd tho, very Slowly, the first day of December I rode out in a Carry'al with my Landlard, and found myself much The better for it, tho, I was so weak now that I Could not walk from the Carriall into the House without help, I now began to be very uneasy and wanted to be with the Army and the Seventh day I set out in a Carriall to Quebec, and the 9<sup>th</sup> day I Cross'd the River S<sup>t</sup> Laurence, I join'd my Company who Seem'd very Glad to see me, they told me that they had been inform'd by one of our men that Came not many days since from Sattagan that I was Dead, and that he saw Charles Hilton, and Charles Burget making a Coffin for me.

I will now return to Matters respecting our Army, We had a body of men that began to build a battery Last night on the height of Abraham about half a mile from S<sup>t</sup> Johns Gate, and we had five small mortars order'd into S<sup>t</sup> Roach's near the Walls of Quebec, to Heave Shells into the City To-Night the Artillery are to be Cover'd with 100 Men, they Threw about 30 Shells this Night.

10 The enemy began a heavy Cannonade upon our Camp this morning and Continued it all day, our people hove shells this Night from S<sup>t</sup> Rock's, & a party was to work on the Battery — The enemy return'd a few Shells to us last Night & Some Cannon Balls, but no person received any hurt except an old Canadian Woman who was shot thro: the Body with a 24<sup>th</sup> Shot.

11 This morning one of our men lost his way in the Storm and had got under the Walls and was fir'd upon by the Centinel before he knew where he was, and had received a Shott through the thigh, but got away and is in a fair way to recover. The enemy has kept up a faint Cannonading all this day, this night our Train of Artillery Threw 45 Shells into the Town, and had a party to work on the Battery, the Enemy hove a few shot and Some shells at our people who were to work on the Battery, but did no damage, the Weather now is Exceeding Cold.

12 The Platforms are almost ready for the Guns at the Battery, the Weather Still remains very Cold.

<sup>1</sup> "Assist," in the hand of Captain Dearborn, takes the place of a word erased.

13 ... 14 We have open our Battery, have several men kill'd & wound<sup>d</sup> This morning before sun rise, our Battery, Began to Play upon the Town, we had 5 .. 12 Pounders and a Howeteer Mounted, all very well attended, there was a very heavy fire from the Town upon our Battery — after our Battery had play'd one hour they Ceas'd and General Montgomery sent a flag to the Town but it was refus'd admittance, But after some discourse with some officers upon the Rampart return<sup>d</sup>, at 2 .. O Clock P: M: our Battery began to play, again and our Mortars at the same time were at work in S<sup>t</sup> Rock's, we hove 50. Shells into the Town to-day, there was a very heavy Cannonading kept up from the Town, we had Two men kill'd To-day at our Battery, and one of our Guns damaged and our Howeteers dismounted, it is now in agitation to Storm the Town, which if resolved upon I hope will be undertaken, with a proper sense of the nature and Importance of such an attack and vigorously Executed.

16 In the evening began to Cannonade, Colo: Arnold's quarters were Struck by Several Cannon shot, upon which he thought it best to remove to other quarters, one of our men was Shot through the body with a grape shot — to-day his life is dispair'd of, a Counsel was held this evening by all the Commission'd officers belonging to Colo: Arnolds detachment. — A majority of which was for Storming the Garrison of Quebec as soon as the men are well equip'd with good arms, Spears, hatchets, Hand, granades &c.

17 Nothing extraordina'y or remarkable, to-day the weather is very Cold and Snowy.

18 Nothing extraordinary to-day the weather Still remains very Cold, my Company are order'd out of the Hospital, the room is wanted for a Hospital for the use of the sick, we took our quarters on the opposite side of the River S<sup>t</sup> Charles, at one M<sup>r</sup> Henry's, a presbyterian minister which place is about one mile from the Hospital.

19 I began to recover my Strength again & have a fine appetite.

20 The weather Continues Still Cold, preparation is making for the intended Storm, several of our men have the small Pox.

21 We are order'd every man of us to wear a hemblock sprig in his Hat, to distinguish us from the enemy in the attack upon Quebec.

22 Matters seem ripening fast for a storm, may the blessing of Heaven attend the enterprize.

23 This evening all the officers of our detachment met at and are visited by the Gen<sup>l</sup> at Colo: Arnolds Quarters.

24 This evening the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Spring preach'd a sermon in the Chapel in the Gen<sup>l</sup> Hospital, which is exceeding elegant inside, is Richly decorated with Carved and guilt work.

25 Colo: Arnolds detachment is Paraded at 4 Clock P: M: Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery attended and address'd us on the Subject of making the

attack upon the Walls of Quebec, in a very sensible Spirit'd manner which greatly animated <sup>1</sup> our men.

26 Nothing Material happen'd to day the weather is Still cold.

27 This morning the Troops assembled by order of the General, with a design to attack the Town of Quebec, and were about to march, when there Came an order from the Gen<sup>l</sup> to return to our quarters by reason of the weather's clearing up which render'd it improper for the attack.

28 The following Came out in Gen<sup>l</sup> orders this day — Viz<sup>t</sup>

The Gen<sup>l</sup> had the most Sensible pleasure in seeing the good disposition with which the Troops last night moved to the attack, it was with the greatest reluctance he found himself Call'd upon by his duty to repress their ardor, but should hold himself answerable for the loss of those brave men whose lives might be Saved by waiting for a favourable opportunity.

29 . . . Nothing remarkable or extraordinary to-day.

30 I have the Main-guard in St Rock's, I came on last evening our Artillery hove 30 Shells last night into Quebeck, which were answer'd by a few shells and Some Grape shott, early this morning the Garrison began a very heavy Cannonade upon all parts of our Camp within their Reach, Particularly on those quarter'd in St Rock's, and upon the Guard-House which is within musquet <sup>2</sup> Shott of the Walls, but partly under the Cover of a hill — about sun'set this afternoon, the the Garrison brought a gun to bear upon the Guard-house much more exact, and better level'd, than any that they shott heretofore, and within the Space of 15 minutes they knocked down the three Chimneys of the Guard-house over our heads, but could not get a shot into the lower Rooms where the Guard kept, at 10 . . O Clock this evening I went home to my quarters.

31 This morning at 4 . . O Clock I was inform'd by one of my men that there was orders from the Gen<sup>l</sup> for making the attack upon Quebec this morning, I was surprized that I had not been inform'd or notified Sooner, But afterwards found it was owing to the neglect of the Serg<sup>t</sup> Major, who excus'd himself by saying he could not get across the River, by reason of the Tides being so exceeding High, however I gave orders to my men to prepare themselves immediately to march, but my Company being quarter'd in three different Houses, and the farthest a mile from my Quarters, and the weather very Stormy and the Snow deep, it was near an hour before I could get them all Paraded & Ready to March, at which time I found the attack was began by the Gen<sup>l</sup> party, near Cape Diamond, I had now two miles to march, before we Came to the place where the attack was made, The moment I march'd

<sup>1</sup> Two words are erased.

<sup>2</sup> "Musquet" is interlined in a different hand.

I met the Serg<sup>t</sup> Major who inform'd me that Colo: Arnold, had march'd, and that he cou'd not Convey intelligence to me Sooner, as there was no possibility of Crossing the River, we now march'd or rather ran as fast as we could, when I arrived at S<sup>t</sup> Rock's I met Colo: Arnold Wounded Borne, and brought away by Two men, he Spoke to me and desir'd me to push on forward, and said our people had possession of a 4 Gun Battery. — and that we should Carry the Town, our Artillery were Incessantly heaving Shells, with 5 Mortars from S<sup>t</sup> Rock's, and the Garrison were heaving shells and Balls of all Sorts from every part of the Town, my men Seem'd to be in high Spirits, we push'd forward as fast as possible, we met the wounded men very thick.

We Soon found ourselves under a very brisk <sup>1</sup> fire from the walls & Picketts, but it being very dark & Stormy, and the way we had to pass very Intricate & I an utter Stranger, to the way. we got bewilder'd, an altho, I met Several men, and Some officers who said they knew where our people were, yet none of them would pilot us untill I met one of Colo: Arnolds Waiters who was endeavouring to forward some ladders who said he would shew me the way, and altho, he was well acquainted with the way, he having lived some years in Quebec, he miss'd it and Carry'd us quite wrong, but when he found his mistake he declared he did not know, where we were, and he immediately left us, we were all this time harrass'd with a brisk fire from the Picketts, which we were Sometimes within a stones throw of, I now thought it best to retreat a little and then make a new attempt to find the way, I accordingly order'd Lieu<sup>t</sup> Hutchins who was in the Rear to retreat, to a Certain place a few rods back, he Accordingly retreated, and in retreating he had to pass very near the Picket, under a very brisk fire, it now began to grow a little light, the Garrison had discover'd us and Sent out Two hundred men, who took possession of Some houses which we had to pass before we could discover them, and as Lieu<sup>t</sup> Hutchins retreated they Sallied down in a lane from the Wall, I divided my Company about the middle, I <sup>2</sup> now again attempt'd to find the way to the main body, It being now so light that I thought I could find the way, I order'd that part of my men that were with me, to follow me, we pushed on as fast as possible, but the enemy took some of my rear, and kept a brisk fire upon us from the Houses, which we had pass'd, when I Came to a place where I could Cover my men a little, while I could discover where our main body was, I heard a shout in Town, which made me think that our people had got possession of the Same, the men were so thick within the Picketts, I was at a Stand to know whether They were our men, or the enemy, as they were dress'd like us, I was Just about to Hail them, when one of them hail'd me, he asked who I was (I was

<sup>1</sup> "Brisk" is interlined in a different hand.

<sup>2</sup> "And" is erased, and "I" inserted.

now within Six rods of the Picketts) I answer'd a friend, he asked me who I was a friend to, I answer'd to liberty, he then reply'd God-damn you, and then rais'd himself partly above the Pickets, I Clapt up my Piece which was Charged with a ball and Ten Buck shott Certainly to give him his due, But to my great mortification my Gun did not go off, I new prim'd her, and flushed and Try'd her again, but neither I, nor one in Ten of my men could get off our Guns they being so exceeding wet, They fired very briskly upon us from the Picketts, here we found a great number of wounded men, and some dead, which did belong to our main body ; I order'd my men to go into a lower room of an house, and new Prime their Guns, and prick dry Powder into the Touch-holes, we Now found ourselves Surrounded by Six to one, I now finding no possibility of getting away, my Company were divided, and our arms being in such bad order, I thought it best to Surrender after being promis'd good quarters and Tender usage, I told my men, to make their escape, as many as possibly could, and in the Confusion a considerable Number did effect the Same, Some of them after they had given up their arms, we were now marched to Palace Gate, on my way there to my Surprise, I found Lieu<sup>t</sup> Hutchins, Ensign Thomas, & about 15 or 20 of my<sup>1</sup> men under Guard, who were march'd to Palace-gate with me, we were Carried to a Large Convent and put under the Care of a strong Guard, on my way to this House I was inform'd that our people had<sup>2</sup> got possession of the Lower Town.

It appears at this time, according to the following Arrangement, that my Comp'y which may be seen hereafter, in the<sup>3</sup> attack upon the Town was intended to be the second to the front.<sup>3</sup>

THE GEN<sup>l</sup> gave orders last evening for the Troops to assemble at Two O : Clock this morning in order to Make the attack, at 5 . . O . . Clock in the following manner viz<sup>t</sup>

The Gen<sup>l</sup> with the first . . 2 . . & 3 . . Battalians of New-york Troops was to attack the Southerly part of the Lower Town, at a place Call'd the Pot-ash.

Colo : Arnold with his detachment and part of Cap<sup>t</sup> Lambs Company of Artillery, with one Field-piece, was to march through S<sup>t</sup> Rock's down between the river Saint Charles, and the Picket of the Garrison to the North part of the Lower Town Call'd the South-ax-Matillo, and there attack a 4 Gun Barrier in the following order, a Subaltern with 24 Men was to be an advanced party, Cap<sup>t</sup> Lambs Artillery next with a six pounder mounted on a Sled, then the main-body, Cap<sup>t</sup> Morgan first. my Company next, Then Cap<sup>t</sup> Smith's, then Captain Hanchet's, then Cap<sup>t</sup> Hubbard's, Then Cap<sup>t</sup><sup>4</sup> Topham's, then Cap<sup>t</sup> Thayer, then Cap<sup>t</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Of my" is interlined.

<sup>2</sup> "Had" is interlined.

<sup>3</sup> "In the" and "to be the second to the front" are interlined. Several lines are erased.

<sup>4</sup> The name "Thompson" is erased.



Ward's, then Cap<sup>t</sup> Goodrich's, & then Cap<sup>t</sup> Hendrick's, Colo : Arnold in the Front Colo : Green and Maj<sup>r</sup> Biggellow in the Centre, and Maj<sup>r</sup> Meigs in the Rear.

Colo : Livingston, & Maj<sup>r</sup> Brown with some of Maj<sup>r</sup> Browns men & some Canadians were to make a feint upon the upper Town & at the Same time, were to Set fire to S<sup>t</sup> John's Gate with a Certain quantity of Combustibles prepar'd for that — purpose — The Gen<sup>l</sup> with his Party began the attack, the Gen<sup>l</sup> with his Aid-de-camp, and Cap<sup>t</sup> Shearman & the Carpenters, who served as Pioneers advanced in the front, The Carpenters Cut the Picketts, the Gen<sup>l</sup> with his own hands pull'd them down & enter'd. — after the Gen<sup>l</sup> had enter'd, he Call'd to his men to Come on, they did not advance as quick as he thought they might, he Spoke to them again in the following moving Terms, saying come on my good soldiers, your Gen<sup>l</sup> Calls upon you to Come on, The Gen<sup>l</sup> was now very near a Battery of Several Cannon Loaded with grape shott, some of which were unfortunately discharged, and which Cut down our Brave Gen<sup>l</sup>, his Aid-decamp, Cap<sup>t</sup> McFerson, Cap<sup>t</sup> Shearman, & three or four Privates.

The Guards immediately after firing the first Cannon quited their post and Ran, which gave our Troops a fair opportunity to enter, But instead of entering Colonel Campbell, who now took Command, order'd a retreat, which was a very unlucky retreat for us, — A few minutes after the Gen<sup>l</sup> made the attack on his part, Col : Arnold made an attack with his party, but instead of making the attack in the manner proposed, which was, when the advanced party had got within musket shot of the Barrier, they were to Halt and then open to the right and left, and the Artillery to fire three shott, upon the Barrier and then the advanced party were to fire into the Port Holes, Cap<sup>t</sup> Morgan's Company to pass round a wharf on which the Barrier was Built, and Come in upon the back of the Guard, while we Scall'd the Barrier with Ladders, but the Snow being so deep and the way so difficult to pass — The Artillery were obliged to leave the Field piece behind, & Colo : Arnold, with the advanced party rushed up to the Barrier and kept such a hot fire in at the Port-holes, that the enemy Could fire but one of their Cannon, before Cap<sup>t</sup> Morgan and some of his Company, and some others Scaled the Barrier, and took the Guards Prisoners Consisting of a Cap<sup>t</sup> & 30 men, Colo : Arnold was wounded in the Legg in the first of the attack and was Carried Back, our men enter'd the Barrier as fast as possible. — But the Main body had not come up yet by reason of missing their way, and were obliged to Counter-march twice before they could get right, there was now a second Barrier to force, where there two Cannon placed, Charged with Grape'shott, our men who had enter'd the first Barrier, were now waiting for the main-body to come up, but before the main-body had got into the first Barrier, the enemy found that

the Gen<sup>l</sup> Party had retreated, and the whole Garrison had Turn'd their attention upon our party, and had taken possession of the Houses almost all round us, and had mann'd the Barrier so strong that when our people made an attempt to force it, we were repulsed, and obliged to shelter ourselves in the Houses, as well as we could, I say, we altho, I was not at this place, but in order to distinguish our Troops from the Enemy, our people being Surround'd By Treble their Number, and was under a very hot fire, it was now Motion'd by some, whether or no, it would not be most advisable to retreat, others immediately repli'd who knows but <sup>1</sup> our Gen<sup>l</sup> with his party, is in some part of the Town, and if we go, and leave him behind, he and his party will most certainly be Cut off, It was then concluded upon to send somebody off in order to learn what was become of our Gen<sup>l</sup> and his party, and agreed to make a stand while night, Immediately after entering the Barrier, Cap<sup>t</sup> Hendrick, Lieu<sup>t</sup> Humphrey's, and Lieu<sup>t</sup> Cooper, together with a number of Privates was kill'd Just as this resolution took place, the same party that took me followed after our main-body, and Came upon their Rear, but our people finding the impracticability of a retreat, and hearing nothing from our Gen<sup>l</sup>'s party, & having lost about one hundred men out of less than five hundred, it was <sup>2</sup> thought it most prudent to surrender, upon the encouragement of being promis'd good quarters and Tender usage, It was by this time 10 : O Clock A : M : ... The officers were Carried to the main Guard house and the Soldiers to the House where I was Carried first, I with my other officers, were Carry'd to the main, guard-House to the other offic'ers, where we had a good Dinner, and a plenty of several sorts of wine, in the afternoon we were Carry'd to a Large Seminary, and put into a large room in the fourth Story from the ground.

*A List of the officers that were killed.*

Brigad<sup>l</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery

M<sup>r</sup> John M<sup>c</sup> pherson Aid-decamp to the Gen<sup>l</sup>

Cap<sup>t</sup> Cheasman . . . . . of New-york

Cap<sup>t</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Hendrick . . . . . of Pensilvania

Lieu<sup>t</sup> Humphry . . . . . of Virginia

Lieu<sup>t</sup> Sam<sup>l</sup> Cooper . . . . . of Connecticut

*A list of the wounded officers that was in the engag<sup>t</sup>*

Colo, Benedict Arnold shot thro one of his Leggs

Cap<sup>t</sup> John Lamb of New york shot in the Cheeck bone by which }  
the sight of one of his Eyes . . . . . }

Cap<sup>t</sup> Jonas Hubbard of Worcester shot thro, the ancle of which he died

Lieu<sup>t</sup> Archibald Steel of Pensilvania two of his fingers shot off

<sup>1</sup> "But" is interlined. "Better than" and "who" are erased.

<sup>2</sup> "It was" is interlined in place of "we," erased.

Lieu<sup>t</sup>. Jam<sup>s</sup>. Tindal of the Massachusetts Bay shot thro. his right, shoulder

The Sergeants, Corporals, and privates, kill'd & wounded according to the best accounts I could obtain, Amounted to a bout one Hundred men, the number kill'd on the Spot, about 40

*A list of the officers taken, but not wounded*

Names.	Provinces.	Towns.
Cap <sup>t</sup> Daniel Morgan	Virginia	Frederick County
Lieu <sup>t</sup> William Heath		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Peter Brewin		
M <sup>r</sup> John M <sup>c</sup> Guyer Volunteer		
M <sup>r</sup> Char <sup>s</sup> . Porterfield . . do . .	Pensilvania	Lancaster Carlisle Philadelphia Lancaster
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Archibold Steel . . .		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Francis Nichols		
M <sup>r</sup> Mathew Duncan Volunteer		
M <sup>r</sup> John Henry Volunteer	New-york	
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Andrew Moody	Connecticut	Middletown Suffield Hamford Middletown New-Haven Weathersfield
Maj <sup>r</sup> Return Jona. Meigs		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Oliver Hanchet.—		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Sam <sup>l</sup> Lockwood		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Abijah Savage	Rhode-Island	Greenwich Newport Westerly Providence
Cap <sup>t</sup> Aliezer Aswald Vol :		
Quar : Mas <sup>r</sup> Ben : Catlin		
L <sup>t</sup> Colo. Christopher Green		
Cap <sup>t</sup> John Topham	Rhode Island	Newport Providence Tivertown New-port
Cap <sup>t</sup> Sam <sup>l</sup> Ward		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Simeon Thayer		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> James Webb		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> William Humphrys	Massachusetts Bay	Worcester Stockbridge Acton Sacho Hadley
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Edw <sup>d</sup> Slocam		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Silvanus Shaw		
Maj <sup>r</sup> Timothy Bigellow		
Cap <sup>t</sup> W <sup>m</sup> Goodrich	Hampshire	Nottingham Dunbarton Hilsborough Deerfield
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Sam : Brown		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> John Cumston		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> John Clark		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Henry Dearborn		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Nathan <sup>l</sup> Hutchins		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Ammi Andrews		
Lieu <sup>t</sup> Joseph Thomas		

Adjut<sup>t</sup> Christian Febeger } The Number of Serg<sup>ts</sup> Corpor<sup>ls</sup> & Privates  
a Deanish officier . . . . . } Taken, but not wounded, are about 300

1776 January 1 I begun this year in very disagreeable Circumstances, it being the first day I ever Spent in Confinement except by

sickness, but I hope I shall be enabled to bare it with a becoming fortitude. Considering it to be the fortune of War.

2 Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery's body was taken up to day, and brought into Town.

3 Gen<sup>l</sup> Carlton gave Major Meigs Leave to go out after our Baggage to-day.

As the Small pox is prevalent in this Town, it is thought best for as many of us, as had not had the Small Pox to be Innoculated immediately . . . Accordingly sixteen of us Concluded to apply to some Physician to inoculate us, Doct<sup>r</sup> Bullen was recommended to us as being skilful in Innoculation, whom we apply'd to, to day, & he engag<sup>d</sup> to Innoculate us, and gave us some preparatory Medicines to day.

4 . . . We were this day Innoculated, . . . Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery's body Was Interr<sup>d</sup> to-day, in a very decent manner by order of Gen<sup>l</sup> Carlton.

5 We that have been innoculated, are removed to-day into another Room, & have the liberty of walking into another room adjoining to that we Lodge in.

6 . . . Maj. Meigs return'd to-day, with some part of our Baggage but a Considerable part of it is not Brought in . . four of our men are tolerated to wait upon us.

7 . . . We purchas'd some poor mutton to make Soop of at one Pistereen  $\text{₤}$  pound.

8 We had a very good Collection of Books sent us by several friends in Town, in the perusal of which, we pass many of of our dull hours.

9 To-day I wrote a letter to send to my wife, but find no opportunity of sending it.

10 This day M<sup>r</sup> Levius, who was formerly a Judge of our Court, came to see me, and offer'd to supply me with any thing I stood in need of, that was in his power, he furnish'd me with some Cash, and Two shirts, and said he would have me let him know, if I should hereafter be in want of any thing, as he would be ready to oblige me therewith if within the Sphere of his Influence.

11.. 12... 13 Nothing extraordinary. — The Field officier of each day, Generally visits us, the Guard that is set over us, is a subaltern and Twelve men — Our mens Baggage is sent for to-day.

also I begin to feel the symptoms of the small Pox.

Lieu<sup>t</sup> Savage, who was one that was Innoculated with me, for the Small pox, has it the natural way, he having taken it before he Came into Quebec, & is very bad.

14 I begin to break out with the Small Pox.

15.. 16.. 17.. 18:19 Nothing extraordinary the Small Pox is Turn- ing, the greatest of my suffering is hunger since I was Innoculated, one of our Waiters who was Innoculated after he Came to wait upon us has

had it the Natural way, he having had it before and broke out with it in two days, after he was Innoculated. — and is dead, Lieu<sup>t</sup> Savage is getting better, Nothing very extraordinary happens from this time to the 10<sup>th</sup> of February — when Major Meigs is Carried to the Hottel-dieu — which is a nunnery &c Hospital, he having a swelling under his arm, and the remainder of us who have had the small pox are removed into the room which we were first put into with the other officers, we spend our time in reading in the forenoon, and at Cards in the afternoon, and endeavour to make ourselves as happy as possible under our present disagreeable Circumstances, We hear a great deal of bad News, but none that's good — We are told that General Washington, with his army made an attempt to Storm Boston, but had lost 4000 men, some kill'd and the rest were drown'd, we have been inform'd of Montreal's being retaken by the Canadians four or five times — We are told that Gen<sup>l</sup> Lee, in marching to New-york with 3000 men lost them all to 300, by dissertion for want of Cloathing.

We are inform'd that Gen<sup>l</sup> Amherst is arrived at New-york with 12000 Troops, we are likewis<sup>e</sup> told that the paper Currency has lost its value, and that the Congress is impeached with dishonesty by the people, but we give no Credit to any such Rumours.

March 10 We had a square of Glass put into the door that opens into our room, and two Centinels stands looking in all the time, and a lamp is kept burning all night — in our room, and Two Centinels stands under our window who are order'd to fire upon any of us who attempted to to open either of the windows in the night, no person is allowed to come into our room but the Field offic<sup>r</sup> of the day, and the officer of the Guard — not even our washer-woman.

16 Being indispos'd I got liberty to go to the Hottel-dieu to day.

I remain'd at the Hottel-dieu, until the 31<sup>st</sup> day of March nothing very extraordinary happen'd during this time, I recover'd my health in a few days after I got here, I saw one of my men here who inform'd me that all my Company has had the Small Pox, and not one of them died with it, which I think is something remarkable, we are all, now order'd to the Seminary, we are told for want of wood in the Garrison.

April 1 We are informd that our men who are prisoners in this Town, were last night detected in the execution of a plan in order to make their Escape, for which reason, they are all put in Irons — We have two Small Bed-rooms allow'd us to sleep in being too: much Crouded in one room.

4 This day our people open'd a four Gun-Battery, at Point Levi and play'd upon the Town. — there was now a very heavy Cannonading from the Town, upon our Battery every day, there was six or seven Balls shot from our Battery into the Garden under our window, & three or 4 of them struck against the Seminary.

25 In the Course of this month there has been two or three alarms in Town, the Garrison thought that our people were about making an attack.

Cap<sup>t</sup> Thayer was detected by the officer of the guard to-day in attempting to open a door that led from the Passage to the necessary, into an upper loft, and was Carried on board a vessel and put in Irons there is Bolts & Locks put upon our doors and we are order'd not to go out of our respective Lodging Rooms after dark until sometime after sun-rise.

28 This day Colo : M<sup>r</sup> Lane, M<sup>r</sup> Lanodear the Gen<sup>l</sup> Aid-decamp and several other officers, Came into our room & took Cap<sup>t</sup> Lockwood, & Cap<sup>t</sup> Hanchet and Carried them off, witho<sup>t</sup> saying any thing to them, but we heard since it was reported that they had Tamper'd with a Cintinel, they were likewise put in Irons on Board the Vessel where Cap<sup>t</sup> Thayer was —

29 Our people open'd a Two Gun Battery to-day upon the opposite side of the Town from Point Levi a Cross the river S<sup>t</sup> Charles and play'd upon the Town, we are likewise inform'd that they are about opening another Battery on the height of Abraham, there is a Constant Cannonading on both sides every day.

May 4 As I was laying down my book this evening about Ten of the Clock, preparing for bed, I heard a Centinel hale a ship, which very much surprized me, as I expected some relief had arrived, But I soon was undeceived by a brisk fire of Cannon, and Small arms, & the ringing of the alarm Bell, as also hearing a great confusion in all parts of the Town, we now Concluded, that our people made an attack upon the Town, we soon discover'd a fire ship in the River, near the Lower Town, which was sent as we since heard, in order to set fire to the shi'ping in the Lower Town, & which must Consequently set fire to the Lower Town, & at the same time we heard Gen<sup>l</sup> Worster with his Troops had drawn up near the Town, with their Ladders ready to Scale the walls, when ever the Lower Town was on fire, but as the fireship fail'd the attack was not made.

6 This day forenoon, three ships arrived from England to the Great Joy of the Garrison, but much to our mortification as we now gave over all hopes of being retaken, and Consequently of seeing our families again until we had first taken a Voyage to England and there Tryed for rebels, as we have often been told by the officers of the Garrison, that, that, would be the case.

The ships that have arrived Brought the 29<sup>th</sup> Regiment with them, who landed, and at 12 . . O Clock, this Regim<sup>t</sup> with 5 . . or 6 Hundred of the Garrison marched out of Town, and two of the Frigates which arrived to-day put up the River, and an arm'd Schooner. Towards Night, the Troops return'd back to Town, and said they drove all the Yankees off. — and took a large quantity of Cannon, ammunition, and Baggage

from the Americans, which indeed proved too True, But from the accounts we have had since from Lieuten<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Dougle, who was taken in a schooner at Point Aux Tremble by the Two Frigates & an armed Schooner, that went up the River the day they arrived, we find that Gen<sup>l</sup> Woosters Troops began to decamp, the day before the Troops arrived, by hearing there was a Large Fleet in the river, but what Baggage they left was not very Considerable, there are more or less ships coming in daily, we are inform'd that there are 15000 Men destin'd for Canada, the 47 Regiment has arrived here from Boston, who bring Acc<sup>t</sup> that Gen<sup>l</sup> How, with his Troops has evacuated Boston & Came to Hallifax, pursuant to orders received from home.

10 A party marched out to day towards Montreal, we have Liberty to walk the Seminary Garden for our recreation today, which which is a very excellent Garden for Canada.

Maj<sup>r</sup> Meigs has obtain'd Liberty of the Gen<sup>l</sup> to go home to New-Eng<sup>d</sup> on his Parole.

13 M<sup>r</sup> Levius Came to see me to-day, & informd me, that if I would endeavour to assist him, in getting his family to him from Portsmouth, he would use his influence w<sup>th</sup> the Gen<sup>l</sup> to get leave for me to go home with Maj<sup>r</sup> Meigs On Parole, but he told me I must not depend much upon going as he thought it very uncertain whether he should succeed or not, notwithstanding I depended much upon going, as I thought his influence with the Gen<sup>l</sup> would be great, he being one of the Counsel, Judge of the Admiralty, & Judge of the Superior Court at Montreal.

14 Major Meigs was sent for to wait upon the Gen<sup>l</sup> who inform'd him the Vessel would sail in a day or Two, in which he was to go to Hallifax, when the Major Came back, & I hearing nothing of M<sup>r</sup> Levius's obtaining leave for me to go home, I then began to despair, and accordingly wrote a letter to my wife to send by the Major.

16 At one O Clock P : M : M<sup>r</sup> Levius Came to see me, & to my great Joy, inform'd me that the Gen<sup>l</sup> had given his Consent for me to go home, on Parole, & that we should sail this afternoon, — at 5 : of the Clock the Town Major Came for Major Meigs & myself, to go to the Lieu<sup>t</sup> Governor. to give our Parole, the verbal agreement we made was, that if ever there was an exchange of Prisoners, we were to have the benefit of it, and until then we were not, to take up arms against the King. after giving our Paroles from under our hands, we were Carried before the Gen<sup>l</sup> who appear'd to be a very humane tender-hearted man. after wishing us a good Voyage, & Saying he hoped to give the remainder of our officers the Same Liberty, he desir'd the Town Major to Conduct us on Board, we desir'd leave to visit our men in prison but could not obtain it.

after getting our baggage & taking leave of our fellow prisoners we went on board a schooner, which we are to go to Hallifax in, but as she

did not sail today, we were invited on Board the Admirals ship, where we were very genteely used, and Tarried all night.

17 We Sail'd this morning, 10.. O.. Clock, we fell down to the lower end of the Island, of Orleans, the wind being a head we were obliged to Cast Anchor, at Two of the Clock P: M: we went on shore upon Orleans, bought some Fowl & eggs, Orleans is a very pleasant Island, but the Inhabitants are extremely Ignorant.

18 We weighed Anchor at 4 this morning, & had a fine breeze at 2 Clock we Struck on the Rocks off against the Isle of Caudre, which is eighteen Leagues from Quebec. we ware in great danger of staving to pieces. — But Lucky for us we got off, here we Saw a great many white Porpuses which were very large — We came to an Anchor this Night by Hare-Island, which is 36 Leagues from Quebec.

19 We hove up at 4 this morning, we have but very little wind the River here is 5 Leagues in Weadth, we fell down to the Isle of Beak, which is 50 Leagues from Quebec, where we found his Majesty's Ship Niger, which is a 32 Gun Frigate, and an arm'd schooner lying at Anchor, we Cast our Anchor here at sunset.

20 We weighed Anchor here this morning at 4.. we had a small Breeze & some rain, and a very large sea. at six a Clock we had both our Masts sprung, which were barely saved from going overboard, we made a signal of distress to the above mention'd Vessels, which we were in sight of. who gave us immediate relief, we put back to the ship as fast & well as we could, and after the Schooner was examin'd by the Carpenters, it was order'd back to Quebec. and we were put on Board the Niger, which was now going to sail, bound for Hallifax. — at 10.. O Clock this evening we met with Two Men of war and several Transports.

21 This morning we met 32 Transports with Troops on Board under Command of Gen<sup>l</sup> Burgoyne, said to be 6000 Troops in the whole on Board this Fleet.

22 We enter'd the Gulph of S<sup>t</sup> Laurence this afternoon, at 5 in the afternoon we pass'd Bonaventura.

23 at Twelve of the Clock we pass'd the Magdolen Islands.

24 This morning we made the Isle of S<sup>t</sup> Johns, this afternoon we made the Isle of Cape Briton.

25 at 2-Clock P: M: we enter'd the gut of Canso, pass'd half way through it, having no wind we Cast Anchor.

26 Having no wind we Caught plenty of fish.

27 We hove up this morning at 9 O Clock, & had a fresh breeze, at 12.. O.. Clock we enter'd the Atlantick.

28 This day we have a fair wind, but a very thick fog.

29 We made Land within 15 Leagues of Hallifax, the wind is Contrary.

30 This morning we enter'd the mouth of Hallifax, Harbour, as we pass'd up the Town has a very handsome appearance, at 12.. O..



Clock we Came to Anchor, near the Town & at Two. We went on shore, the Land on which this Town is Built rises Gradually until it forms a beautiful eminence, Call'd the Citadel-Hill, the Town is handsomely laid out, the Building are but small, in general, at the upper end of the Town there is a very good Dock, yard, handsomely built with Stone and Lime, in which there are some handsome buildings, Major Meigs & I waited on his Excellency Gen<sup>l</sup> Howe this afternoon, with some dispatches from Gen<sup>l</sup> Carlton.

June..1 Gen<sup>l</sup> Howe after some Conversation desir'd us to wait on him again, on Monday Next, & he promis'd us he would inform us when and how we should have a passage to New England, I visited some officers, and others who were prisoners in Hallifax. Viz<sup>t</sup> Cap<sup>t</sup> Mortingdell, of Rhode Island who was taken in a privateer, Lieu<sup>t</sup> Scott who was taken at Bunker Hill, the 17<sup>th</sup> of June last and a number of others amounting in the whole to 20 .. persons — this day we took Lodgings at one Riders Tavern.

2 .. 3 .. 4 .. 5 We remained on shore, untill 3 .. O .. Clock this afternoon, then we embark'd on Board his Majesties Ship Scarborough.

6 Lord Piercy din'd on board the Scarborough, at his Coming on Board he was saluted by 13 Guns from this ship, & the same number from several ships that lay near us, I went ashore to-day and found an opportunity of writing to my fellow prisoners in Quebec, which I gladly embraced.

7 .. 8 .. 9 We Still remain here expecting every day to sail.

10 at 10 .. O .. Clock this morning we sail'd, we had a fair brisk Breeze.

11 Little wind to day.

12 The wind is not fair, we are beating of Cape Sables.

13 The wind is Contrary we are beating off .. d°

14 This morning we enter'd the Bay Fundy, at 3 .. O .. Clock P : M : we pass'd Falmouth, a small Village I am inform'd 15 .. or 18 .. sail of Vessels own'd at six o .. Clock we were abreast of Long Island, the wind is fair & fresh, we pass'd a number of small Islands, & Rocks to day, particularly Gannets Rock, which was Cover'd with white Fowl in such Numbers, that at a distance it looks like a small Hill, Cover'd with Snow, These Fowl are Call'd Gannets or Solen Geese, they are almost as large as our Common Geese.

15 The wind N : E .. we pass'd Peteet, Passage, to day.

16 We pass'd high Islands the wind is fair for us to go to Cumberland, where we are order'd.

17 At 10 .. Clock A .. M : we Came to Anchor in Cumberland Bay about 4 Miles from the Town . the Country has a very pleasant appearance from where we lye, I am in a disagreeable Situation to-day, but there is not such a scence of Slaughter; and Blood shed, as I was in this day 12 Months.

18 This day we apply'd to the Cap<sup>t</sup> for leave to go on shore but were refus'd.

19 We sent on Shore, & Bought 2 .. Fowl at 3<sup>s</sup> Lawful, dear indeed.

20 We understand we are to sail the first fair wind, we had a fine dinner to-day, one Fowl roasted, and another Boil'd, with some pork and Potatoes, I made the best meal that I had made for about six-months past, some of the Inhabitants Brought some sheep along side to-day for which they asked 48 / <sup>p</sup>. piece for — New : England Rum here is 21<sup>s</sup> / 4<sup>d</sup> Lawful <sup>p</sup> Gallon.

21 This is the first day that has looked like summer since I came to Hallifax, we expect to sail from here tomorrow, if the wind do favour us, every day seems a month to me, I am very anxious to see my dear family once more.

22 We hove up to day, and attempted to go down the Bay, but the wind was so fresh against us that we were obliged to Come to Anchor again, after falling down about 2 .. Leagues.

23 The wind blows very Strong & Contrary against us.

24 We had a heavy gale of wind at S .. W .. last night, it was suppos'd that we were in great danger, of driving on shore, but by letting go another Anchor, we Rode it out without any damage, the wind remains Still Contrary.

25 At 12 .. O .. Clock to-day we sail'd from Cumberland with a fresh Breeze.

26 at 8 .. O Clock this morning we came to Anchor at the mouth of Anapolis Harbour, seven Leagues from the Town. from Fort Cumberland to this place is 30 Leagues, Anapolis lays on the east side of the Bay of Fundy, the Land at the Mouth of the Harbour, is very Mountainous, and Barren, as is almost all the Land on this Coast which I have seen, — at 3 .. O .. Clock P : M : we weighed Anchor and put up the River, and at 6 .. of the Clock, Came to Anchor at Anoplis Town, which appears to have 50 .. or 60 Houses in it, and a fortification ; several miles before we come to the Town, there are some Inhabitants, On both sides the River, where there is several very good Orchards, the Land in general, is Cold, spruce had looking Land, but there is very fine Marshes here, which makes a very pretty appearance, as we Sailed up the River.

27 We apply'd for leave to go ashore to-day, but was refus'd the weather is very pleasant ... This afternoon I was seized with a violent pain in my head, and soon afterwards, I was seized with a sickness in my Stomach, after vomiting very heartily, I felt some rilief at my stomach, but the pain in my head increas'd, I was visited by the Surgeon of the ship, who said I was in a high fever, & urged me to take a puke, which Operated very well upon me, after heaving up a large quantity of Bile, I found myself much better, and a tolerable Nights Rest.

28 I find myself very weak and something feverish, I have had

blood let, after which I felt much better, I am now in hopes of escaping a fever, which last Night, I was much afraid of.

29 The weather is very fine, we heard to day, that the Milford ship of 28 Guns, has taken a Privateer of 18 Guns, belonging to Newbury Port, Commanded by one Tracy, we Bought some Veal to-day at 6<sup>d</sup> Sterling  $\text{£}$ . pound, which is very Cheap, call'd here, at 7 O Clock we left the Scarborough (P..M) This morning we come to Sail with a good Breeze, we are extremely well Treated by Cap<sup>t</sup> Graves, and the other officers on Board at 7 O Clock this evening we are abreast of Grand Manan.

July 1 We have very little wind, the weather is very Cloudy, at 12.. O.. Clock We have a brisk Breeze and a thick Fogg.

2 The weather remains Foggy, we have a light Breeze; our General Course is S..S..W..but as the weather is thick, and we not willing to fall in with the Land, untill it is Clearer, we keep running off and on waiting for the weather to Clear up.

3 The weather is Clear, we are in sight of Mount desert, we have a fresh Breeze at N: W.. We are Stearing for Machias, at 3.. O.. Clock, as we were about entering Machias harbour, we espied three small sail to windward, the Cap<sup>t</sup> sent a Barge after them, at 6.. O Clock the Barge Return'd with a small fishing Schooner as a prize, they inform'd the Cap<sup>t</sup> that there was a small privateer along shore, which fired several shot at them, at seven O Clock the Cap<sup>t</sup> order'd about 20.. hands on board the Schooner — Which they had taken, with some Blunder-Busses and ther arms, and sent them off, after the Privateer, which was in sight when the Schooner left the ship, which was about sun'set.

4 We are Cruising up and down from Mount Desart to Machias waiting for the Schooner which went after the Privater last Night, the weather is very fine — at 2.. O.. Clock P: M: the Boats return'd with Two small fishing boats and two men we Anchor'd this Night by an Island, Called Mespecky.

5 about three Leagues from Machias Harbour, the boats were sent out this morning, and took a Small fishing schooner Laded with fish belonging to Portsmouth, one Fumell Master, by the writing found on Board, the people all left her, and went off in a Canoe, when they found they were like to be taken, we lay at anchor here all day.

6 This morning Cap<sup>t</sup> Graves gave two of the men, who were taken in some of the fishing Boats, liberty to take one of the Same, (by the name of Wallas: & Dyer) belonging to Narriguagos, a few leagues below Mount Desart; upon their promising to Carry Major Meigs, & myself to Casco, Bay, and at 10.. O.. Clock, we left the ship and went up as far as Narriguagos, which is about 5. Leagues, and went on shore, to one Cap<sup>t</sup> Wallas's where we were very genteelly entertained.

7 This day being Sunday, we went to meeting, the weather is very warm, we found the people all in arms, to oppose any boats from the

men of War, that attempted to land — as they were apprehensive of their Coming to plunder for fresh Meat.

8 At seven O . . Clock in the morning we sailed for Casco : Bay, we made no Harbour this Night, we are off, abreast of Mount-Desart.

9 We have a light Breeze this morning at S . . W . . we pass'd the Bay, of Jericho this forenoon, this afternoon, we pass'd the Isle, of Holt, we saw a Number of very Large whales to day, at 5 . . O . . Clock this afternoon, we pass'd Ponabscutt Harbour, a few Leagues without this Harbour, is a number of small Islands, Call'd the Silley Islands, at 9 . . O . . Clock this evening, we came to an Anchor in a small bay — Called Talland Harbour, where there are several families — it is on the West side of Ponobscut Bay.

10 This morning we set sail at Sun-rise, but the Fogg being very thick we were obliged to put back to the same Harbour again — we went on shore and got some milk and Greens, at 9 . . O . . Clock the weather Cleared up a little and we put to sea, but soon after we put out, it came on very foggy again, it was so Foggy and Calm, that we concluded to go back into the Harbour again . . . where we came to Anchor at 2 . . O . . Clock P : M : Maj<sup>r</sup> Meigs & I agree'd to take our Land-Tacks on board and quit the Boat . . We walked 2 miles & Came to a river, Called George's River, we Cross'd the same and Came, to a Village Called George's Town, we walked Two miles, and Came to a river Call'd Madumcook, which we Cross'd and Came to a Village call'd Madam-cook, where there lives 40 families, we Tarried here one Night.

11 We started this morning for Broad Bay, which is six miles distant from here, at 9 O . . Clock we arrived at said Bay — where there is fine settlements, the inhabitants seems to live very well ; we were very Genteely Treated by Esq<sup>r</sup> Thomas, of said place, who I found was Nephew to Gen<sup>l</sup> Thomas in the Continental Army, said Thomas favour'd us with his Horse to Carry our Packs as far as Damascoty which is eight Miles, we Cross'd, Demoscoty River & walked Two miles to one Barkers Tavern, in a place Called Newcastle, here Stayed all night.

12 We hired Horses to go to Sheepscutt River, where we we arrived at 9 O . . Clock, we sent the Horses back again and Cross'd the River called Sheepscut, and walked one mile, and met some people to work on the High : way, we were asked into a house to eat some dinner, here we hired Two Horses to go to Kennebeck River, which is 15 miles, we Cross'd Kennebeck River, at sun-set & walked one mile, then Lodged at M<sup>r</sup> Lamberts Tavern.

13 We hired said Lamberts Brother & Horses to Carry us to Falmouth, at 9 . . O . . Clock we Started, at 11 . . O . . Clock, we Cross'd Browns Ferry on Stephen's River, at 12 . . O . . Clock we arrived At Brumswick which is 30 Miles from Casco, he we dined, here are a number of elegant Buildings, & the ruin of an old Fort, Called Brumswick Fort, at 4 . . O . . Clock P M . . we left Brumswick, after passing thro, Yarmouth

woods, which is 10 Miles, we pass'd through North-Yarmouth, and at Sun'set we arrived at Nights Tavern, which is 5 Miles to the eastward of Falmouth, and there put up and Tarryed all night.

14 We started early this morning for Falmouth, when we arrived at Falmouth, there we found a sloop ready to sail, in which several Masters of Vessels belonging to New England, who came from Hallifax, were going Passengers We also embarked on Board said sloop, & at 10.. O.. Clock sailed for Portsmouth, having but very little wind & that quite Contrary, we made but small headway.

15 This morning we are a Breast of Wood-Island, at 5.. O.. Clock P.. M: we are abreast of old york, and the wind ahead.

16 This morning we are a Breast of the Isle-of Shoals, we have a small Breeze and are Running for the Light-house in Portsmouth-Harbour, which place rejoiced me very much to see once more, at 10.. O.. Clock, A: M: I arrived at Portsmouth to my Great joy, and at sunset arrived safe at my own House, at Nottingham, & found my wife well, my Children alive, & my friends in General, well.

FINIS.

MARCH 25<sup>th</sup> 1777.

Dr. EVERETT, Dr. CLARKE, and Judge CHAMBERLAIN mentioned several anecdotes concerning Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

Mr. R. C. WINTHROP, Jr., presented a memoir of the late Hon. David Sears.

The Rev. E. F. SLAFTER presented a memoir of the late Rev. William S. Bartlet.

Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS communicated to the Society a manuscript which he had annotated, containing a narrative of the events which happened during the insurrection in St. Domingo, from January, 1785, to December, 1794, written by his great-uncle Samuel G. Perkins, Esq., of whom he gave the following biographical sketch:—

Samuel G. Perkins, third son of James and Elizabeth Perkins, was born in Boston, May 24, 1767. At the age of fourteen, his father being dead, and his mother having a large family to educate and support, he was sent to sea, as was the fashion in those days, to make his own way in the world. After many trying experiences of which no record is preserved, as the account which he wrote of them was burned in the great Boston fire of 1871, together with the original manu-

script of the Sketches and other papers belonging to his son Stephen, he went to St. Domingo in 1785, and assisted in carrying on the business of the house of Perkins, Burling, & Co., which, after his elder brother James's return to Boston in 1793, devolved upon Mr. Burling and himself. The Sketches, now first printed from a copy made by his great-niece Miss Sarah Paine Perkins in 1837,<sup>1</sup> give an interesting account of the writer's residence at the Cape, and bear abundant witness to his courage, resolution, and strength of character. In the account of his homeward voyage, after the destruction of Cape Français, — here printed after the Sketches, — Mr. Perkins says that one of his reasons for embarking "on the slow and heavily laden brig William for Boston" was his engagement to be married. "The attractive power which lay East," as he quaintly puts it, was Miss Barbara C. Higginson, to whom he was united on the 19th of March, 1795. Later he became a partner in the house of Higginson & Co., and after he retired from business was the president of an insurance company.

During the winter he lived in High Street, Boston, and in the summer at Brookline, where about 1803 he bought several acres of land from Mr. George Cabot, and built the house recently occupied by the late eminent architect Mr. H. H. Richardson. Here he made his reputation as a successful pomologist and horticulturalist, and spent many happy years in cultivating his garden, whose espalier pear-trees were famed for their delicious fruit. In importing them from France Mr. Perkins underwent many difficulties which he was fond of recounting. The first importation was lost at sea; and the second, which arrived off the port of Boston during the British embargo, was seized and destroyed. The third reached him safely, and became the first espalier trees grown in New England, if not in the United States. After the death of their owner they were sold at large prices, and transported to the gardens of Dr. J. C. Warren and other neighbors. In the latter part of his life Mr. Perkins lost his eyesight; but his knowledge of pear texture was so accurate that he would instantly recognize any species of pear by the touch, and as he picked a *Bon Chrétien*, a *Duchesse*, or a *Seckel*, would give it its correct name without hesitation.

<sup>1</sup> This copy was presented to the Library of the Historical Society by Mr. Stephen Perkins. N. B. The notes within quotation marks are the author's; the others are the editor's.

He died on his birthday, May 24, 1847, at the age of eighty. Knowing it to be his birthday, he frequently asked during the day, "Is it still the 24th?" and having repeated the question for the last time shortly before midnight he peacefully expired, leaving behind him the goodly record of a well-spent life, whose years of trial and adversity, no less than those of prosperity and happiness, had proved his strength of character, intelligence, and never-failing kindness of heart.

Boston, December, 1835.

TO FRANKLIN DEXTER, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — Agreeably to your request I have committed to paper a rough sketch of the events of the insurrection and subsequent emancipation of the slaves of St. Domingo, with an account of the destruction of Cape François and the massacre of its inhabitants, to which I have added some account of the state of the planters, and of society generally prior to that period.

I have introduced some private anecdotes which, although strictly conformable to fact, may not possess much interest to those who were not actors in the scenes described; but as they are in some measure connected with the general events of the revolt, and form a part of the general machinery of the revolution, I have mentioned them as coming within the reminiscences of those days. As these papers have been written from time to time, when I could find leisure to attend to them, and as they now appear in the undressed and simple garb in which they were first attired, they are defective in many respects. Such as they are, however, I send them to you as a true representation of the *facts* that came within my knowledge.

Very truly and respectfully your humble servant,

S. G. PERKINS.

*Sketches of St. Domingo from January, 1785, to December, 1794, written by a Resident Merchant at the Request of a Friend, December, 1835.*

## CHAPTER I.

At the time I arrived in St. Domingo in January, 1785, and for four or five years subsequent, the flourishing state of trade and the prosperity of its inhabitants were without a parallel perhaps in the world; for here there were no poor, I may say, either white or black, — for even among the latter those who were slaves were taken care of, fed and clothed, and well sheltered by their masters, and those that were free were able to get a living without excessive labor. If they were too old

to work or otherwise incapacitated, they were provided for by their friends and relations. This was shown by the fact that there were no beggars in the streets and no poor houses in the cities; and I do not recollect that I ever saw a free negro or mulatto above the age of ten years that was not decently and comfortably clad, until after the revolution or insurrection of the blacks. As respected the whites, the only poor were the unfortunate gamblers; and they were not in a state of suffering, for when penniless they had free quarters at the gambling-houses, where they could get plenty of good food and good wine to carry them through the day. Indeed it may truly be said that everything and everybody bore the marks of comfort and prosperity; there were no taxes on the inhabitants of any sort, and every one was free to seek his bread in his own way.

The harbors of Port au Prince and Cape François, which were the two principal ports of entry, were always filled with ships either loading or unloading their cargoes, and the sound of the negroes' labor song while at the tackle-fall was always cheering and pleasant. These ports were on the north and west, and Aux Cayes, the other port of entry, was on the south side of the island. The town or city of Cape François contained about thirty thousand inhabitants — white, colored, and black — of which three quarters were slaves.<sup>1</sup> This town was the capital of the Northern Department, with a governor appointed by the mother country. One regiment of French troops of the line of infantry and one of artillery, besides a well-armed and well-organized body of national guards or militia, made up of the white inhabitants and a few mulattoes, composed the military force of the north. The seat of government was Port au Prince<sup>2</sup> on the west, where the governor-general and intendant-general resided; here also was a military force of the same nature as that at the Cape. The mulattoes, formed into separate regiments, commanded by white officers, were in

<sup>1</sup> Bryan Edwards (*Historical Survey of St. Domingo*, p. 159) says that there were 8,000 free inhabitants of all colors, exclusive of the king's troops and seafaring people, and 12,000 domestic slaves. He describes Cape François as a well-built town, containing between eight and nine hundred houses of stone and brick, besides shops and warehouses; two fine squares with fountains, a church, government house, barrack for troops, a royal arsenal or prison, a play-house, and two hospitals. The town owed its prosperity to the excellence of its harbor, and the extreme fertility of the plain adjoining it to the east. This plain, fifty miles long and twelve broad, was exclusively devoted to the cultivation of sugar-canes. "It yielded greater returns than perhaps any other spot of the same extent in the habitable globe."

<sup>2</sup> Port au Prince, the metropolis of the colony, contained in 1790 about 2,754 whites, 4,000 mulattoes, and 8,000 slaves. In the plain to the east, called Cul de Sac, which was from thirty to forty miles in length by nine in breadth, there were one hundred and fifty sugar plantations. (*Historical Survey of St. Domingo*, p. 162.)



general very fine troops ; handsome, tall, straight, and beautiful men. But as the country was in a perfect state of peace from one end of the French settlement to the other, the services of these troops were never called for, except at processions and public reviews, until after the news of the French revolution reached St. Domingo. The spirit of the revolution which was going on in France had, however, gained ground in the colonies, and insubordination among the troops of the line had been manifested at an early period at Port au Prince, where the colonel of the regiment — a Mr. Mauduit,<sup>1</sup> I think — was murdered on the parade by his troops. Until that period the most perfect harmony, good feeling, and social intercourse existed among the inhabitants, and the most perfect good-will and mutual confidence was evident between the whites and their slaves. The only notorious and open violation of the law was the practice of duelling, which was not only an every-day sport among the young and dissipated, who were satisfied by a scratch or slight wound on either side, but the combatants, having shown their prowess in the morning, supped together in the evening in closer friendship than ever.

The events of the latter part of the year 1789 and the year 1790 were confined to the disorderly conduct of some of the militia, the revolt of the free mulattoes under the famous Ogé,<sup>2</sup> and their final dispersion, with the capture and execution of their leaders, a detailed account of which will appear in the course of these Sketches.

But it may be proper to explain the origin and leading causes of this spirit of revolt, as it has been little known in this country and little attended to in France, where it originated, and whence it was transplanted to the colonies by the revolutionary assemblies of that country through the agency of the free educated mulattoes who were in France at the commencement of the revolution. These men, sons of planters of fortune, had received the best instruction that France could afford, and were daily witnesses of the violent and injudicious measures adopted by the National Assembly. They knew and felt that although born free men, protected in their property and in the enjoyment of personal security, they possessed no political rights whatever, and were denied even the privilege of defending themselves against the whites unless their lives were endangered. They could, to be sure, prosecute

<sup>1</sup> M. le Chevalier de Mauduit came to St. Domingo in 1790, and sided with the mulattoes against the Government. His death is thus described in the appendix to Bryan Edwards' *Historical Survey*, p. 254: "Urged by his troops to ask pardon of the national guard on his knees, and persistently refusing to do so, he was knocked down by a sabre cut in the face. His head was then cut off and carried on the end of a bayonet, while his body was dragged through the streets to his house by the soldiers and sailors, who gutted it completely and destroyed its contents."

<sup>2</sup> See note 2, p. 316.

and recover damages for injuries received; but if any one of them returned blow for blow, he knew that he would be condemned to have his right hand cut off by the common executioner.<sup>1</sup> I never heard of but one instance during my residence of this law being carried into effect. Such disabilities were of course a galling and never-ceasing canker in the minds of the free colored people; and when they heard it declared by the leaders of the French people that all men are born free and equal, their active minds soon matured a plan by which they expected to compel the whites in the colonies to acknowledge their political rights as well as their birthright to freedom. Ogé was then in France, and being a man of talent and consideration among them he was despatched, *viâ* the United States, to St. Domingo, for the purpose of accomplishing this desired object. How he succeeded will be seen hereafter.

Thus the causes of the insurrection and final revolution of the free mulattoes and slaves of St. Domingo must be sought in the National Assembly of France. The precipitate measures and rash and untried schemes adopted without due consideration or competent knowledge of the subject in the mother country, were well calculated to produce the results which followed. They were foreseen by the famous Barnave, who was at one time President of that Assembly, and were denounced by that distinguished leader as involving the fortunes of the colonists.

“The declaration of the rights of man, without any distinction of country or color, by a nation holding extensive colonies, cultivated by slaves, while it still determined to hold them with the full intention of reaping all customary advantages from them, without providing any substitutes for the slaves, or making any indemnity to their owners, must be deemed a rash and hasty as well as an improvident measure; but neither these considerations nor the eloquence and warning of Barnave could resist the democratic rage for liberty and equality which then prevailed.”

Such is the language of the writers of that period.

There was then in France a society under the title of “*Les Amis des Noirs*,”<sup>2</sup> or “The Friends of the Negroes,” which issued publications in

<sup>1</sup> The penalty exacted from a white man who struck a mulatto was an inconsiderable fine. The French mulattoes were liable to three years' service in the so-called *maréchaussée*, after which they had to serve in the militia without pay, providing arms and ammunition at their own expense. They were not allowed to hold any public office or to exercise any liberal profession. The privileges of the whites were not allowed in the French colonies to the descendants of an African, however far removed, whereas in the British colonies they were acquired after the third generation.

<sup>2</sup> Brissot, Lafayette, and Robespierre were the leaders of this society, which demanded the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, whereas the English abolitionists limited their demands to any further introduction of slaves into the British

favor of the *oppressed Africans*, and caused them to be circulated in the West Indies. The planters had complained to the king of the dangers to which they were exposed through the proceedings of this society; and although he did not favor their application his ministers did; and Necker in particular laid it down as an incontrovertible axiom, "*That the nation which sets the example of abolishing the slave-trade will become the dupe of its own generosity.*" "The effects of the promulgation of the doctrines of universal liberty and equality among the colonists," says a contemporary writer, "were first felt in the beautiful island of St. Domingo, the finest parts of which were inhabited by a number of the most flourishing, rich, and happy colonists perhaps in the world; and she became the greatest, the most lasting, and the most deplorable victim to the ensuing calamities." To these causes we may look for the claims made by the free mulattoes, who, though by birth free men with respect to person and property, were not allowed by law to share in the civil government.

"In the process of time," says the same author, "commissioners were repeatedly sent from France; but these carrying out with them the violent political prejudices which they had imbibed at home, and being generally men devoid of principle, if not of abilities, instead of attempting to heal differences on their arrival, trusted to the chances which length of time, distance, and the uncertain state of government in the mother country might produce in their favor, and looked only to procure immediate power and consequence by placing themselves at the head of some of the contending factions. Thus, rushing at once as principals into all the rage and fury of civil discord, they increased to its utmost pitch that confusion and mischief which they were intended to remedy."

Never was there a truer paragraph penned than this, and never were the rights, the properties, and the lives of a people more wantonly sported with than were those of the whites of St. Domingo under the reign of the last commissioners.

But to begin at the beginning, I must go back to the time when I first took up my residence in this island, and give a short account of the general situation of its inhabitants, and of the relations of the planters and slaves to each other. I state no fictions for the purpose of making an impression, but simple facts, all of which were well known to myself, as many of them passed under my own eye, and those that did not were matters of notoriety throughout the country. Indeed, such was their nature and such were the effects they produced on me at the time, that they are as fresh and as visible to my mind's eye now as they were then to my natural and unimpaired vision.

West Indian Colonies. Bryan Edwards (*op. cit.* p. 87, note) says that Lafayette sold his plantation at Cayenne in 1789, with seventy negro slaves, without making any stipulations concerning them.

As early as the latter part of the month of January, 1785, I arrived at Cape François, where, as already stated, I became a resident. The state of the colony (I speak of the French part of the island) of St. Domingo at this time was, as I have before said, the most flourishing, peaceful, and happy that can be imagined. Everything and everybody prospered. There were few or no criminals; no complaints that reached the public ear, and no apparent distress (except such as our nature is liable to everywhere) existed throughout the French settlements in the island. The security of person and property was as perfect as it is in New England, and much more so in fact, for street or highway robberies, shoplifting, and house-breaking were crimes unknown throughout the island. Any man might travel, night or day, alone and unprotected from one end of the French settlements to the other, without fear of interruption or insult of any kind.

There were no public houses on the high-roads, and the traveller who was transported in the carriages of the planters from one estate to the other was everywhere received with the greatest hospitality and kindness, and entertained, without ceremony, in the most friendly and sumptuous manner until he wished to go his way. A carriage was then immediately brought to the door, and he was conveyed by a black driver to the next estate, at a suitable distance on the road. In this way he arrived at the end of his journey, free of expense, free of trouble, and delighted with everything he saw. He was charmed with the humanity, kind-heartedness, and paternal care which he everywhere observed in the masters towards their slaves, and with the good order, cleanly habitations, well-cultivated gardens, domestic comforts, and contented faces of the blacks. In this island, as in every other country on the face of the earth, brutes in human form were occasionally to be met with; but on the French estates this was seldom the case, and if such existed they were principally among the free colored people, many of whom were proprietors of plantations.

To confine myself, however, to what I have myself seen on plantations where I have resided for several days together, I beg leave to mention certain facts which show that the most perfect harmony, mutual confidence, and kindly feelings may exist between the master and his slaves.

Having become acquainted with some of the most distinguished planters in the neighborhood of the Cape, I had occasionally an opportunity of visiting their plantations, and otherwise making myself acquainted with the feelings that mutually existed between them and their slaves. I am not going to speak of my opinions, but of facts within my knowledge, having remained in the island many years and for many months after the general emancipation of the slaves in the Northern Departments and the final destruction of the Cape. My object is to show

how the slaves were treated by their owners, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I have reason to believe that the proprietors in general were equally indulgent and kind. Where this was not the case, public opinion frowned on the delinquents, of whom there were but few.

The Chevalier Dupérier, the Comte d'Hautval, the Chevalier Dugrés, the Comte de Corbier, Monsieur Duplessis, and others with whom I was acquainted, resided on their plantations, and were the objects of the most devoted affection on the part of their slaves.

Being unwell or slightly indisposed, the first of these gentlemen had the goodness to invite me to pass a few days with him on his estate. While I was there, I was struck with the perfect order and regular system with which everything was done both indoors and out. The hospital was kept in the most cleanly state, and attended by the most experienced nurses. Warm or tepid baths were provided for the sick, on whom a physician attended once a day, or as often in the day as the case required.

The master himself often visited the patients several times in the course of twenty-four hours to see that they were kept clean, and treated kindly. The convalescents were supplied from his own table with the most delicate and nutritious food, morning, noon, and night. If there was a disobedient or a sluggish slave to be punished, a complaint was made by the negro driver, or superintendent of the field-work, to the overseer, and by the overseer to the attorney or proprietor. The delinquent was brought to the hall, and there the facts and circumstances were inquired into by the master, and the punishment, if any, was proportioned to the degree of crime. One of these examinations happened to be going on when I arrived at the plantation; it was not interrupted by my presence, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the strict justice and merciful judgment of this amiable man.

Nothing could be more interesting than the morning and evening regulations for the children on one of these plantations. An old black woman, dressed as cleanly as a good New England housewife, seated herself in the gallery with a basket of bread cut into large thick slices. The children under working age were then marched in, in single file. When the leader of the file arrived at the place where the old nurse sat, she examined it from head to foot to see that it was clean and in good condition. The child then received a slice of bread, and was marched on to give place to the next, until all the children had been examined and fed. If any one seemed particularly careful of itself, it was caressed by the good dame, or received special marks of her approbation; if, on the contrary, there was evident neglect, she manifested her displeasure, or threatened punishment if the offence was repeated. The houses or huts of the negroes were so arranged as to give to those who had families a separate house with a garden attached

to it. These gardens were cultivated by the occupants at hours allotted for that purpose, and the product was carried to the market town on Sundays by the slave who had raised it, and there sold for his own benefit.

The planters were seldom without company; and as they were always obliged to provide enough daily for the hospital as well as for the family, any one arriving at the hour of dinner found a splendid repast. The house servants were always kept in the most cleanly state, well dressed and well mannered, and were treated with the utmost kindness. This was the life of a planter of St. Domingo from 1784 to 1791. His slaves were well fed and clad, and as contented and happy, so far as I could judge, as any class of laboring people in Europe.<sup>1</sup> But the destroyer came among them; first to render them discontented with their lot, and then to urge them to revolt. This took place in the summer of ninety-one (1791), through the instrumentality of white and mulatto commissions sent out from France, and aided by the free mulattoes of the island, who had revolted the preceding year. But the history of this revolt, and the horrible consequences which followed, both to the whites and to the blacks, must be reserved for another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

*In which the Reminiscences of an Old Inhabitant of St. Domingo are continued.*

THE French revolution took place in 1789. When the news of this event was received at St. Domingo, there was great commotion among the inhabitants. Some rejoiced and others lamented at the news. Cockades (red and blue) were distributed everywhere and to everybody who had a white face, and whether they liked it or not they were

<sup>1</sup> Our author paints the condition of men of all colors and grades at St. Domingo, before society had been disintegrated by French republican doctrines, as absolutely felicitous. That of the masters, who lived luxuriously in a delicate climate, taking no thought for the morrow and untroubled by conscientious scruples as to their right to hold slave property, was exceptionally so; but life must have worn a very different aspect to the mulattoes, who were hated and oppressed by the so-called *petits blancs*, overseers, tradesmen, and shopkeepers, and to the negroes who were always liable to be sold to cruel and brutal masters, against whose absolute power they had no hope of redress. Their condition in 1790 had, however, greatly improved within the past fifty years, if the Père Xavier de Charlevoix is to be trusted. In his History of St. Domingo, published in 1733, he describes them as mere beasts of burden, living in huts no better than the dens of wild animals, unpaid for their labor, and liable to receive twenty blows of the whip for the least fault. "To this condition," he adds, "have men who are not without intelligence, and who are not unaware that they are absolutely necessary to those who treat them so brutally, been reduced."

forced to wear them when they went abroad. I mention this fact as connected with an event that took place at the theatre on the first evening after the excitement began, and to show that it is because the first violation of the law is suffered to pass without rebuke or punishment that the greatest crimes are frequently licensed and established in society.

I have mentioned that highway robbery was unknown in the colony, and that everything and every person passed without fear of interruption throughout the country. This was true until the French revolution sanctioned all crimes, and brought upon this island the disgrace of having the mail stopped on its way from Port au Prince to the Cape. News had been received during the day that the mail had been robbed. Such an event was so novel and unexpected that everybody in the city was astounded. The perpetrator, whoever he might be, was considered as the boldest villain that had shown himself in the island since the days of the buccaneers, and the execration of the people was roused against him. In the evening, in the middle of the play, a shout was raised, and the delinquent having been brought on to the stage, surrounded by some of the hot-headed young men of the place, was pronounced the *first* patriot of the colony. He announced to the public that he had stopped the mail to examine the despatches from the governor-general at Port au Prince to the governor of the Northern Department, that he had found important communications which interested the welfare of the inhabitants, and justified the violence he had committed. Shouts from every part of the house encouraged him, and he went on to make some unimportant disclosures that were received with enthusiasm. Everybody, soldiers as well as citizens, who had not mounted the national cockade, were compelled to do it at the moment, and tumult and disorder prevailed throughout the night.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Our family had all repaired to the theatre without cockades, not choosing to make ourselves a party to the political disputes of the town, and my partner (Mr. Burling) and myself had taken our seats in what was called the amphitheatre, where the young men of family usually sat. After the fellow who had stopped the mail had told his story and was being applauded throughout the house, a cry was raised to mount the national cockade. A young man full of enthusiasm, seeing that Burling had no cockade in his hat, asked him the reason in a tone that did not suit Burling's pride, and he accordingly answered tartly that it was because he did not choose to assume it. To this the Frenchman, who was one of the young Creoles of family and a high blood, made an insolent reply, and Burling immediately struck him with his fist full on the breast. This was death by the laws of *honor*, and Burling invited the other party to follow him, and immediately left the amphitheatre. As I was not near when this fray took place, I knew nothing of it until Burling called to me to go out with him; and when the whole thing was explained, and a Mr. Paigot, a gentleman well known to us, came up and told Burling that the person he had struck was a friend of his, and he begged that time and place might be named for a meeting

This was the beginning of a disorganization which led to mistrust and jealousy between the Government and the citizens, and ended in revolt and massacre among the whites themselves.

Hitherto the people of color had remained quiet; nor was there any manifestation of revolt until the next year, 1790, when a young man, a free mulatto of education, arrived in the island from France, *viâ* Charleston, South Carolina. His name was Ogé. This person soon collected a body of free colored people, to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred, with arms, at a place called La Grande Rivière.<sup>1</sup>

The Government troops, aided by the National Guards, or militia of the town, after great loss of men by sickness, dispersed the rebels, and drove their leaders into the Spanish territory, where they were arrested and sent to the Cape by water. They were, I think, twenty-one in number, — a white priest, the commander Ogé, his lieutenant Marc Chavanne, and eighteen others. The two chiefs were broken on the wheel, and the priest and the rest were hung in the Church Square.<sup>2</sup> I shall

in the morning, Burling referred him to me and went home, and I agreed to meet Paigot the next morning at five o'clock in his lodgings, as all was now noise and bustle, to settle these points. Accordingly at five I was at Mr. Paigot's house; but he was not up, and on being called by his servant he came into the hall in his dressing-gown, and said he had been up all night with the mail-robber carousing and playing the fool, and had forgotten his engagement, but he would send for his friend and consult with him, although he wished the affair could be made up, as the young man would be a loss to his friends, and he knew Burling would shoot him. This gave me an opportunity to say that the whole thing lay with them, — they had given the challenge, and if they chose to withdraw it we were satisfied, as the saddle was on their shoulders. 'My friend,' said Mr. Paigot, '*est brave comme le poudre à canon*'; but as every one was excited last evening the affair had better be dropped.'

<sup>1</sup> "At the time this insurrection broke out I belonged to a corps of young men, called the Volunteers, under the command of the Comte de Grasse. This corps was ordered into the country to join the army at La Grande Rivière, and the members who had horses were allowed to go on horseback to avoid the fatigue of marching on foot to headquarters, which was of itself enough to break down one half the company. The rendezvous in town was announced to the members, and they were ordered to be on the ground at nine o'clock in the evening. It rained with a violence seldom seen even in that climate, and after supping I filled my canteen with some old rum, took leave of my friends, whom I never expected to see again, and mounting my horse started for the place of meeting. I had not proceeded a hundred yards when I was addressed by a negro who inquired my residence. On asking his errand, he gave me a letter, which I read by the aid of a lamp, countermanding the order. You may be sure my heart leaped for joy; for had we proceeded, not one third of us would have returned alive."

<sup>2</sup> Jacques Ogé, son of a white planter and a mulatto woman, returned from France, where he had been sent to be educated, filled with the hope of avenging the wrongs of his class. Landing secretly at the Cape, he was joined by two or three hundred mulattoes, who, as related in the text, were defeated in their first encounter with the Government troops. Ogé and his lieutenant Marc Chavanne,



not here attempt to give any detailed description of this appalling spectacle, because it would be disgusting, although it was rendered imposing in the highest degree, and most awful by the preparations, the circumstances, and the forms which preceded the execution. Two regiments of free colored troops were drawn up on one side the square with their arms loaded; on the other three sides were the militia and Government troops. Intimations had been circulated that the free mulattoes would attempt a rescue; but as the Government did not choose to show any distrust of them, they were ordered on duty. The troops, assembled at eight o'clock in the morning, were obliged to remain in a burning sun until twelve at noon before the prisoners were brought out. The battalion was now called to order, and a proclamation was read by the assistant general declaring that if any person should attempt to signify a wish that the culprit should be pardoned, or that the execution should be suspended, whether such manifestation was made by word, act, or gesture, he should be instantly shot dead on the spot without form of trial.

The suffering of the troops was great from thirst and exhaustion, and great murmuring had arisen among them on account of the length of time they had already been kept on the ground in a line, before the prisoners arrived. A glass of water was not to be obtained at any cost or by any means, and a faintness prevailed throughout the whole line of the militia, which was greatly increased by the sight of so many fellow-beings brought before them for execution. The expectation that the corps of mulattoes, composed of about twelve hundred men, would revolt, did not diminish their sufferings or strengthen their sinews; but the moment the proclamation was finished, every man throughout the line on the four sides of the square was as fixed as if he had been bound to a bar of iron.

The first step on the part of the colored people to produce a general insurrection having failed, and peace being restored for a while, the whites became supine, and confident of their own power to control

a quadron like himself, fled to the Spanish territory, where they were seized and given up to their enemies. Early in March, 1791, they were tried, and condemned to do penance, kneeling in their shirts, bareheaded, with heavy waxen torches in their hands, before the door of the church at the Cape; to confess and ask pardon of God, the king, and justice; to be broken on the wheel in the Place d'Armes, and to have their heads cut off and exposed on stakes. Although Ogé made a full confession of the plot in which he had been engaged, he was put to death with Chavanne on the 9th of March in the cruel manner prescribed. Two days later, Vincent Ogé, Jacques' brother, shared his fate; twenty-one of their followers were hanged, and thirteen were condemned to the galleys for life. The barbarous treatment of these unhappy men excited a storm of indignation in France, and led to the decree of the General Assembly, on May 15, which gave the privileges of French citizens to all men of color in her West Indian colonies.

them.<sup>1</sup> But they were not aware that the ease with which they suppressed the first insurrection was one of the causes of the complete success of those who were preparing a second. The Abbé Grégoire had published in France an inflammatory pamphlet on the emancipation of the slaves in the French colonies,<sup>2</sup> which had been brought out to St. Domingo and circulated among the free mulattoes, and its contents discussed with great vehemence by the planters and slaveholders generally, at their own tables and elsewhere, in the presence of their house servants, who could not long remain ignorant of the fears and weakness of their masters. However well they were treated, their imagination soon became excited, and that real or imaginary love of liberty which is inherent in our nature broke loose, and was fanned into a flame by their masters, who, while they were cursing the Abbé Grégoire for writing on the subject of negro emancipation, were wearing the cap of liberty themselves, talking of the *rights of man* before their own slaves, and by their republican opposition to the old Government encouraging their slaves to rise against them.

However culpable the Abbé Grégoire may have been in attempting to rouse the slave against his master, the planters and slaveholders generally were not less so in vaunting their own success in destroying the ancient government of France. Their own freedom was the daily subject discussed at dinner, and the violent means by which it was obtained was justified and applauded. How could slaves who had any perceptions stand by and hear such conversations between their masters and not feel that the arguments were as good for *them* as they were for those who, claiming the right *as men* to be free, insisted on enslaving others?<sup>3</sup>

It *was* then the publication of tracts on emancipation, aided and enforced by the imprudence of the planters and other white inhabitants

<sup>1</sup> They supposed that all danger had ceased in consequence of Ogé's barbarous punishment; but, to use the expression of Mirabeau, "they were sleeping on the margin of Vesuvius, and the first jets of the volcano were not sufficient to awaken them."

<sup>2</sup> Letter of the Abbé Grégoire, Bishop of the Department of Loire at Cher, Deputy of the National Assembly, to the Citizens of Color in the French West Indies, concerning the Decree of the 15th of May, 1791.

<sup>3</sup> A writer in the "Quarterly Review," vol. xxi., 1819, speaks of the frenzy which seized on the minds of the more wealthy part of the colonists at this time: "With a population of slaves outnumbering the rest of the inhabitants in the proportion of seven to one (Edwards says sixteen to one; see preface to *op. cit.*), they planted the tree of liberty, pulled down the legitimate authorities, and set up the pernicious doctrine of equality and the rights of man. Their madness moved the negroes but little; but the free people of color, equal to the whites in number, set up their claim to an equality of rights." According to Edwards, chap. 1, pp. 26 and 36, the French part of the island contained thirty thousand whites, twenty-four thousand mulattoes, and four hundred and eighty thousand negroes.

of the island, joined to the secret arts of the free mulattoes, which brought about the insurrection of 1791.

When this insurrection broke out (middle of August) I was in the United States, but embarked immediately on hearing the news, as a part of my immediate family as well as my partners in business remained at the Cape, one of whom, Mr. Burling, had been already severely wounded in the first severe conflict that took place between the whites and the insurgents.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "When the insurrection first broke out the Government sent a small party of regular soldiers to put it down, but they were repulsed by numbers and returned to town. The Government then sent Colonel Touzard with some regular troops and a body of cavalry formed of the citizens of the town. My partner, Mr. Burling, belonged to this corps and went out with them. There was also a Mr. Selles (a friend of ours who was a sub-officer of the company), a man six feet two, and of great muscular power, from whom I had the following account of the attack and overthrow of the blacks at that time. Colonel Touzard had lost his right arm at Rhode Island during the Revolutionary War under Rochambeau, and was at this time lieutenant-colonel of the Cape, commanded by Colonel the Baron de Champford. 'As the cavalry came to a turn in the road,' said Selles, 'we met our scouts riding back with great haste to inform us that there was a large body of eight or nine hundred blacks and mulattoes on the road, with three pieces of cannon which they had planted in front of them, one of which was a very large piece placed in the middle of the highway and pointed directly towards us. They added that a great part of these people were well mounted, and that their matches were lighted to fire the cannon, should we approach them, by those who had charge of the guns, the shot of which must, from the dense mass of our corps confined in a narrow road, mow down half the company, when the mounted mulattoes would charge the flying remnant and cut them to pieces, and therefore recommended immediate retreat until the infantry came to their aid. Colonel Touzard, however, chose to see the enemy himself, and ordered the corps to advance. One of the soldiers or citizens who was in the first rank at this juncture found out that he was not in his proper place, and said it was not, and fell back into the third or fourth rank. Burling saw this movement, and immediately clapped spurs to his horse and took the place the other had left, which brought him within two or three of the file leader in the front rank and near to Colonel Touzard. When the corps, which was composed of about forty or fifty men at most, came in full view of the enemy, Touzard ordered a halt, and made a short address to the little troop, exhorting them to be firm and steady in their charge, which was now their only chance of escape, as retreat was inevitable death. 'Close your ranks firmly, draw your swords, and move forward on a quick trot; and when I give the word to *charge*, give spur to your horses and dash into the cannon's mouth.' When the troop had arrived so near that they could see the preparation made to fire off the three pieces of cannon at once, the colonel cried, '*Attention! Charge!*' As soon as the word to *charge* was given, Touzard clapped his reins in his mouth, and with his left hand plucked out his sword with such sleight of hand that Mr. Burling, who had his eye upon him, could hardly see the motion. The moment the blacks saw the horse charge they fired the three pieces which had been loaded with all sort of implements that they could pick up or extract from the copper boilers, among which the broad-headed copper spikes were the most abundant. About a dozen of the troop fell from their horses, and the rest dashed past the cannon and into the thickest of the insur-

On my arrival I found Mr. Burling still confined with his wound, and the Cape in a state of siege.<sup>1</sup> The insurgents or revolted slaves,

gents' horsemen, who were waiting for the smoke to clear off that they might see the effect of their fire, and take advantage of the discomfiture and flight of the whites. I saw Burling,' said Selles, 'make at a mulatto whose head was covered with plumes, and who was doubtless one of their chiefs, as he was remarkably well mounted; but no sooner had he approached him than another mulatto chief rode up, and was in the act of cutting him down when Burling saw him, and received his blow on the back of his broadsword, and at the same moment plunged the blade into the fellow's body, and he fell down from his horse to the ground. Burling now turned to look for his first assailant; but he had turned to fly with his troops, who were broken and scampering in all directions. Burling followed, but the mulatto was better mounted; and Burling, seeing he could not overtake him, drew his pistol, and laying his reins on his horse's neck shot the man dead. The mulatto fell forward over his horse's head, and Burling, who was close behind at full speed, leaped over his body in pursuit of others. The bugle had sounded the repeal to prevent the whites getting too far away from each other, and Selles was in pursuit to rally them when he overtook Burling and called to him to stop.' 'Well, what do you want?' said Burling. 'The men are recalled,' said Selles, 'and you must go back.' 'When I have knocked that fellow off his horse I'll go back,' said Burling. 'Why, man, are you wounded?' said Selles. 'Not I,' said Burling, and he put spurs to his horse; but the moment of inaction he had had, showed him Selles was right, for one of his legs was stiff, and on looking down he found his boot was full of blood. He accordingly returned with Selles, and was with the other wounded men put on board a boat to be sent to the Cape. There was one poor fellow by the name of Le Sage who had received a copper spike in his knee from which he suffered excessive pain. When they were landed, the surgeon, Valentine, a friend of ours, came to Burling first; but he would not let the doctor touch him till he had relieved Le Sage, who, poor fellow! died that night."

<sup>1</sup> "At the time the insurrection broke out my brother James was on a visit with his wife and child to the Marquis de Rouvry on his plantation near Fort Dauphin. The following account, taken from his widow lady, who is still living, may be depended on as fact:—

"We had been passing a fortnight with the Comte d'Hautval on his plantation, and on our way home had engaged to dine with the Marchioness de Rouvry, and then go on to the house of M. Obeluc, the procurator of the Plantation Galifet, where the insurrection first broke out. On our arrival at the De Rouvry plantation shortly before the dinner-hour in company with M. Baurry de Bellerive and his lady and child, who also came from the Comte d'Hautval's, we were told that Madame had gone to a neighboring plantation, but that she expected us, and would be home in season for dinner. On her return she informed us that she had ascertained on inquiry that the whole country was in a state of insurrection; that as yet her slaves were ignorant of the fact, though it was to be feared they would know it soon, as there was a general alarm, and people began to fly in all directions. We then held a council to decide what course we had best pursue, and determined to leave the plantation that night at twelve o'clock for Fort Dauphin. In the evening a slave passed through the estate, and informed the negroes that their fellows were burning and destroying everything. We soon discovered what had happened by the changed manners of the slaves,—their insolence and bravado, their noise and general deportment,—but we nevertheless sat down to dinner from a rich service of plate, though we ate little, and spent but a short

commanded by a black named Jean François,<sup>1</sup> had possession of the whole plain for sixty miles along the coast, and were still burning and plundering the country.

time at table in gloomy silence. The members of Madame de Rouvry's family then at home were her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen; a young lady, her instructress; and a lady who had escaped from one of the neighboring estates that afternoon. The Marquis was in the mountains on business. The lady of the house packed up her plate, and ordered the carriages to be got ready and brought to the door just before midnight. There were evident marks of discontent on the faces of the servants, and some money was necessary to bribe the coachmen to harness their horses and get ready to start. At twelve o'clock we left the house in three carriages. The Marchioness and her daughter and instructress were in the first carriage, with the plate; myself and child, with Madame Baury and her child, were in the second; and Mr. Perkins and the lady who had escaped as above stated, were in the third. M. Baury was on horseback. As we were apprehensive of being stopped if we met any of the insurgents, the drivers were ordered to avoid a village which was in our route; but before their intention was discovered they had gone so far on the road that led to it, that we could not turn back without showing them our fears, and it was judged best to let them go on. Mr. Perkins and M. Baury had agreed, in case the drivers refused to proceed, to put them both to death, and to mount their horses and drive the carriages themselves. These gentlemen were both armed; and as all our lives depended on getting to Fort Dauphin there was no other alternative. When we arrived at the village we found the houses filled with lights, and the slaves howling and dancing throughout the place. On reaching the centre of the village Madame de Rouvry's postilion drew up and stopped the whole party. We now gave ourselves up for lost, but felt the necessity of keeping silent as long as we could, for fear of alarming the blacks by whom we were surrounded, and who were evidently rejoicing over the events of the day. Madame de Rouvry, who was a woman of great courage and who was much feared by her slaves, ordered the fellow to proceed instantly or she would have him punished in the severest manner. The man hesitated; but her voice, which he had been accustomed to obey, drove him from his purpose, and he proceeded through the hamlet so quietly that the insurgents, who were all in the houses dancing and beating their drums, never discovered us. The presence of M. Baury, who was on horseback and armed with a sword, undoubtedly influenced the postilion's decision to go on rather than run the risk of being put to death.<sup>a</sup> The fugitives arrived safely at Fort Dauphin about four o'clock in the morning, to the great surprise of the inhabitants. A gentleman of that place, to whose house they drove, assured them that the fears of the regular troops there were so great that they could not be prevailed on to march into the country even a few miles. A 'droger' was procured, and the party embarked in her for the Cape, a distance of about forty miles. A mattress was laid on the ballast of the vessel for Mrs. Perkins and her child to rest upon during the passage."

<sup>1</sup> Jean François took the title of Grand Admiral of France, and his lieutenant Béasson that of Generalissimo of the conquered districts.

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<sup>a</sup> In this account of the escape of Madame de Rouvry and her guests nothing is said of Mousse, the faithful slave who warned them of their danger and facilitated their flight. In 1785, six years before the breaking out of the insurrection, this poor fellow was landed at Cape François from a slave-ship, and taken to the slave-market in an apparently dying condition. One of the brothers Perkins, happening to pass by, observed his pitiful condition, remonstrated with the slave-dealer on his inhumanity, and on being told with an oath

The unhappy whites, male and female, who had fallen into their hands were in the most deplorable condition that the imagination can conceive. The women, old and young, were collected together on the floor of a church about twelve or fifteen miles from the Cape, where many of them fortunately died under the brutality to which they were subjected. Such were the shocking accounts received of the sufferings and degradation of these unfortunate ladies that the Government thought proper to fit out an expedition under the command of the late gallant Colonel Touzard,<sup>1</sup> whom the negroes had named Manchot because he had but one arm, the force of which they had felt in the first conflict. This gallant officer, who had lost his right arm in this country during the Revolutionary War, stormed their position, destroyed many hundreds of them, and brought off all the whites that remained alive; but many of the females afterwards sank under their sufferings and mortifications, and were relieved by death from an insupportable burden.

The first person of any distinction who fell by the hands of the insurgents was M. Obeluc,<sup>2</sup> proctor of the Plantation Galifet, one of the most amiable and virtuous men in the colony. Himself and all his family, except one young man who made his escape, were murdered and outraged in the most barbarous manner.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Touzard marched with a body of militia and troops of the line to the plantation of M. Latour, and attacked a body of about four thousand negroes. Overwhelmed by numbers, he was at length obliged to retreat. Had the negroes dared to follow him to Cape Français, they might easily have destroyed the town.

<sup>2</sup> M. Obeluc, the overseer of the Galifet plantation, where the kindness shown to the negroes was proverbial, was so firmly persuaded of their fidelity that he ventured to return there with a few soldiers, and paid the penalty of his rash confidence by death at their hands.

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that the poor devil was not worth caring for, and could be bought for half a Joe (doubloon), paid the money, and sent the unfortunate African to the hospital, where he eventually recovered. Mousse was then employed in the counting-house, where he soon gained the confidence of his masters. In 1791 he went with Mr. James Perkins to Madame de Rouvry's, and by giving him timely information of the proceedings of the slaves probably saved the lives of the whole party. Mousse then returned to Mr. Samuel Perkins, who mentions him in the narrative (p. 39) as one of the blacks in his house when the town was destroyed. Mr. Perkins's only surviving daughter states that when her father was obliged to fly for his life from St. Domingo, Mousse refused to be left behind, swam out to the boats, and insisted on being taken on board. From the time of his arrival in Boston until his death in August, 1831, Mousse lived in Mr. James Perkins's house as a valued servant. An obituary notice of him which appeared in a Boston daily paper of the 13th of August speaks of Mousse's warm attachment to all the members of the household, and of the esteem in which he was held by old and young for his honesty, independence of character, and warmth of heart. "His remains," says the same notice, "were yesterday deposited in the family vault under St. Paul's Church by the side of those of his late master, who was fondly attached to him." It is said that the name of Mousse, a corruption of Monsieur, was given to him by his fellow-slaves in acknowledgment of his dignified deportment and superiority of character. He gave his real name as Deyaha, and said that after he had been captured by slave-dealers while tending sheep with his father in the interior of Africa, he was a month on his march to the coast.

This, reader, was the consequence of the first step taken by the abolitionists in disseminating their *philanthropic* tracts in the island of St. Domingo!!!<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER III.

### *Reminiscences of St. Domingo, continued.*

THE period at which the last chapter closed was the autumn of 1791. Several plantations within the range of country nominally under the control of the insurgents were still in possession of their owners at this period, who defended their canes and sugar works as well as their dwellings, aided by their own slaves, against the ravages and incendiary projects of the revolted blacks.

The fidelity of the slaves in many instances was so great towards their masters that no persuasion and no threats on the part of the insurgents could tempt them to revolt; and at the risk of their own lives they maintained and protected the estates from injury. This course of conduct was not confined to those plantations where the proprietors resided, but was successfully followed up by the slaves themselves in one instance at least, within my own knowledge, for several years, and until tranquillity was finally restored in 1794. This remarkable case I shall take the liberty of relating in the course of my narrative, as it shows a devotion on the part of the slaves towards their master and his interest and prosperity, long after he ceased to be a proprietor, and for several years after he had quitted the island and resided in this country (Charleston, South Carolina), which has but few, if any parallel in history. The proprietor of this plantation was a M. Lefèvre, an elderly gentleman of great respectability and large fortune. Other cases of strong attachment and affectionate regard were shown by the blacks towards the proprietors and their families that reflect the greatest honor upon, and mark the distinguished gratitude and benevolence of these unhappy people, who, but for the ruthless pretenders to a philanthropic spirit, might have remained in peace and contentment to the end of their days. The Chevalier Dupérrier, whom I have before mentioned as having always distinguished himself among the wise and humane proprietors, was at home when the revolt began to show itself. As it spread, it approached his plantation, and his slaves were invited to join in the general insurrection. Of this they informed their master; and as he had no means of

<sup>1</sup> It is said that within two months after the breaking out of the insurrection, two thousand whites had been massacred, one hundred and eighty sugar and nine hundred coffee and indigo plantations destroyed, and twelve hundred Christian families reduced to beggary. Ten thousand inhabitants had perished by famine and the sword, and several hundreds by the hand of the executioner.

defence against the great mass of the revolted, he found it necessary to abandon his estate, and make the best retreat he could to the town. With this intention, he ordered his carriage, intending to save his life, if he could, by the sacrifice of everything else. As soon as it was known among his slaves that he was about to leave them and to abandon his plate and other valuables, they assembled in a body and insisted on going with him as an escort to protect him against the revolted negroes. Not contented with this mark of their attachment, they collected the carts and mules, and loaded them with the valuable movable furniture of the house, placed all his plate in his carriage, and surrounding him in a body, armed with clubs, brought him safe to the city. This is only one instance out of many of the same nature which occurred during the first excesses of the insurrection.<sup>1</sup> M. Duplessis, a descendant of one of the first families in Europe and a large proprietor in St. Domingo, his mother, wife, and child, were escorted in the same manner through the midst of the revolted blacks by his slaves, who actually defended them at the risk of their own lives against the insurgents, who made every effort in their power to detain them.<sup>2</sup> Immediately after

<sup>1</sup> One of the most striking stories of negro fidelity is that of a slave belonging to M. Baillou, the proprietor of a mountain plantation, about thirty miles from Cape Français, who concealed his master's family in the woods, fed them with provisions from the rebel camp for nineteen nights, and then brought them safely to Port Margot. (Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.* p. 100.) After Colonel Mauduit's assassination (p. 309), his scattered limbs were collected by a black servant named Pierre, who gave them burial, "and, having washed them with his tears, made that tomb which his piety had raised his own funeral pile." (Lacroix, quoted in "Quarterly Review," 1819, p. 437.)

<sup>2</sup> "When this gentleman, M. Duplessis, found that the negroes of the neighboring plantation were all in insurrection, he determined to quit his residence and endeavor to reach the Cape with his family. He accordingly picked up what plate he had at hand, and with his wife and child, his wife's mother, and the child's black nurse, started for the city, *he* mounted on horseback, and the family in a cabriolet dragged by three mules. His blacks insisted on accompanying the carriage for the protection of its inmates; and they accordingly surrounded it, and the whole cavalcade set off for the Cape. As the carriage could not move faster than the slaves who had volunteered to protect it, the insurgents were not long in overtaking and surrounding it, threatening to put the postilion to death if he did not stop. The old lady — mother of Madame Duplessis — was a woman of strong character, very pious and very amiable; she was beloved by the slaves for her gentleness and benevolence, and was well known throughout that quarter of the plain for her just and kind treatment, as well as her absolute control over the blacks with whom she was brought in contact.

"The first step of the insurgents, after stopping the carriage, was to take out the black nurse and the child, the latter of whom was immediately seized by one of the men with a view to destroy it, as appeared by his language and attitudes. The mother had fainted, and the father was at a great distance ahead of the carriage, so that there was none but this old lady to protect the party; for their own slaves were unable to resist, both for the want of arms, with which the insurgents were furnished, and from their limited numbers compared with the incendiaries.



the destruction of the Cape, M. Duplessis, then between sixty and seventy years of age, came to this country with his family, and sold milk in the city of New York for their support, which he himself carried round to his customers, preserving his good-humor and gentlemanly manners towards every one he dealt with.

I remember that a friend of mine who had known him in the days of his fortune told me that being out early in one of the streets in New York he passed an old man, whose white locks first attracted his attention, leading a horse and crying, "Milk for sale!" At the moment he spoke my friend stopped, struck with his foreign accent and fine countenance, which he thought resembled that of some one whom he had before seen. The milkman took from his panniers a tin vessel, and entered a kitchen door of one of the houses. There was something in the face, the tone of the voice, the long white hair that covered his head, and the general movement of this person that riveted my friend to the spot where he stood, until the old gentleman again came forth. He could not tell why, but there was something in the appearance of the milkman that drew my friend towards him, intending to ask for a cup of milk, by way of introduction to a further conversation. When they came nearer, they both looked with eagerness at each other for a moment and then exclaimed simultaneously, "Good God! is this

The plantations were in flames on all sides of them, and the hands of the negroes were still wet with the blood of their late proprietors. 'Take him into the field,' said one of the savages, 'and cut his head off with a bill-hook.' 'Arrêtez, Malheureux!' exclaimed the old lady, 'n'avez-vous pas d'enfants vous même? [Stop, wretch! have you no child of your own?] Have you no fear of God, who sees what you are doing, and will repay on the heads of your own children the evil you inflict on this innocent child? What has *he* done to your race that you should destroy him? If you wish for blood and for vengeance on one who has held you in bondage, take *my* life, but spare the life of the unoffending infant. And *you*, wench!' (addressing one of their women) 'how dare you suffer those wretches to commit this horrible crime? Have you no religion, no hope in God's mercy, no love for your own offspring, that you see an innocent baby sacrificed without cause, without object, and without any possible good to yourselves? Fly! quick! for I see the tear of compunction in your eyes. Fly, and save the child, and save your own soul by restoring him to his mother and his nurse unharmed; and great shall be your reward hereafter!' A universal shout arose among the women of the insurgents, and they ran in a body to the spot where the child had been carried. In the mean time, M. Duplessis had discovered that the carriage had been stopped, and he was returning full speed to see what was the difficulty, when his mother-in-law ordered the postilion to make signs to him to proceed on and not return to them, knowing his life would be endangered. This the postilion did, and at the same time pointed out a party of insurgents who were running across a field to cut off his escape. M. Duplessis saw the danger, and putting spurs to his Spanish jennet soon left his pursuers in the rear. He then stopped to watch the movements of the carriage, and soon had the satisfaction to see it move on to join him. The harangue of the old lady had produced the desired effect on the females of the band. The child was restored unharmed, and the carriage permitted to proceed."

M. Duplessis? Is this Mr. P——?" A few minutes served to explain to my friend the situation of this worthy old gentleman, who said that he had taken a small farm in the neighborhood, where he kept four or five cows, which furnished him with milk enough to keep the family from starving; that he had two or three slaves that chose to follow him to this country, who aided by their labor on the farm; that his wife took care of the dairy, and he brought the milk to town to sell; that he had a good farm that would easily maintain four or five cows more if he had the means of buying them, but that he had no reason to complain, for his family were all in good health, and were constantly employed, so that when night came they enjoyed a refreshing sleep which enabled them to pursue their daily routine of labor without much suffering; but, said he, "if I had four or five cows more, I should be the most independent man in the country, for I should have all I want this side the grave." "That you shall not want long," said my friend; "come with me and you shall have the means of buying the cows if that will make you happy." He presented the old gentleman five hundred dollars in cash, which the latter declared made him as rich as a Jew, and would make his wife as happy as a queen.

I have related this anecdote because it shows that a good and well-balanced mind can be happy even in poverty; that, however elevated our situation may have been, if we have a proper view of our dependence and uncertain state in this life and a due and proper confidence in the Almighty, we cannot be degraded by the accidental loss of our property.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Recollections of St. Domingo, continued.*

As the exclusive object of these Sketches is to show the effects and consequences of the revolt and insurrection of the blacks of St. Domingo, I have purposely omitted a variety of interesting and touching circumstances relating to the disputes between the citizens, the soldiers, and the local Government, and the massacres that ensued; but there is one fact which, although not necessarily allied to my general plan, is in some degree connected with the events I am recording, and as it forcibly illustrates a trait in human nature (not unknown nor unacknowledged by men of observation), I may be excused for relating it.

The government of the Northern Department of the island, of which the Cape was the principal city, had made a stand against the outbreaks of the people in favor of the French revolution, and many of the most respectable citizens had thought it their duty, for the purpose of maintaining order, to side with the ancient authorities in preserving the

peace of the community. Although the Government had neither violated nor intrenched on the rights or privileges of the citizens, there was a jealousy existing between them which only required a bold and desperate spirit to inflame it into wild hatred and open violence.<sup>1</sup> Such a one was found in a young man of a Jewish family of respectability, who had been discarded by his father for his dissipated and abandoned habits. This young man, with much art and address, had by false representations and a show of ingenuousness, gained the friendship of M. Cagnon, a merchant of high standing and large fortune, who had ministered to his wants, supplied him with money for his support and comfort, and in all things contributed, as far as in his power, to restore him to the favor of his indignant parent, who was a man of character and substance; but he eventually discovered that his bounty was wasted on a profligate, and he ceased to supply him any farther.

This gentleman, who was one of the most noble-spirited men in the city, beloved by everybody who knew him for his benevolent nature and amiable manners, commanded a company of cavalry, composed of merchants and other men of character and respectability. At a general review of the militia of the town, he had been despatched with his corps to the Government House on duty. The uniform of this company was yellow, and had been such for many years before the revolution. This color, it seems, was obnoxious in the eyes of the young Jew, as he alleged to his comrades in the line where he was placed under arms, because it was the same color as that worn by the Regiment d'Artois in France. This pretext was doubtless set up with a view to rouse the indignation of those around him, having, as was believed, determined on ridding the city of his old benefactor, whose purse he could no longer command. When M. Cagnon (for that was the officer's name) returned with his troop to join the militia, the young Jew stepped out of the ranks as the other approached him on the march, and ordered the captain to strip off his coat, which he said was the badge of aristocracy. The officer, finding himself thus addressed by a young man whom he had saved from starvation and prison, was for a moment utterly astounded, but recovering himself he asked by what right *he* called on him to do an act so humiliating. The answer was: "By the right of the voice of your fellow-citizens. Off with your coat at once, or I will strip it off for you!" M. Cagnon replied with great gentleness that if his uniform

<sup>1</sup> "It must be owned that some of the nobility were very indiscreet in censuring and laughing at the bourgeois. Madame la Marquise de Rouvry used to say publicly that formerly under the old *régime* the soldiers' password when on duty was '*Prenez garde à vous!*' ('Take care of yourself!') corresponding to the English cry of, 'All's well,' but now, under the republican system, the password was, '*Prenez garde à moi*' ('Take care of me'). Such things naturally irritated the citizens, and produced ill-will towards the higher classes."

was offensive to his fellow-citizens, he would retire to his house and change his dress to gratify them. "No, citizen; off with it here on the spot!" replied the miscreant, presenting his musket at the breast of his benefactor, "or take the consequence of your refusal." "Never," said Cagnon, "while I live, shall my name be disgraced by an act so degrading to an officer and a gentleman!" The words had scarcely passed his lips before he was shot dead by this vile assassin, and a general massacre of the corps which he had commanded immediately commenced.<sup>1</sup> How many were destroyed I know not, but I saw several of them flying, laid prostrate on their horses, to save themselves from the fate they had just seen their comrades suffer. After this act of cruel and cool barbarity, the militia marched through the town with pieces of the coats of the troops that they had just murdered hanging to their bayonets. There is no doubt that most of the militia abhorred the act that they had not presence of mind or nerve enough to prevent; but the effect was nevertheless most encouraging to the blacks, who could not but rejoice at seeing their masters cutting each other's throats.

The base ingratitude and barbarous spirit of the young assassin was universally spoken of with horror; but there were many who had joined him in the attack on these unhappy men, and some who applauded the act, but soon it was forgotten by the occurrence of new scenes of blood and insurrection, and was overlooked and forgotten.

This was previous to the insurrection of the slaves, and was one of the encouraging circumstances which led to that event, but it was not the only evil that resulted from the disorganized state of society and the consequent laxity in the discipline of the troops of the line. About this time a whole regiment of artillery, which had command of the

<sup>1</sup> "M. Cagnon, with about sixteen followers, went into the body of their enemy to deliver themselves up. M. Lavard, commandant of the lately arrived dragoons, met him in a friendly and proper manner, begged him to quit his coat, as it was displeasing to the troops, and assured him of his protection. It was too humiliating for the commandant of so respectable a corps, and a man who on all occasions had behaved so well as M. Cagnon to be obliged to strip himself in the street; he would go home and do it, but not there. While they were discussing the point, a pistol was fired by one of Cagnon's party, and immediately four of them were shot dead, among which the lamented Cagnon fell. Had their fury stopped there, they might be forgiven; but no, they must add barbarity to murder. They cut off his head, stabbed his dead body in several places, cut his jacket to pieces, dipping them in his blood, and wore them in their shoes and on the end of their swords as trophies of victory." — *Extract from a letter written by S. G. Perkins to his brother James, dated Cape, Oct. 20, 1792.*

"Poor Cagnon is lamented by all the town. It is certain he did not fire at all, but sacrificed his life rather than submit to be stripped in the street. As commandant of a respectable corps, I think him right. He had rather die than be disgraced. At present there is a momentary calm, but I fear much it will not long continue. The public stores are in want of every kind of provisions, and no means of obtaining them." — *Do., dated Cape, Oct. 26, 1792.*

powder magazine and the park of artillery, revolted and turned their officers out of their quarters.

When the Government called out the regular infantry and the militia of the town to subdue them, their chief told the commander of the troops that were assembled round their quarters that the first gun that was fired would be the signal to fire the magazine, which would blow him, his troops, and the whole city to atoms along with themselves. From the character of the man, this was known to be no empty threat, and was no balm to the suffering of the citizens who were drawn up under arms on the spot. There was no doubt as to the extent of the evil that would follow the least indiscretion on the part of the commander of the assembled troops, who was the colonel of the regular regiment of infantry. He stood firm, however, although it was whispered that his own regiment was wavering. "Go," said he to his soldiers, — "go, comrades, any who are disaffected or disinclined to act in the subjugation of the rebels, — go to your quarters; you have my free consent to hide your heads from this threatened danger, or rather this holy duty. I shall stay to complete the work I came to accomplish, and bring the LEADERS of this revolt to punishment (for it is only *a few* of the regiment who are guilty), even should I remain by myself." A shout of "Vive Champford, nous vous suivrons à la mort!" extended throughout the line of his troops, and in a moment all was silent again.

All this passed within the hearing of the insurgents, who had shut themselves up within the high iron railing which surrounded the artillery park, where they were formed in line with twenty pieces of loaded cannon pointed towards the surrounding troops, and with lighted torches in their hands.

The well-pointed emphasis on the word *leaders*, and the intimation that he considered that there were but few of the regiment who were guilty, was not lost on those who had been led into the revolt against their own inclinations. "Soldiers of the artillery," cried Colonel Champford, addressing himself to the insurgents, "am I mistaken in my conjectures? Is it not true that the great body of your corps has been led away by the few factious spirits among you? Your hitherto excellent discipline and soldier-like conduct and marked bravery in the field assures me that you cannot, as a body, have turned traitors to your country. It is only the criminal leaders of this revolt that will be made answerable to the laws; and I pledge myself to you as an officer whose word was never doubted, that those among you who have been led away by the influence of the chiefs of the revolt shall be pardoned and restored to your ranks without stain. Deliver up your chiefs therefore, and surrender yourselves prisoners to the Government."

The leader of the revolt, who was a desperate and bold villain, looked round on his troop to see what effect this speech had made on

them, when, seeing them hesitate, he attempted to apply his torch to the gun immediately under his command as a signal to fire the magazine; but he was seized before he could effect his object, as were the other leaders by their own comrades, and the whole regiment was marched out under the guard of the troops and lodged in the church, where they were kept until they had been tried and sentenced.

This happy termination of one of the most daring and alarming revolts ever known was owing to the skill and spirit of the Baron de Champford, colonel of the regiment of the Cape, — a brave and discreet officer, and an amiable and excellent man. The Baron kept his word: the leaders were punished in proportion to their relative degrees of crime, and the rest were restored to their ranks, and were drawn up on the Place d'Armes to witness the degradation and the execution of the two principal leaders of the revolt. The minor criminals were sent to the galleys.<sup>1</sup>

These events are not to be forgotten by one who was an eye-witness to the various scenes herein described, and who had to perform the duties of a common soldier during this dreadful and alarming crisis.

<sup>1</sup> "The form or ceremony of the degradation was very solemn. The square of the Place d'Armes was surrounded with troops. On one side was the regiment of the Cape, or regular troops of the line; opposite to them was the mulatto regiment; on the side to the right of the regulars were the citizens under arms, and opposite to them were the artillery-men, who had been brought out with their side arms to witness the punishment of their comrades. The two principal leaders were placed in the centre of the square in full uniform and unbound; they were both sergeants, daring in their appearance, and reckless in their manner. The only thing that seemed to disturb them was the scaffold, which was erected under a gallows large enough for both. Their comrades, who had been sentenced to a milder punishment, were drawn up opposite to them, with their arms bound behind them, without arms or uniform. A small detachment was drawn out as a guard over them, and their sentence was then read. As soon as this was done, the adjutant-general, placing himself in the centre of the square, ordered silence, and then read a proclamation that any person who should ask for the pardon of the criminals, or suggest by word or deed a desire to save them or to mitigate their punishment, should be shot dead on the spot. One of the sub-officers of the regiment then advanced and stripped off, first, the sword from the side of the principal criminal, then his worsted epaulets, then his hat and coat, and then with the butt end of a musket struck him on the breech as a mark of official degradation. When this ceremony had been performed also on the other soldier, they were furnished with white caps and led to the scaffold. One of them appeared depressed and humiliated; but the leader never lost his insolent and audacious manner, and when placed under the drop attempted to address the soldiers, beginning with threats and denunciation against the officers of the troops generally; but his voice was soon drowned by the drums and trumpets of the guard, and they were both launched into eternity."

## CHAPTER V.

*Recollections of St. Domingo, continued.*

FROM the autumn of 1791 until the summer of 1793 the town of Cape François was besieged by the black army of revolted slaves, and frequent attacks were made on its outposts by the troops of Jean François.

The inhabitants of the city were all, even to the foreign residents,<sup>1</sup> obliged to keep a strict guard to prevent surprise. The country afforded ample supplies to the besiegers, and the harbor was entered by all nations, who brought the means of support to its inhabitants. Some few plantations in the neighborhood of the city and the rising or mountain ground behind it were still free from the depredations of the blacks; and among these the Lefèvre plantation, which was defended by the slaves to whom it had been abandoned by its owner, to whom its revenues were regularly transmitted. In the beginning of the revolt other plantations were preserved by the judicious conduct of the proprietors, and among the rest that of the Comte de Corbier, which was defended for a long time by its spirited and energetic owner, who at the time of the revolt was confined to his bed by a rheumatic fever. His first care was to send off his wife and children to the city; his next was to assemble his slaves around his bed, and to communicate to them his determination to defend his property. M. de Corbier, although not old, was in the decline of life, and so infirm that he could not stand without support, and then with great suffering. His slaves gave him assurances of their fidelity, and offered to sacrifice themselves in his defence. He had on his plantation two small brass pieces of ordnance, which he caused to be put in good condition to oppose the enemy, who were in the neighborhood. Scouts and outposts were established, and reports were made to him as the insurgents changed their position. Though everything was in flames around him he still remained tranquilly in his bed. When at length the tide of sedition began to flow towards his own estate, and he was assured by his people that his plantation was their object, he caused himself to be placed on a litter, and to be transported to the entrance of the road by which the infuriated mob was approaching. Here he ordered the

<sup>1</sup> "The Americans had a guard-house assigned to them, where they were obliged to keep a regular watch every night. The guard was commanded by my brother James, and I acted as his lieutenant. We drew our forces from the American shipping as well as from the residents in the city. The arms and ammunition were kept at our house, and my brother, as captain, was accountable to the Government or military commander. We had some laughable scenes at this station, and one that came very near having a tragic ending."

cannon placed on either side of him as he lay stretched on his pallet, his body raised by pillows so as to see the operations of the combat. With a drawn sword in his right hand and a pair of pistols at his side, he conducted the defence of his estate in so masterly a manner that the insurgents were not only beaten off, but so roughly handled that he was left in peace until his crop had been gathered in and his sugar transported to the city. He then himself withdrew to the town, where I saw him stretched on his bed in extreme suffering. He afterwards came to this country with his family, and placed his eldest son under the care of one of my brothers.

I mention these facts as evidences of the sincere attachment of some of the slaves to their masters, and the little inclination they had to commit any outrage on them or to seek to obtain their freedom by violent means when uninfluenced by the misrepresentations and acts of the French philanthropists. But these very slaves, when once led into deeds of violence and crime by their black companions, became as daring and as reckless as the worst among them, and in some instances more so. How any virtuous mind, knowing these facts, can suppose that the flood of destruction when once raised to a head can be stopped by the friends of humanity, I cannot conceive. When once the passions are roused to desperation, the better feelings of men are lost in the general vortex and tumult of action. Slaves who would have died in defence of their masters but a short time before under such circumstances were the first to massacre them; and the only resource left to the whites, where there was any equality of force, was a war of extermination.

But let us follow the course of events as far as our recollections serve us. The Government of the Northern Department had undergone several changes. Commissioners had been sent out from France under pretence of tranquillizing the colony. One set had been recalled, or had returned to Europe without effecting any important end.<sup>1</sup> A new governor (Despaches) had been sent out with fresh troops from France, but their efforts were of no avail against a people who had no local habitation. They were here to-day and to-morrow in the mountain passes, while the European forces were dying by hundreds on the burning plains without even the consolation of having signalized themselves by one deed of daring. They had no enemy to contend with but the climate, no effort to make but against disease, no excitement to rouse their failing energies but the sad duty of burying their comrades in the trenches that were left open for their reception. This

<sup>1</sup> The arrival of the commissioners Mirbeck, Roome, and St. Leger in January, 1792, caused great terror in the island, as it was supposed that it would be followed by a general emancipation of the slaves. The commissioners returned to France in March or April.



could not last long: the troops were recalled to the city or its outposts, and the blacks had again full command of the plains.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A body of several thousand troops had been sent out from France under the command of General Rochambaud, and they were billeted or quartered on the citizens. We had four of them at different times in our family, although we were foreigners. In general they dined with the master of the house where they were lodged; but with us they ate by themselves. These forces cleared the plains for a time of the insurgents, who retired to the mountains to watch their foes as they were daily sinking under the influence of the climate. Such was the mortality among them that one half the whole army perished without seeing an enemy to encourage and animate them. As soon as these troops were recalled to the city the blacks rushed again to the plains with renewed confidence, and bearded the inhabitants at the entrance of the town, which they now invested and attacked almost nightly. Every white inhabitant was a soldier attached to some corps, and even the Americans were obliged to do duty whether they were residents or not. On recurring to this fact I am reminded of a laughable circumstance that took place one night when I had the command of the guard. There was a sail-maker—a French white man—who lived next door to us, who was in the habit of getting drunk every week or so, and making a great noise so as to disturb the neighborhood. My sister, Mrs. James Perkins, being quite unwell, I was requested by her or some one to silence this noisy fellow, whose cries and oaths were such as to annoy every one within hearing. I went to his door, but it was fastened, and I could not obtain an entrance. He was then bawling and howling like a maniac. I accordingly went for a guard of French soldiers, whom I brought to the spot, where we found our man in the street stark naked, attacking every one and alarming the whole neighborhood. When he saw the guard he attempted to escape; but as they presented their bayonets on every side he was obliged to surrender. As he had no clothes on, and very short hair, it was difficult to secure him, as he slipped through their hands whenever they attempted to seize him. I accordingly procured a wide board, to which, when some negroes had caught him, he was tied on his back, and carried through the streets to prison, where he was detained a week or more, and then on promise of good behavior released. This frightened him so much that he kept quite sober for a long while, always avoiding me, drunk or sober, as he would an evil spirit. One night, however, some time after the event just related, when I had charge of the guard, one of my sailor soldiers who had been posted as a sentinel at some distance from the guard-house and near the residence of the sail-maker came running to the guard-house without his musket, frightened out of his senses, and said that he had been surprised, had had his gun taken from him by a man who was stark naked, and who appeared to be mad. I knew at once that this must be my sail-maker, and taking two men with me, armed with muskets, and arming myself with my sword, we approached the quarter very cautiously, hoping if possible to surprise the fellow should he be still in the street. As we looked round the corner of a house near the spot, we saw our man marching backwards and forwards like a sentry, with his gun on his shoulder. At the least noise he would cry out, 'Qui vive?' and present his musket in the direction of the sound. As the gun was loaded with ball it was necessary to be cautious. We therefore got as near him as possible without being seen, and as he turned from me to walk back to his limit I sprang from behind the wall of the house with my sword upraised, crying, 'Down with the traitor!' No sooner did he hear my voice than he dropped his musket, and throwing himself on the pavement, face downwards, began to beg that I would spare his life. I put my foot on his back, and let him feel the point

At this period the Northern Department was commanded by General Galbaud, who was governor of the Cape. The troops had been fed principally by the American merchants at the Cape, who furnished provisions to the Government, — first for money, then for drafts on France. When these were refused payment, as was the case, bills on the French minister at Philadelphia were proffered, and in some instances accepted, in payment for the articles required for the soldiers. My drafts on M. de Ternant, then minister at Philadelphia, for twenty thousand dollars were at first refused payment, though subsequently paid. Orders were, however, given to make no more drafts on him, and the Government was nonplussed.

Forced loans had been tried before the drafts on France had been issued; the inhabitants were discouraged, and an earthquake had shattered almost all the buildings throughout the town.<sup>1</sup> The fear of a revolt among the slaves in the city compelled such of the white inhabitants as were not on military duty to keep guard before their houses during the night, relieving each other every four hours. The regular troops, who were in want of food, swore that unless some measures were taken to relieve them they would plunder the city. All was despair and distrust, and efforts were made to collect what remained from the depredations of the insurgents and to ship it off to this country.

In this state of things the governor called a meeting of the French merchants, to whom he represented the condition of the troops and the necessity of providing some means for their relief. At this meeting it was agreed, and unanimously voted, that if the American merchants would furnish the necessary provisions to the Government to satisfy the soldiers, they, the French merchants, would pay for the same at fixed prices in the produce of the island, which they daily received by coasting-vessels from places to which the revolt had not spread. This engagement was solemnly entered into by the merchants, and confirmed by the governor, who caused the American Board of Commerce to be notified of the fact. On receiving the notification the Board undertook to supply the funds needed, and without hesitation fulfilled their engagement to the amount of between eight and nine hundred thousand livres,

of my sword in his loins; then made him promise never to appear naked again in the street, and that he would in future be a quiet and good citizen."

<sup>1</sup> "About this time an earthquake took place which shattered the houses, which were built of irregularly shaped stones, to such a degree that it appeared impossible they could stand another shock. The like had never taken place before since the settlement of the Cape. The first shock was at daylight in the morning. It would be difficult to describe the terror of the inhabitants on this occasion. The second shock, which occurred in the afternoon of the same day, was much more formidable and alarming than the first, and seemed to us the precursor of some great evil, as it proved to be."

of which amount the house with which I was connected furnished upwards of one hundred and eighty thousand. When the provisions promised by the American merchants had been delivered, they found that the French warehouses which a few days before had been well stocked with sugar, coffee, cotton, cocoa, etc., were empty with the exception of a few belonging to the more honorable and respectable merchants. The goods had, as was supposed, been reshipped on board the coasters or the European ships that lay in port; and none from the coast had been sent to replace them.

There was nothing left to pay for the goods that had been delivered, and those who had emptied their magazines professed themselves unable to comply with the requisition. A representation of the facts was accordingly made to Governor Galbaud, and he felt it his duty to designate a number of merchants who had been present at the meeting as the responsible parties, and to direct the company of the public magazines to draw orders on them for their respective shares. This was done accordingly, and some goods were delivered in the early part of the morning of Monday the 16th of June, 1793; but the French merchants after breakfast on the same day generally refused to deliver anything more, without giving any reasons whatever for so doing. Some of them had indeed delivered their full quota agreeably to their original engagement; but this amounted to a small portion of the whole debt. It was soon rumored abroad that new commissioners, Polverel and Santhonax, had arrived from Port au Prince, the seat of the General Government, where they had been to quell a rebellion.<sup>1</sup> Dissatisfied with what they called the dictatorial ordinance of Governor Galbaud in forcing them to pay a debt which they had solemnly contracted, the French merchants resolved on applying to these all-powerful representatives of the nation for redress of their grievances. This they accordingly did; and on June 13th General Galbaud, arrested by the commissioners, was sent prisoner on board the ship of war "La Normandie" to be transported to France for trial.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The new commissioners were three Jacobins, Santhonax, Polverel, and Ailhaud. The latter was sent back to France in 1793, leaving his colleagues absolute masters of the colony. Santhonax soon after got rid of Polverel by sending him home as bearer of despatches, and disembarassed himself of General Rochambeau, who had arrived as commander-in-chief, by ordering him on board a corvette. He then nominated Toussaint l'Ouverture to fill his place. (*Quarterly Review*, 1819, p. 441.)

<sup>2</sup> In the attack on the Government House by twelve hundred seamen, Galbaud's brother was taken prisoner, while one of Commissioner Polverel's sons fell into the hands of the Government party. An exchange was proposed by the latter; but the commissioner refused to allow it, saying "that his son knew his duty, and was prepared to die in the service of the Republic." (Edwards, *op. cit.* p. 144.) On leaving St. Domingo, General Galbaud took refuge in the United

On Tuesday morning the American Board of Commerce sent a deputation to the commissioners with a memorial representing the facts, and asking payment of their debt in such manner as might appear just under the circumstances. The memorial was received by M. (or, as he was called, Citizen) Santhonax, who ordered the committee to return the next morning for their answer. On Wednesday morning, when, at the hour appointed, the deputation returned to the Government House for their answer, Citizen Santhonax placed in the hands of the chairman of the committee a printed document, ordering thirty-six merchants therein designated, jointly and severally, to pay the debt due to the Americans forthwith; and in default of payment on the first application the creditors were directed to apply to the procurator-general for redress. This officer was ordered by the same document to seize the property of the said merchants wherever it was to be found, and to sell as much of the same at public auction as was necessary to discharge the balance due the American merchants; and in case there was not property sufficient to be found, to seize the persons of the said merchants, and hold them in prison until the money was forthcoming.

On looking over the names designated, the chairman saw one or two names of gentlemen who had already paid their full quota, and he mentioned the fact to the commissary, considering it an injustice that they who had so honorably and promptly done their duty already, should be called on again to pay. "Withdraw, citizens," was the reply of this petty despot, "you have your answer" ("*Retirez-vous, citoyens, vous avez votre réponse*").

One of the gentlemen who had paid his portion without hesitation on the first demand was a M. Pousset, a merchant of the first class and standing in all respects. The committee thought it their duty to call on him immediately to show him the ordinance, and consult with him as to the course they had best take under the circumstances. The partner of M. Pousset, a gentleman whose name I now forget, read the paper with astonishment, but he said, with the greatest frankness, that the merchants of the Cape had rendered themselves responsible, and it was their duty to make good their engagements; that he could give no other advice to us than that we should see those who had not paid and show them the ordinance, and if they still persisted in refusal, to apply, as directed, to the attorney-general for aid. The whole of this day (Wednesday) was employed in hunting up the delinquents. As those whom we could find, absolutely refused to do anything, and others kept themselves out of our reach, we were obliged to call another meeting of the creditors to decide what was to be done. At this meeting it

States. The preceding governor, M. de Blanchelande, who came out in 1790, was guillotined in France, Aug. 9, 1793, and his son shared the same fate in July of the following year.

was agreed that the committee should call on the attorney-general the next day, and lay the subject before him.

Accordingly on Thursday morning, June 19, the committee proceeded to the house of the public functionary who was charged with the execution of the decree. He was not at home; but on their way to his house they saw the ordinance pasted on the walls of the houses, where it had been put the day before. Returning home they found the stores everywhere shut. The most gloomy silence prevailed in the streets, and the inhabitants, who were collected at various places in small knots or groups, eyed the committee as they passed, and showed evidently that they were speaking of them or their measures. Being acquainted with many of these persons, and seeing that something important was in agitation, I stepped up to one of those who had paid a portion of his quota and asked him the cause of all this gloom, and why the stores were shut. He replied, "You will know presently." The committee then proceeded to the Bay, as the street was called where their houses and stores were situated. Here a very different scene presented itself. All was bustle and agitation. The balconies were filled with persons armed with spy-glasses, looking attentively at the ships of war, and asking each other in loud tones what all this meant. Arrived at my house I was called up into the balcony, and a spy-glass was put into my hand. "See," said my partner, "the ships of war are getting springs on their cables, and have brought their broadsides against the town; what can all this mean?" I then related what we had seen in the upper streets; and we no longer doubted that some serious attack was intended, and that the merchants of the place were privy to the fact. The truth undoubtedly was that the French merchants, outraged by the arbitrary decree of the commissioners, whom they had but a day or two before petitioned to relieve them from the obnoxious Galbaud, and the still more obnoxious debt due to the American Board of Commerce, had now solicited protection from Galbaud himself and the French admiral against the still more obnoxious commissioners. Of this I have never had the least doubt, although I have no other evidence of the fact than the circumstances themselves. It has been said that an affront offered to some of the naval officers by the commissary or some of his mulatto troops, was the cause of the ships taking sides against the Government, but of this I know nothing. Be it as it may, we had not looked many minutes at the ships of war when we saw their large boats hauled alongside, and filled with armed men to the number of seven or eight hundred. There was no longer any doubt on our minds as to their object, and as we were well convinced that serious consequences would ensue, and perhaps the town be battered down, we sent off our books and valuable papers, together with such specie as we had on hand, on board a brig which was consigned to the house, whose

captain happened to be on shore with his boat, and was fortunately with us at the house.<sup>1</sup>

In the mean time the armed sailors from the ships were landed and marched to the Government House, where the commissioners resided. This body of undisciplined men was headed by a brother of General Galbaud's, who had embarked with him. He bore the commission of a major in the army, as I was informed, and was considered a brave and good officer. As soon as this rabble, for it can be called by no other name, arrived in sight of the Government House and within shot of a battalion composed of two regiments of mulatto infantry, which was drawn up in front of it, two colored officers of rank from these regiments advanced, and demanded a parley with the leaders of the sailors. Galbaud ordered his people to halt, and immediately stepped forward with another officer to hear what they had to say. While saluting each other with profound respect, the mulattoes dropped their hats, and seized "*Massa Galbaud*" in their arms, while at the same moment a portion of the line of infantry discharged their pieces into the body of the sailors as they were standing huddled together, without any suspicion of treachery, awaiting the termination of the conference.<sup>2</sup> Many were killed dead on the spot, and many wounded; the rest fled at full speed to their boats, which still remained at the wharves, but so closely were they pursued by the mulattoes that few reached their ships in safety. Many of those who were in the rear, finding the boats had put off with those that arrived first, jumped into the water. Such as could swim were picked up and carried on board their ships, but many were drowned. The loss of men in this way was altogether great; but it formed only a portion of the total loss, which included those who were butchered on the occasion.

The commissioners had been doubtless informed of everything that was going forward, and knew that many of the citizens of the town who probably intended to join the sailors had been the movers in this foolish and inconsiderate measure. Doubtless an order had been given to massacre all the whites that were found in the streets, and it was most faithfully executed.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "It was fortunate for us that we decided as we did at once; for had we wasted half an hour, or even twenty minutes, it would have been too late, and we should have lost all our books and money. We had about fifteen thousand dollars on hand at the time in silver in bags. Scarcely was it placed in the boat when we heard the sound, and soon caught sight of a large body of regular troops; and the boat had not got half-way to the shipping when the whole street was lined with soldiers to prevent all communication between the shipping and the shore. No opportunity offered after this to save anything."

<sup>2</sup> "This fact was related to me by an eye-witness when I returned to the Cape six weeks afterwards, at which time Major Galbaud was confined in chains in prison. What finally became of him I never knew."

<sup>3</sup> "A clerk of ours named Dubeau, a very athletic young man, told me that he

No sooner was this massacre ended than another scene of carnage commenced at the Government House, or in the gardens and square in front of it. A corps of young men of the first families, called the "Volunteers," composed of about three hundred high-spirited gentlemen, attacked the mulattoes, and attempted to enter the Government House

was one of the many spectators of the scene at the Government House, and that he fled with the rest down the street leading to the King's Wharf. Finding himself close pressed by the mulattoes, and numbers of merchants, as well as sailors, falling about him under the shot of the pursuers, who did not stop to examine the bodies, but followed the flying, he thought his only chance was to fall with the next volley. This he did, and as soon as the soldiers had passed over him in pursuit, he sprang on his feet and entered a house, where he secreted himself until he found an opportunity in the evening to get off to the shipping. I cannot resist an inclination to relate as briefly as possible an anecdote of this young man, Dubeau, which made a strong impression on my mind at the time it occurred. A gentleman whose name I now forget, but a man of some consequence, and a member of the Assembly, owed the house some two or three hundred dollars, and not having called to pay it as was expected, I sent M. Dubeau to him to collect the money. Dubeau returned without it, saying that the gentleman was unwell and could not be seen. Some time after I told Dubeau to go again; but he made some excuse, and showed such an aversion to going that I went myself to the house, and having inquired for the person was introduced to his chamber, where I found him walking the room. On making my business known, he begged pardon for not having paid the debt before, but said he had been confined for some weeks to his room, having been bitten by a mad dog, and that his physician had ordered him to remain indoors six weeks, when, if all was right, he might go out, and he would then call and settle the account. On my return to the counting-house, I mentioned the fact, and I observed Dubeau turn pale as ashes. A week or ten days elapsed when one day, while Dubeau was posting his books at a desk near the window that opened into the street, I turned towards the door and saw the gentleman in question, who had just arrived. Addressing him by his name, I asked him how he did. The moment his name was mentioned, Dubeau dropped his pen, sprang out of the window into the street, and took to his heels as if the man had presented a pistol at his head. I saw nothing more of him during the day, and could not account for this extraordinary behavior. The next day, when I called him to account for his conduct and absence from his duty, he related the following facts as an apology for his apparent derangement: 'Sir,' said the poor fellow, trembling from head to foot like a child, 'you will excuse me when you know the horror I feel at the name of a mad dog. My father died raving mad, having been bitten by my uncle, who had been bitten by a mad dog, and himself fell a victim to hydrophobia. I was young at the time, but I saw my father while under the effects of his wound, and the awful and heart-rending scenes that it produced in my family made such an impression on my mind that the thought of it almost makes me mad myself. When I first went to his house and was told the facts, I was so much alarmed and affected that I could not return, or tell you the reason why I declined going again. When he arrived here and you called him by name, I was seized with an indescribable terror, and the first impulse carried me out of the window and drove me away from the house. His presence haunted me during the whole day, and I was afraid to return home while it was light. Indeed, I have thought of nothing else since, and I hope the circumstances which I have related of my family misfortune may plead in my favor.'

and seize the commissioners. These, however, had made their escape into the country with a body of their guards; but the blacks had been armed, and their liberty proclaimed, so that the numbers that were collected to oppose the whites left this unhappy battalion of volunteers no chance of success. The greater part were destroyed, but some brave fellows among them escaped and joined themselves to other armed corps.

They did not, however, die unrevenge, for their discipline was excellent, having been trained under the Chevalier Dugrés and the young Comte de Grasse; and the efforts they made and the courage they displayed brought double their number to the ground. The scene was horrible. At the same moment a general massacre of the white inhabitants commenced in the upper part of the town; and as no boats could either come on shore or go off from it in consequence of the whole Bay being lined with white troops who were stationed there early in the afternoon to prevent all communication with the shipping, our house towards evening was filled with women who had fled from the emancipated slaves who were butchering all they could reach in the upper part of the town. Most of these were mulatto women, who fled with the rest when the massacre began. What became of them finally I know not, for as we ourselves had no means of escape they all left the house during the night, and sought safety elsewhere.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Recollections of St. Domingo, continued.*

THE Government House was distant about half a mile from the residence of the American merchants; and the landing-place where the sailors had disembarked was nearly half that distance below them down the bay, but in full view from the balconies. A little further on was the Artillery Park, where a regiment was stationed. As the fighting was at some distance from the seaboard, we could only hear the rattling of the musketry, but could see none of the operations after the sailors had been driven into the sea, as the troops engaged were in the neighborhood of the Government residence. When the alarm among the inhabitants in our quarter had been raised to the highest pitch by the news that the commissioners had freed and armed the slaves, every one seized his firearms, and without concert placed himself at the corner of his street to defend his person and his property, or his family, if he had any, expecting momentarily that his own house servants would join in the massacres. Every moment accounts from the interior of the town were brought by the fugitives of the dreadful and deadly contention that was going on there between the white inhabitants and the armed slaves,



who now considered themselves authorized by the commissioners to commit every species of outrage. While some were struggling with the whites in the streets, others were robbing the houses of their most precious effects or committing acts a thousand times worse on the female inmates. A constant and unceasing fire of musketry had been kept up in the upper part of the city since the first attack of the mulatto regiments on the sailors, but when nightfall arrived it extended everywhere, for the fears of the whites led them to dread every one who appeared, and as they could not distinguish between the whites and blacks in the dark, it was only a cry of "Who's there?" and a shot followed the sound before the question could be answered. Thus, in the general panic whites destroyed whites and blacks destroyed blacks throughout the night, and one constant and incessant firing of musketry, with incessant roaring of cannon, was heard in every direction and even at our own doors till daylight. At this period a field-piece was planted at the corner of our house by some white soldiers, who began firing up the street, but they were soon driven from their position by other cannon at the head of it. The white troops that had in the early part of the afternoon been stationed along the seaboard to prevent communication with the shipping had withdrawn before dark, and had mostly joined the whites in defence of the town, and were now involved in the general warfare, but as the brigands of the country had been let into the city, the troops had by degrees been driven to their quarters, or to the Artillery Park, where they made their stand.

The quarter of the town where our house stood was entirely deserted, not a soul was to be seen at sunrise, and no boat of any kind was in sight from the front balcony. The hot contest was carried on chiefly at a distance from us (although a musket ball did find its way into our room while we were at breakfast). We were alone, and without support, except from our own arms.<sup>1</sup> We felt the necessity of escape, but we had no means left us, as there were no boats or boatmen to be seen. The cannon at the head of the street still kept up a regular fire towards the bay for some time after the enemy had retired. Soon after it ceased we heard a cry in the street, and running to the window saw a merchant of the city, who had commanded a troop of horse the day before, running swiftly to the water, with his sword drawn, and without his hat, crying as he went, "*Sauvez-vous! tout est perdu!*" Repeating these words with great vehemence, he plunged into the sea and swam towards the shipping. It was now time to look about us; we breakfasted, however, and consulted with

<sup>1</sup> "The white persons in the house, all well armed, were Mr. Burling, Mr. J. Carter, Mr. —, a French clerk of ours, whose name has escaped me, a young man named Porter, an apprentice of ours, and myself; the blacks, Tom, Samson, Plato, Moussa, Yorick, and Nancy the cook."

each other as to the course to be pursued. Although well armed, we could not expect to defend ourselves long against the numbers that would soon be upon us, and it was determined to try to rouse one or more of the boatmen who might be skulking behind some of the large flat-boats anchored along the bay, that were employed to load the shipping. After repeated calls from the front balcony for a passage-boat, with all the force we could muster, we at last had the satisfaction of seeing a black head raised above the side of one of these vessels; but all our appeals for help availed us nothing. The head was shaken in negation, and dropped out of sight. My partner, who was with us, was almost a cripple with the rheumatism. To attempt to swim to this boat was for him out of the question, and we could not and would not leave him, even if death had stared us in the face. Renewed calls for help brought up another black head and a friendly shake of assent. We all therefore left the house as we stood, without a second shirt to our backs, and even without carrying off our watches, which were left in our bedrooms, but armed with pistols for our defence.<sup>1</sup>

We had the greatest confidence in our blacks, to whose leader — a faithful slave, whom we had long owned — we gave the charge to keep the doors shut, and to open them to no one but ourselves, should we be fortunate enough to return. This man had informed us the night before that he had been promised his liberty if he would join the rebels. We were in a few minutes placed on board a vessel belonging to Baltimore, that happened to be nearest the shore. Scarcely had we time to thank God for our escape, when, looking with a glass towards our house, we saw that it was surrounded by a troop of black cavalry; our doors were open, and our negroes were wading off towards the ships. I jumped into a boat with two sailors, and soon brought them all on board in safety. They told us that scarcely had we left the shore when they heard the tramp of the horses, and fearful of being obliged to join the insurgents, they quitted the house and made for the water, where they were hidden from the troops by the piles of lumber that covered the bay, or seaboard. This was on Friday morning, June 20. Our house

<sup>1</sup> "When we saw the means of relief before us, we were too much overjoyed to think of anything but the preservation of our lives, and our retreat was therefore rather precipitate. While the blacks were rowing us off we regretted our haste, and began to reproach ourselves that we had not stopped to take our watches and a change of clothes; but had we done this we should doubtless have been all sacrificed. We might have defended the passage upstairs for a time, and could have done it against quadruple our numbers, but we must finally have been overpowered and put to death. Our confidence in our strength was great, because we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, twice as many as we had men; for the ammunition and the arms of the American Guard were kept at our house, and we had loaded them all. Fortunately we were too much alarmed to wait the issue of a battle, as we could expect no support from the whites, who had abandoned our neighborhood on every side for the third of a mile."

was soon filled with blacks, like all other houses on the bay, and a regular plunder began of the most valuable effects that had been left by their late occupants. Money, plate, watches, and jewels were the first objects that were sought for. This we discovered afterwards, as will be seen by what follows. Transported on board one of our own vessels that lay farther out in the harbor, we had time for reflection, and leisure to inquire into our situation and wants. We were without clothes, except the light linen dresses which we were accustomed to wear in the morning, and of these we had only what we had on our backs. Everybody we saw among the inhabitants who had escaped was in the same situation, and of course no relief could be looked for from them. After due deliberation, we determined to arm ourselves and land the next morning, with a view to get some clothes, and if possible to save some dry-goods of value belonging to our friends, that were in one of the back rooms of the house. After having resolved on this course, we seated ourselves on the deck to watch the course of proceedings on shore.

The firing had not ceased for one moment from the time it first began on the preceding day at one o'clock, and as we approached we were able to see more distinctly where it was kept up with most vigor. At a small fort called the Picolet, which had been taken possession of by the few volunteers who had escaped from the massacre at the Government House and by some troops of the line who had abandoned the commissioners, there was a rolling fire of musketry during the whole night, and in every quarter of the town the flashing of guns was to be seen in quick succession, sometimes one or two, and in some places several together, as if a desultory warfare was carried on by detached parties, or by individuals who were destroying each other. This at the time we supposed to be a contest between the remaining whites who were defending themselves individually, or in small parties, against the slaves who had been let loose upon them, but we afterwards found it was a contest among the liberated slaves for the possession of the plunder which some were carrying away, while others who had been less fortunate in their search shot at them. Thousands of the blacks were supposed to have been destroyed in this way, for as soon as they had gotten rid of their masters, either by murdering them or by running away from them, they turned their arms against each other to secure the plunder that either or any of them possessed. This scene kept us on deck during the night, and however strange it may appear to those who have never been placed in circumstances of great peril, we were never distressed or discouraged. As soon as daylight permitted, we began our preparations for a descent, and having broken our fast we embarked in three boats with four sailors in each, and commanded, one by Captain Clark, one by my partner, and one by myself. We were all armed with muskets and pistols and with a supply of cartridges. There were, besides, one or two volunteers

to each boat, — among others, a Mr. Hunter, of Georgia, a high-spirited gentleman, who had made one of our family at the time of our flight. Our party was therefore composed of about eighteen or nineteen armed men, the leaders of whom were in too destitute a condition to hesitate about risking their lives in the hope to obtain wherewithal to cover their nakedness.

As we passed on towards the shore we were hailed by the master of a small brig belonging to Charleston, South Carolina, the brave and amiable Captain Campbell, who has since commanded the frigate "Constitution," and desired to come alongside his vessel. This we at first refused to do, as we saw the coast was clear, and were afraid that by delay we might lose what appeared so good a chance to us of obtaining our object. This we stated to him, but he insisted on our compliance, and offered to accompany us; we therefore rowed alongside his brig, and he called on his crew for volunteers to accompany him in his own boat. The call was met with three cheers both from his own crew and ours, and in a few minutes we had an accession of four stout sailors commanded by a cool, steady, and spirited officer. This gave us all our original force for fighting men, and left four men to take care of the four boats, so that our party was quite respectable as to force. We placed our boats' sterns to the shore with graplines at the head, and a sailor was left with each to steady them in this position, so that when we came down to the boats with our several loads of goods, we had only to wade off a short distance and place them in the stern-sheets, where they were stowed away by the boatguards. The sea-breeze had set in very strong, so that our clothes and a part of the goods got quite soaked with the spray which came over the bows. This arrangement was necessary, not only for the convenience of loading, but to have the boats in a position to facilitate our escape in case of need. The event showed the importance of this precaution.

We appointed Captain Campbell commander of the sailors who were to form our defence, while we attempted to save some portion of our property. The streets being laid out at right angles, and the houses built in square blocks, our guards stationed at the entrance of the streets on either side the block in which our house and stores stood, could repel any small body that might get information of our landing. No opposition was made to it, and not a person of any kind was to be seen alive. The only impediment to effecting an entrance into our own house was a dead negro, who lay directly across the doorway with a bundle at his head. On removing him, we found he had been shot in the back, probably while running off with his plunder. I shall never forget with what nonchalance one of the sailors caught up the bundle, and threw it to one of his comrades who was behind him, crying out, "Hollo, Jack, catch this, and throw it into the boat, my boy; here is

fine plunder for us!" Other dead bodies were scattered about, but all of blacks. We rushed into our several lodging-rooms, where we found our wardrobes untouched. The keys were in them, but not an article appeared to be deranged. Our watches were gone, but we had what was more important to us left, — our clothes. Each one seized a sheet, and filled it with whatever came first to hand; and as we always had a large stock of linen, we were not long in placing our bundles, filled with shirts, pantaloons, and other articles of dress, in the boats. As soon as this was done the goods-room was opened, and other sheets were filled and placed on our shoulders to be carried to the boats. As we had to cross the open street on the seaboard in going to the boats, we were saluted from behind some piles of lumber up the bay by a few musket-balls, which whistled by our ears, but we could see no one. As the party that was firing at us was so hidden that we could not return the compliment with any effect, we continued our labors, starting as quickly as we could with our burdens across the street, until we arrived under the shelter of the piles of lumber in front of our own house on the seaboard. We knew that if the alarm was once given, we should be soon overpowered from the back part of the town, and in this we were not mistaken, for Campbell, who was lame in one leg, was put to his mettle to superintend the defence of the two posts where our guards were stationed. This, however, he did do so effectually that the first assailants were driven for security behind the blocks of houses above us. But we were not left long undisturbed.

Soon after the cessation of firing, a white man, dressed in soldier's clothes, rushed into one of the streets on horseback, crying to our party to save him. While pushing his horse full speed towards our lines, several muskets were fired at him by the blacks. We received him as a fugitive from the enemy. He had no arms, said he had been taken prisoner by the blacks, and had seized an opportunity to make his escape. Finding there were boats on shore with white people, he came to ask our protection and to be taken on board with us. He asked the strength of our party, and was willing to take arms and lead us to attack the rebels if we had a few brave fellows to spare for the expedition. While we were listening to this fellow, my partner came up from the boats, and hearing what he proposed, asked him a few questions, which evidently confused him, and made him look round as if desirous of escaping. He was still on horseback, and Mr. Burling, being satisfied that he was a spy sent by the negroes to see what our force was, did not hesitate, but drawing a pistol from his belt would have shot the fellow dead had I not seized his arm and prevented him. This interference led to a warm altercation between us, in which the bystanders took sides. Meanwhile the fellow made his escape to the blacks, and in fifteen minutes after, we were attacked by a strong body of them

in both streets, and our late distressed friend and fellow-sufferer was seen actively engaged in urging them on to the attack. Reinforcements were every moment arriving from the back part of the town, and a stronger body had taken their stand behind the boards above us on the bay, from whom we had every now and then a discharge.

Retreat was necessary, as we saw we should soon be overpowered; but we had made our arrangements so that the boats were manned, ready to pull off, while the guard, although diminished in numbers, kept up a brisk fire until all was prepared. As soon as this was announced, Captain Campbell drew off his battalion in a sailor-like manner, and made his retreat good to the boats, without the loss of any one except the French soldier who had stolen a march upon us. Scarcely had we put off when the blacks made their appearance, but not being able to see whether the boats were still all off-shore, they moved very cautiously, fearing an ambush, so that we had made good progress before they were prepared to fire on us from the beach, and one or two well-directed shots from the boats soon dispersed them.<sup>1</sup>

These details may have little interest for general readers; but as they led to other results, and as they show the importance of system and organization, as well as of union of thought in all cases of a like nature, I have thought it proper to state them at the risk of taxing their patience. Had I not interfered to prevent the shooting of the soldier who came among us in the character of a suppliant for protection, we never could have been sure that his fate was deserved, and we should have always deeply regretted the rashness that led to the catastrophe. At the time I was blamed, and perhaps justly, but I have never repented that I saved a fellow-being, though he proved himself afterwards to be a spy and a traitor. It is better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent should suffer, either by Lynch or Statute law.

As our persons were well known to most of the blacks of the part

<sup>1</sup> "My partner, Mr. Burling, who had been confined with severe rheumatism for a long time, and almost deprived of the use of his limbs before the events of the 19th, became as active as any of the party in consequence of the excitement and exertion that he was obliged to make.

"When Captain Campbell announced the necessity of a retreat and all were ready to move, Burling stood at the door of the store facing the bay, ready also, as we supposed, as he had been called from the rooms above for the purpose, but at the moment when Campbell was about to draw off the guard, and the blacks were pressing on us with force, Burling cried out, 'Keep your guard, Campbell, while I run up and lock the goods-room door, we may have another chance at it yet,'—and back he ran upstairs and through the whole length of the building to lock this cursed door, while we were exposed to be overpowered by the brigands. Nothing could stop him, back he would go, and would have gone if the devil had stood on the stairs. He was the most fearless man I ever knew."

of the town where we had lived, it was soon known among them that we had landed with arms, and had shot several negroes in defending ourselves from their attacks. This was treasured in the memory of some who hoped for an opportunity to revenge themselves at some future period.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Recollections of St. Domingo, continued.*

HITHERTO the excitement of the scene that was passing before us, and the continued action of the morning, had kept up our spirits to their highest stretch ; but as we had now attained our immediate object, and were out of danger from the attacks of our enemies, we had nothing more to gain or to hope for, as we were convinced that we should never again be permitted to land, or to secure any more of our property. The silent gloom that succeeded, as we rowed forward to our ships, was soon aroused by the cries and lamentations of the miserable beings who stood on the decks of the vessels that we passed, all of whom had been watching our landing and anxious return in the frail hope that we might bring them tidings of their lost friends. Men, women, and children half naked (a most heart-rending sight), with uplifted hands were beseeching us to give them hope of safety, — some for their wives, some for their husbands, some for their children, and some for their parents. They mingled their tones of supplication and entreaty with such a show of wretchedness that the firmest hearts among us gave way to emotions that none but brutes could have resisted. We were overwhelmed with grief ; and men who but a few minutes before had braved death without a sensation of fear or sense of suffering were now unmanned and as feeble as children. All that had passed before, and all that succeeded this scene, until I arrived in the United States six months afterwards (and my sufferings were neither few nor light), were nothing to what I then felt. Forty-four years have passed since that period, and the facts are now as fresh and as marked on my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. The wives and children of planters, of merchants, and of mechanics who had been murdered in their defence were now frantic with despair, for they had lost all, even their guardians and only earthly protectors. But the horror of the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers who were inquiring for their female relatives was, if possible, still more strongly depicted on their faces and in their agitated frames, for they felt that miseries worse than death had befallen them.

Let those who advocate the immediate emancipation of the slaves in our own country reflect for a moment, and ask themselves what would

be *their* feelings had Heaven cast their lot in the Southern States, — their only patrimony the slaves that their fathers had inherited from their parents, — should the mistaken philanthropy of their neighbors pursue a course of measures calculated to produce the same effects on them and their families that I have witnessed, and have feebly described in these pages? I say nothing of the violation of the compact that gives the Southern States the right by law to hold this property undisturbed; I speak only of the effects that would necessarily be produced, and the misery that must follow the success of their plans, — misery not only to the innocent whites, but misery and tenfold wretchedness to the slaves themselves; for this would as certainly follow a general rising of the blacks, or an immediate emancipation of them, as effect follows an operating cause. But let us proceed with our narrative.

Scarcely had we arrived on board of our own vessel when she was surrounded with boats filled with the late inhabitants of the town, who came to have their inquiries satisfied, or to beg for a few clothes to protect them from the burning rays of the sun; for hundreds who lived at a distance from the first outbreaking of the slaves, having retired to rest, had left their beds and fled with nothing but their night-clothes to cover them as the storm approached their own dwellings. Who could resist at such a moment to contribute a portion of their means to their suffering fellow-beings? There were but few of us that were not soon reduced almost to as small a stock as that we possessed before we landed, particularly in shirts, for this garment served for either sex, and all were equally destitute.

We had scarcely swallowed our dinner when we were called on deck to witness new scenes. The seaboard was now lined with black troops on horseback, with long lines of mules tied to each other by their tails, and accompanied by black drivers. These mules — which had been brought in from the country for the purpose, with their drivers, who were accustomed to this mode of transportation, coffee being brought to the town for sale in this manner — were at once loaded with the dry-goods and other articles easily transported from our stores. When one set was charged and led off, another line was brought up and loaded, until all the articles from the stores and houses that could be thus carried away were sent off to the country. The whole bay for nearly three quarters of a mile was stripped of its merchandise; and other parts of the town were doubtless plundered in the same manner, but this we could not see.

We sat watching the plunderers till nightfall, but the darkness of the night had not long set in when we were attracted by a light which soon spread into a blaze, and in a few minutes the whole line of houses on the bay were on fire. This was immediately followed by a general conflagration of the interior of the town, amidst the rattling of mus-



ketry and the roaring of cannon ; for the lower part of the city and the forts were still defended by such whites as had not been able to escape on board the ships. The nature of the merchandise in many of the French and American warehouses was such that it burned vividly, with occasional explosions, caused by the large quantities of brandy, rum, and other spirits left in them. Great quantities of oil, tar, and pitch contributed to feed and brighten the flame, so that all objects at a distance were distinctly visible.<sup>1</sup>

The whole harbor was lighted up ; and the ships, with their miserable tenants, were not the least distressing objects before us. The sight of a great city in flames, though awful, is sublime, and we sat watching the flames until daylight announced that something must be done for our own preservation and support. The property that we had left in our stores, the debts that were due to us for goods sold to the inhabitants, were all lost forever ; our only resource was in the commissioners, whose act enforcing the payment of the goods delivered to the Government was doubtless the immediate cause of all the disasters and dreadful effects we have related. After consulting with such of the American merchants as could be collected together, it was determined to send a flag of truce on shore at the ferry at the upper part of the town, in hope of gaining access to the commissioners, who were the now ruling and supreme power.

But who would undertake this hazardous mission ? The late Commodore Barney, who commanded the ship "Samson," then in port, offered his barge, rowed by six men, with the American flag at her stern and a white flag at her bow. He would doubtless have been the best man to have gone in her, but as no part of the debt was due to him, and as he had his ship to take care of, we could not with any propriety accept his offer. In this conjuncture, being the youngest of the party who were immediately concerned in the measure, I offered to go, provided I could obtain the company of a mulatto of respectability whom I knew and had seen on board one of the ships. Without this precaution it was deemed by all a desperate attempt. The boat was accordingly manned, the flags hoisted at the stern and stem of the barge, and I set forth to find my friend the mulatto. Fortunately for me, he scouted the idea of landing among a set of savages whose hands were still wet with the blood, not only of the whites and mulattoes who had fallen within them, but with that of their fellow-slaves, whom they had destroyed to possess their plunder. "My person or my color," said my

<sup>1</sup> "There was in our store a great quantity of rum and brandy, oil, candles, and other combustible merchandise, beside a quantity of gunpowder in one of our iron chests made into cartridges for the American Guard, so that we outshone them all ; and our house was distinguished as exhibiting a finer display of fireworks than any along the whole bay. When it blew up there was a shout among us that on another occasion would have been taken for one of victory."

judicious friend, "would afford *you* no protection whatever, even if *I* was spared; and your flag would only be a signal for your own destruction, since it must be well known that several American boats have landed with armed men, and yourself among them, and if any of the blacks were killed you would never be allowed to reach the commissioners, but would be immediately sacrificed. For all the Government owe your merchants I would not risk my neck for one minute among them, — *I*, who have done them no harm; and I advise you to return on board your ship." By the time I had reached the vessel where our party were, a new alarm had arisen. It was circulated among the shipping that the men of war, of which there were four or five in the harbor, were preparing to leave the port that evening as soon as the land-breeze should set off from the shore. I was accordingly despatched on board the Admiral's ship to ascertain the fact. I found everything indicating a movement on board, and soon learned that it was the intention of the men of war to get out of the harbor as soon as the wind would let them.

This news was soon spread throughout the fleet, which amounted to three or four hundred vessels of all classes.

The alarm spread that the blacks were preparing to come off and attack the shipping in the night; and as the ships of war lay at the outer part of the harbor, and the merchant vessels within, it would in fact have required not a great effort on their part to have possessed themselves of all the shipping that was anchored nearest to the shore.

The excitement and disorder that ensued throughout the vessels, and the panic that prevailed among them, can be better conceived than described. Many of the great French ships lay with their yards fore and aft unprepared to put to sea; some were without ballast, some were under careen, — that is, were undergoing repairs, — and few had their sails bent; many were without provisions or water for a voyage of any length, and they had every reason to fear that they would meet with but a poor reception in any other port in the Island. But necessity hath no law: the fear of the blacks was stronger than the fear of starvation; the danger from one was immediate, from the other remote. The signal was hoisted on the Admiral's ship for all vessels to get ready to leave the port, and the confusion was without parallel.

The usual time to go to sea from this port is the morning, as soon as the objects that mark the channel can be seen; but at sundown the ships of war dropped their topsails, and as soon as the land-wind blew they got under way. In these latitudes there is little or no twilight; it was soon dark after the sun had disappeared, and the efforts to get forward were increased to such a degree by the fear of being left at the mercy of the blacks that every one set all the sail he could to pass his neighbor, by which reason the greatest disorder prevailed, and vessels

were constantly running into each other. The bawling and brailing of the masters, the cursing and swearing of the sailors, and the crying and moaning of the poor inhabitants, who were going they knew not where, was enough to shake the resolution of any one who was a silent spectator of the scene. In the morning at daylight all the fleet were laying to the wind in sight of each other off the harbor; boats were passing between the vessels, and friends joining each other to take their chance together; the city, full in sight, was still burning with violence; and the harbor, with the exception of a few vessels that had been crowded on to the shore on either side of the channel, was destitute of shipping.

I cannot refrain from mentioning an event that happened to my partner, who was on board the brig "Martha," belonging to us, on her passage out of the harbor. As he was a very passionate but a very humane and brave man, it made him extremely angry, while it caused the rest of us great amusement when he related the facts to us the next morning when we met off the harbor. As we were in different vessels, and had no time to consult with each other as to the course we should pursue, I borrowed the boat of the captain in whose brig I was passenger, and went on board the one where Mr. Burling was with our money and books. When I arrived I found him in bed, dressed in a red baize shirt and trousers which he had borrowed from one of the crew of his vessel. He was in great pain from head to foot with a fierce return of rheumatism. This did not surprise me, because he with the rest of us had got entirely wet when we went on shore on Saturday; and while the excitement was kept up he had escaped a relapse. But on questioning him as to the time when the pain returned he stated the following facts to me: "As we were passing near the shore on coming out of the harbor we heard a lamentable cry for help from the shore near the 'Picolet.' Every one said it was the cry of a woman in distress, and I accordingly ordered two sailors into the boat, and with a view to save the poor creature I got in myself, although quite stiff and beginning to feel a return of my disease. The difficulty of landing in the night among the breakers was very great, and I knew I must get drenched again. Still I could not bear the poor woman's wailing, and I determined to rescue her if possible. She might, I thought, be some reputable female who was left by her friends, and who had escaped from the brutality of the insurgents. The captain tried to dissuade me from the attempt, but I had got my head full of the suffering of the woman, and the relief I should afford her, so on we pushed into the breakers, when I got well soused before we struck the beach. It was extremely dark, but I could see the poor woman standing with outstretched arms awaiting her deliverance. As the distance between the boat and the shore was considerable, I called to her to wade off and we would take her in; off she came, but what was my horror and indignation when, instead of a woman, a tall strapping soldier, without his coat and in white trousers, presented himself alongside. 'Where is the woman,' I said, 'whom I heard crying here?' 'Woman, sir! there has been no woman here; it was I that

you heard!' The traitor that escaped us on Saturday came full upon my mind, and I took up the tiller to knock the rascal's brains out, but he was out of my reach; and I was so stiff I could not move a joint. 'Push off the boat, men, and let the rascal remain where he is; he shan't come into the boat, — knock him down with your oars if he attempts it!' said I to the sailors. The men were about to comply, when the rascal, in the most humiliating tone and crouching down in the water, with both hands uplifted in prayer, cried out, 'Pour l'amour de Dieu, sauvez-moi, Monsieur!' and I was fool enough to take him in." This scene occurred on Sunday, June 22, 1793.

No one who has not been placed in a like situation can easily imagine the feelings which overwhelm the mind when men are driven from their homes where they have passed a great part or perhaps all of their lives; deprived, not only of their property, but of many of their nearest and dearest friends by the ruffian hands of licentious bandits; not knowing where they are to go, or what is to be their future lot in this world of sorrow and suffering; doubtful whether those they have left behind are dead, or living in a state of degradation and misery ten thousand times worse than death itself; themselves on the point of being transported to a distant country where they must be shut out from all information for months, if not forever, that might allay their anxious fears. The beings who were now looking on the burning ruins of the city which but a few days before they inhabited in peace and happiness, surrounded by friends and relations, now scattered they knew not where, blessed with abundance and with those domestic ties that sweeten and make life desirable, were now friendless, penniless, and without a home on the habitable globe where they might shelter their heads. This was the work and the consequence of the sudden emancipation of the slaves in the Northern Department of St. Domingo.<sup>1</sup> Let those self-styled philanthropists who are now endeavoring to bring about the immediate emancipation of the slaves in our own country ask themselves whether they are willing to see themselves to be the instruments of like scenes of misery and wretchedness to their fellow-citizens. Is the

<sup>1</sup> The representations and entreaties of the planters who had escaped from St. Domingo induced the British Government to send an expedition to the island in September, 1793, under Colonel Whitelock, with orders to occupy such ports as were willing to accept protection. Although the commissioners had a force of some fourteen or fifteen thousand whites, and a motley band of negro troops at their command, they did not feel themselves strong enough to repel the English, and therefore resorted to the desperate expedient of proclaiming the abolition of slavery. About one hundred thousand blacks then took possession of the mountain fastnesses, while a desperate band of thirty or forty thousand mulattoes and negroes ravaged the northern districts. On hearing of the seizure of Port au Prince by the English, the commissioners fled to the mountains with about two thousand followers, but finding that Toussaint l'Ouverture had occupied the heights, they turned their steps to the coast and embarked for France. (Quarterly Review, 1819, p. 439.)

comfort, or what *they* call the comfort, of the blacks of more importance to them, or to the real friends of humanity, than the preservation of the lives of their white brethren of the South? Can ladies, nay, can women of any degree, contemplate the horrors of degradation which must fall on their own sex throughout the Southern States in case of sudden emancipation, or of a general rising of the blacks, still hold meetings to encourage a course of things that must inevitably produce this result? Can men who profess themselves Christians, who have wives and daughters, sisters and friends, labor to produce evils to their fellow-men, — their fellow-countrymen, too, — that if brought home to their own firesides would make them shudder with horror? But so sure as this great and awful revolution is effected the shock will not be confined to the Southern States; it will be felt to the uttermost limits of this great Republic, even to the firesides of those who have promoted it. This will be their recompense in this world; of the future we know nothing.

But the comforts and the freedom of the slaves are of more importance than any consequences that may result to our white population, say these fanatical emancipators. We shall see how it operated on the blacks after they had gained their boasted freedom.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Recollections of St. Domingo, continued.*

THE fleet separated on Monday forenoon, some for France, some for the United States of America, some for the bight of Leogane, and other ports to leeward in the island. Nothing can be more beautiful than a fleet of three or four hundred sail of vessels of all classes, from the humble droger or coasting-craft, up to the majestic ship of the line, all under full sail, moving in various directions. The brig in which I was destined to pursue my course, in company with half a dozen other American residents at the Cape, was commanded by an amiable and worthy Bostonian, and that in which my partner Mr. Burling had embarked was owned in this city, partly by our house. Mr. Burling, who had charge of all the money we had saved from the flames — about fifteen thousand dollars — was captured and carried to Jamaica, there being at this time war between England and France, but before his capture he had gone into a small port called *Limbè*, a few leagues to leeward of the Cape, to get water for his voyage to the United States.

I may be excused perhaps for relating an adventure that he met with at this place, as it shows what feelings and dispositions were roused among the blacks the moment they heard of the liberation of their

fellows at the Cape. On landing, Mr. Burling having chanced to meet a planter of our acquaintance, a man of great wealth and owner of several plantations, named François Lavaud, communicated to him the state of things at the Cape, and Lavaud immediately determined to load Burling's vessel with sugar, as well as that of another American who had also put in there. His carriage was in town, and he invited these two gentlemen to proceed in it to one of his plantations in the neighborhood, while he mounted his horse to accompany them, with a view of making final arrangements regarding the freight he was to give them. Scarcely had they left the town when four blacks, mounted on fleet horses, passed the carriage at full speed. They were armed with swords and pistols, and passed directly on towards Mr. Lavaud, who was some hundred or two yards in advance of the cabriolet which contained our friends. The moment the blacks arrived within striking distance of this gentleman they shot him dead. As this was done in full view of those in the carriage, they ordered the postilion to stop, and by the time they had got out the assassins were before them with their pistols presented at their breasts. The shock they had received by seeing their companion killed before their eyes, without even a question being asked him, left them no doubt that equal despatch would be made with them. "We are Americans," exclaimed both these gentlemen together; "we belong to the United States." One of the blacks who knew enough of English to understand them, cried out, "Stop, comrades, they are not French; they are from America, — a country of liberty." "No matter," said another, "they are whites, and that is enough; shoot them like dogs." A dispute arose between the four, two swearing they should be killed because they were whites, and the others opposing the step with great vigor. During the contest between the murderers, the two Americans slipped off into the woods, and as it was now nearly dark they were left to grope their way as well as they could till daylight, sometimes wading through deep swamps, and sometimes so entangled in the underbrush of the wood that they could with difficulty extricate themselves. When day appeared they found themselves on the seaboard, and soon descried their vessels at anchor. Having hailed their respective ships, they were soon on board, well pleased with having escaped this second massacre. Our woman-cook had gone on shore, where Burling left her.

The brig in which I was embarked sailed to the port of St. Mark's, where we were no sooner anchored than a guard of soldiers took possession of the vessel. The officer proceeded to examine us, and finding we were inhabitants of the Cape, sent us off to jail, where we were locked up with all sorts of filthy criminals of the lowest grade of the slave population. As soon as it was rumored throughout the town that a number of American gentlemen from the Cape were

confined in prison, we were visited by some of the white inhabitants, among whom was a Mr. Ricard whom I had formerly known at the Cape. This gentleman remonstrated with the jailer, who was a mulatto man, for putting us into a confined room with a parcel of black convicts, and finally obtained from him a promise that we should be separated. He then sent us some mattresses to spread on the floor, which was of stone covered with mud, where we were destined to sleep, if we slept at all, or to remain on our legs during the night, for there was neither chair nor bench to be had to rest upon. I had afterwards an opportunity of thanking this amiable man for his kindness, as it saved us from much suffering.

Fearing that the news of the revolution at the Cape and the emancipation of the slaves might produce similar effects at St. Marks with those we had so lately witnessed, we were very desirous of remaining up, and in the jailer's room, to which we had been allowed to retire through the intervention of our French friend, so that we might be ready, in case the jail was forced or set fire to during the night, to defend our persons or make our escape according to circumstances.

To effect this object, we represented to the jailer that we were half famished, and begged him to procure us a good supper, and plenty of wine of the best quality, and invited him to join us in the good fare that he might provide. We gave him money to buy what was needed; and having ordered supper to be served up very late in the evening, we passed the intermediate time in cogitating on the future. During the repast we contrived to ingratiate ourselves with our host, who very obligingly allowed us to remain at table till one in the morning, when he told us it was more than his head was worth to extend this indulgence. He then locked us up in our room, and left us to a sound and undisturbed repose until the morning was well advanced.

As the governor of the place did not arrive in town until the afternoon of this day, we were detained in jail; but on his arrival he called to see us, and after some inquiries ordered our release.

When the governor first arrived he absolutely refused to let us out until he had orders from the commissioners; but on our telling him that we were under their special protection, and that the revolution at the Cape had taken place in consequence of their having ordered the merchants to pay us the debt that the Government owed us, and that this persecution would be highly resented by them when they should receive our letters, he ordered the prison doors opened, and apologized very humbly for the mistake that had been made.

The first step we had to take was to procure some ready-made shirts. I had only three remaining of all I had saved from my wardrobe, the rest having been disposed of to those that were more needy than ourselves.

After a short stay at St. Marks, I proceeded to Port au Prince, where I found a vessel loaded with flour from Baltimore to the consignment of our firm. Having disposed of this cargo, and obtained some money for my expenses from the commissions that I received, I determined on returning to the Cape to look after the debt due us from the Government. One of the commissioners, Citizen Polvorel, had in the mean time arrived at Port au Prince, where a guillotine was erected by him *in terrorem*, to keep the whites in order.

I had applied to him by letter for instructions as to the mode to be pursued to obtain my money, and was informed that without the evidence of the debt nothing could be done; that the ordinance awarding to my house the amount due to it must first be produced, and then the commissioners would take the subject into consideration. As this ordinance had been left in the hands of the commissioner of the Government stores at the Cape, I had no chance of getting anything but by going back to look it up.

I accordingly embarked on a small vessel — one of the coasting craft of the island — with several other passengers, among whom was an American, whose name I shall not mention because he is long since dead, who had also claims on the Government to an inconsiderable amount. On our passage, this person, who was a great talker, was exceedingly indiscreet in his observations respecting the commissioners. There were several Frenchmen on board the boat, and one of them was a gentleman evidently above the rank of the other French passengers. He was extremely taciturn, but evidently watchful of everything that was said or done among the guests in the cabin. I had frequently chided the half-Dutch, half-American passenger (for such he really was) for the license he gave his tongue, which I thought extremely impolitic at least, situated as we were; but his reply was, "Nobody understands us; and if they do, I care not a straw." There were several parcels on board, directed "To the Citizen Santhonax, Commissioner, etc., at the Cape," lying in the cabin in a small open box; these had been frequently handled by this person, who said one day that he should like to see what the despatches contained, and had an inclination to open them and satisfy his curiosity. The master of the vessel was on deck at the time, but the French gentleman, whom I have mentioned, was sitting apparently half asleep at one end of the cabin. "For Heaven's sake!" said I, "what do you mean? Are you mad?" "No," said he in reply, "I am not mad; but I mean to see what mischief these rascals are brewing." Shocked at the cool and determined manner which he showed, I remonstrated with him. I represented not only the crime, but the consequences that would follow it. I attempted to rescue the packet from his grasp. Everything that could be done I did to prevent this outrage on common decency. I told him if it was



known he would be hung, and deservedly; and if the result were to end there I should not regret it, but all on board, particularly myself as an American, would be implicated, and we might expect on our arrival to be all imprisoned if the packet was missing. This rash man, however, had broken the seal, and proceeded to read the enclosures, when a movement from the person at the further end of the cabin alarmed him, and he threw the despatches out of the cabin window. My anger was roused to the highest pitch, and I said everything that my indignation suggested to him; but he remained as undisturbed as if I had been paying him a compliment for his hardihood. The French gentleman rose and went on deck, and as I had suspected that he had seen the letters thrown overboard, if not all that had passed, I followed him up, greatly distressed lest he might suspect me of participating in this shameful outrage. He joined me on the deck and immediately opened a conversation on the subject, by which I was soon relieved from all apprehension as regarded myself at least.

He told me that he had heard the conversation between me and the other American citizen during the time we had been on board; that he understood English well, and could speak it with considerable ease; that he had watched the whole proceeding below, and that he was happy to say he was fully satisfied with my conduct, and should, in case of need, bear testimony to my efforts to prevent that madman below from committing the crime he had so foolishly been led into. He then told me he was a councillor of State; that if the facts were known to the Government, the violator of these public despatches would pay for the trespass with his life; but that he should be discreet, and if the captain did not discover the loss of the parcel he should remain silent, provided no other violence was committed. He cautioned me, however, not to mention to Mr. — that he knew anything of the transaction, as it might lead to some communication between them, and in this case he should be obliged to order the captain of the vessel to arrest and confine him, which would lead to an open publicity of the transaction, and thus bring about a catastrophe which he was desirous to avoid.

I shall never forget the mild, benignant, and amiable character of this gentleman. Few men in his situation would have shown the same degree of moderation and forbearance that he did. I have now forgotten his name; but I afterwards learned that he was a man of great consideration, and high in the confidence of the Government. When we arrived at the Cape he took a kind leave of me, and bowed coldly to my companion. I confess I had some doubts on my mind whether the loss of the packet would not be discovered either by the master of the vessel or the commissary, and that we should be called on to account for it; but all passed off in silence.

The author of this shameful scene was extremely alarmed when he observed the marked difference which this gentleman showed towards us at parting, and he would have given all he was worth to have been sure of his life, for his reflections had convinced him that he had forfeited it to his curiosity.

On my arrival I went on board the Boston brig "Betsey," which had arrived at the Cape after its destruction. The captain, who was an old acquaintance of mine, received me kindly, and inquired what was my object in coming there. Being told that it was to obtain evidence of the debt due to my house from the Government, and to endeavor to collect it from them, he advised me to return without landing, as I might be assured if I went on shore I should be shot on the ramparts before twenty-four hours had passed, if I had not been already assassinated in the streets. He stated that it was well known that I had landed with a party of armed men and had shot some of the blacks; that he had heard the thing mentioned among the blacks repeatedly, and that nothing would rejoice them more than to get me into their power. I told my kind friend and adviser that we had done nothing more than we had a right to do, which was to defend our lives while we were securing a part of our property, and that if I could reach the commissary I had no doubt I could obtain from him the necessary protection against violence; and that as I had come up from Port au Prince with the knowledge of Citizen Polvorel for this purpose, I could not return without an effort to get my money. I accordingly requested the loan of his boat to put me on shore, which he granted with tears in his eyes, and I landed on the quay called the King's Wharf. On the end of the wharf I observed a black man dressed in a suit of white dimity, wearing a white cocked hat bound with gold-lace on his head, having a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a large gold watch-chain hanging from his fob. He eyed me as I approached the quay, and when I landed he walked up to me very deliberately (for he was very fat), opened both his arms, and gave me the fraternal accolade.

By this time I had recognized André, a slave and house-servant of M. Joyeux, one of my neighbors, a stout old gentleman, who, like myself, was an American commission merchant, although a Frenchman. He had been killed in the general massacre; and his favorite servant, who was about his height, being an aristocrat in feeling, and having by the new order of things become a citizen, had thought it would well become the dignity of his new character to wear his master's Sunday suit and carry his gold-headed cane. During our short interview the good André recommended me to be cautious, not to show myself in public more than was absolutely necessary, and to sleep on board my vessel without fail every night. He also advised me to salute all the blacks I had occasion to speak to with the title of *Citoyen*, as all were now free and equal.

On leaving André, to proceed to the residence of Mr. Meyers, who was then American Consul, I perceived a number of black men and one white man in the water, in the act of rolling a hogshead of sugar into a large flat-bottomed boat. The white man was encouraging the rest to exert themselves by cheering them with his voice. "Allons, mes enfans, encore une fois!" exclaimed the old gentleman, whose head was as white as snow; "now for the last shove!" and the hogshead was safely lodged in the boat. "Now for another," said he, turning round to come to the shore for another cask, when who should I see but my former next-door neighbor, M. Laroque, lately a gentleman of large fortune, now without hat or shoes, in a coarse checked shirt and trousers, doing the labor which but a few weeks before was the business of his slaves. I immediately went down to the beach to meet him. "What!" said I, "is this M. Laroque that I see here working like a slave?" "Que faire, mon ami?" said he; "il faut bien vivre." I was struck dumb. He then cautioned me not to use the word *slave* on any occasion, as it might cost me my life.

On leaving him I proceeded to the Government stores, which were near the wharf, and there found Consul Meyers, with whom I proceeded towards the commissioner's lodgings, which were no longer at the ancient Government House, that building having been mostly destroyed during the contest. On our way we were conversing in a low tone, with our faces turned towards each other, and our heads rather stooping, my hat being drawn over my face to avoid being recognized, when I received a blow on the breast that almost levelled me with the ground. On looking up to see whence the blow came, I saw before me a negro fellow of great size, in full uniform, with his sword half drawn, glaring upon me with the most infernal countenance I ever beheld. My first impulse was to break out upon this savage with a heavy curse, but as prudence is the better part of valor, a moment's reflection cooled my anger, and I asked the fellow what he meant by striking me in that manner. He eyed me steadily for a moment, and then raising himself up with the most arrogant manner to his full height (which was six feet two or three inches), in the most contemptuous tone he exclaimed in Creole, "Moi trompé!" ("I am mistaken in my man!") and passed on. Although it was consoling that I was not his man, I did not get over the pain in my breast during the day, and I thought it best on the whole to show my face in future, that I might not have to pay for the misdeeds of others as well as my own. The incident, however, gave me an excuse for asking the commissary to give me a *carte de sureté*, which he granted without hesitation. The commissary treated me politely enough, and told me if I could procure my ordinance he would write to Citizen Polvorel at Port au Prince to have my balance paid.

On application to the Guard Magazin for this purpose, I was shown

into a large room, fifty or sixty feet long, one end of which was filled with papers in one solid mass; and here I was to hunt for my single sheet of proof. I had the work of a month before me at least; I was in despair. However, to work I went, and as if fortune thought it proper to indemnify me for the blow I had received in the morning, she placed the paper in my hands in fifteen minutes. Full of spirits at my good luck, I sallied forth to find the consul and communicate to him my happiness. On the way I met a negro, whom I had known as the servant of a rich old merchant of my acquaintance who had retired from business. The fellow recognized me at once, and made up to me with his hand extended, which I took and shook with great cordiality, expressing a hope that he was well. This fellow was not decked out like my friend André, but was decently clad. I was afraid to ask about his master; for the fellow had always appeared to me to be a surly bad-tempered chap, and I felt a conviction in my mind that he had murdered him. "Will you come home to my house and dine with me?" said he; "I shall be glad to give you a dinner if you are not too proud to dine with a black man." My blood ran cold at the thought of dining with the murderer of my old friend, but I thought it best to appear satisfied, and I asked him where he lived. He said he lived in the same house where he had so often seen me. "At what hour do you dine? I have some business to attend to before dinner that will engage me for some time." "Oh, at any hour you please, only come." "Thank you; I will endeavor to be with you at two." "Very well, I'll wait for you." "Apropos," said I, "you had better not, on the whole, wait beyond your usual dinner-hour, for I may be detained altogether, and not be able to come." The fellow looked at me with a malignant eye, said nothing, and went his way. I had not separated from this man many minutes when I met an American captain who asked me where I intended to dine. I told him what had passed between me and the black, that I had resolved not to dine with him, but that I felt uneasy at his apparent suspicions and jealousy. "Never mind him," said the captain; "you will of course sleep on board, and as you are, I understand, under the special protection of the commissary, they dare not touch you in daylight if you keep yourself in the business quarter, where there are always men enough to protect you. Come and dine with me at an excellent house close by, and before dark you can go on board." I accepted his invitation, and at one o'clock we sat down to table. The host was a mulatto man, whom I had never seen before to my knowledge. It was soon rumored at table that I had a special protection from the commissary, and my host was very gracious and disposed to make me comfortable. There were perhaps twenty persons at table, — some well-dressed mulatto men, several American ship-masters, and others of whom I knew nothing, — all, however, well-clad and decent-

looking people. Scarcely were we seated at table when a black fellow, without hat or shoes, a dirty checked shirt and trousers, which had apparently been worn for six months, entered the room, and without ceremony took a chair at table. Every one turned his eyes on this individual, expecting the landlord would order him out of the room; at least that was my expectation. But the fellow, seizing on a roasted fowl, began to devour it most voraciously, and after a few minutes' eating helped himself plentifully with wine from the bottle of his neighbor which stood beside him. The landlord immediately placed another bottle on the other side of his guest, but said not a word to the intruder, who appropriated the rest of the wine he had seized to himself. After eating to his heart's content and cursing the whites in his negro Creole, he looked round the table with the fierceness of a tiger for a few minutes to see if any one chose to take exception at his conduct. Every one, however, being occupied with his dinner or his own thoughts, and not choosing to notice him, he retired. After he was gone, some one asked the host why he permitted such a scamp to take a place at his table. "If I was to refuse," said the man, "I should have my throat cut in a short time. When such things happen, as they frequently do, I have found the safest and best way to be silent, and I am then quit for a dinner and a bottle of wine; but the jealousy of these liberated slaves is such that if you hint that they are not fit company for the whites, you may be sure that they will find some occasion, when you least expect it, to put a knife into you." The captain with whom I came turned his eyes towards me, and I thought it would have been safer to have accepted the invitation I had received from the cut-throat in the morning. The host was a free-born mulatto, whom I have since seen in this country. Although cautious, he did not hesitate to speak freely of the liberated blacks as, in general, a most worthless and depraved set of men, who had already committed so many crimes that all timidity and compassion were strangers to them when their anger or their cupidity was roused. I mentioned to him the invitation I had received and how I had evaded it. "That fellow," he remarked, "is said to be one of the most daring villains among them. He murdered his master, and has possessed himself of his house and all his tangible property. You did right to avoid him, but you had better in future keep out of his way."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Among the various facts related to me during my then short stay at the Cape, there is one that may be worth relating, as it shows the effects and consequences of avarice and the futility of a miser's calculations. A M. Cassignarde, a near neighbor of mine, who was quite rich and always kept a large amount of specie on hand to operate with as occasion offered, on the night between the Thursday and Friday of the breaking out of the insurrection at the Cape, had allowed all his slaves to quit his house, except a child of five or six years of age. He and his partner then dug a large hole in his yard, which was in the

The quarter where business was now done was confined to a small space about the King's Wharf and the public stores, all the upper part of the town having been destroyed. Before dark I went on board and related all that had taken place to my friend the master of the "Betsey." He was rejoiced to see me well and under the protection of the commissary. "That," said he, "may save you from a public execution ; but look to yourself, for I believe there is a plot among the blacks to put you to death." I considered this to be the effect of an anxious and heated imagination ; for I was not conscious of ever, during my residence of nearly nine years, having done an injustice or been guilty of any severity towards any black man in the place, and the contest during the time we were securing our clothes and our goods, even if it had terminated in the death of any of them, could not in justice be imputed to me as a crime. I slept little, however, during the night ; my thoughts were constantly calling up all I had done while I remained at the Cape, and I could not remember any event of my life that could justify hostility towards me from any of the slaves I had ever known. On the contrary, I knew I was a favorite with them for repeated acts of indulgence and interference in their behalf, and I did not feel afraid to trust myself with any of them that I had ever known. The man, however, with whom I had declined to dine, came frequently to my mind ; but his anger was of fresh growth, and my friend could not have reference to him.

Towards morning I fell asleep, but my rest had been so much broken that when I appeared at the breakfast-table the captain thought me unwell, and insisted on my remaining on board during the day to recruit ;

centre of the building, and nicely paved with bricks, and therein deposited between thirty and forty thousand dollars, replaced the paving so as to leave no marks of its having been removed. His house was burned with the rest ; and although his slaves knew he had large sums in the house when they left it, after the fire no traces of the treasure could be found by them, and it was supposed he had removed it. Had M. Cassignarde, when order was restored, stated the fact to the Government, they would have had it removed to a place of safety for him, but fearing that they might claim a salvage, he determined to keep his own counsel until a fitter opportunity occurred to carry it on board some American vessel. Such, however, was his anxiety that he could not refrain from paying frequent visits at night to the place where it was deposited, and this he did until he was observed, and a suspicion aroused that the money was still there. Some of his slaves who knew the child had been left in the house, having searched in vain for the treasure, took the child with them to the spot ; and he soon pointed out the place where it was hidden. They then carried it off, replacing everything as before. Cassignarde continued his watch as often as he dared to go to the place ; but when, having matured his plan of removal, he went to get it on a dark night, he found that it had taken wings to itself and was gone. I saw the old man in extreme poverty at the Cape while I was there. He had entered his complaint to the Government ; but it was now too late, and he was brooding over his loss and his folly for not having taken this step earlier."

but it was all-important that I should see the commissary at once, and obtain his orders on Port au Prince for payment of my balance. I therefore went on shore immediately after breakfast, and going to the Government House, where I left my ordinance with the secretary of the commissioner, was told to call the next day for my answer.

I now had the whole day before me, and nothing to do. I thought, therefore, I would take a stroll into the upper part of the town and up the bay to see the state of our house, and to take a last view of the ruins of a dwelling where I had passed so many pleasant and happy years of my life. I went first to the great squares where the bodies of the dead had been burned. The bones were lying in long rows across the squares in great masses, showing that the destruction of human life must have been great. As there could be no correct computation made of the number, the only means of judging was from the quantity of human bones that lay on the surface of the ground. In some of the streets dead bodies still lay exposed; but whether they were those of persons killed at the time of the destruction of the town or whether they were the fruit of more recent assassinations, I had no means of judging. The walls of the old Government House were still standing, but the interior appeared to be mostly destroyed. I descended to the bay, at least to the street which ran back of our houses. The timbers and rubbish which lay in heaps in the cellars were still burning. Our two iron chests lay among the burning materials, with their covers forced open. There was not a soul moving in that quarter of the town; all was still as death. I moved round to the front of the building on the bay side; what a change had taken place in six short weeks! This was the business part of the city, where the whole bay for three quarters of a mile was filled with merchandise being landed or being shipped; all was bustle, noise, and cheerful labor. The blacks during the working days enlivened the scene by their rough but cheering songs as they pursued their labor, with constant explosions of loud laughter at the absurdity of their own roundelays. On Sundays, groups of dancers took the place of laborers, and the drum and the pipe, and the laugh and the song, made the air ring with gayety and frolic. Now all was hushed as death; not even the dip of an oar or the sight of a boat, where all was alive but yesterday, with the voice of the mariner urging his craft to her appointed destination. The stores and warehouses that were so lately loaded with merchandise from all parts of the world lay smouldering in flames, and the harbor that formerly was filled with the ships and crafts that had transported it hither contained only a few inferior vessels at its outer anchorage. A melancholy came over my spirit, as I leaned against the wall of the house, contemplating these sad changes, that I had never before felt. I turned my back on the gloomy scene, and stood gazing into the cellar, endeavoring to see what were the materials that had for so long

a period retained combustion. I had not been in this position long when I heard the tramping of horses, and immediately turned round to see whence it proceeded. At no great distance from me, coming from the then business quarter of the town, I saw a troop of black horsemen. The captain of the troop, as I took him to be from the epaulet on his right shoulder, was some distance in advance of his troop. My first impulse was to move off into the back street; but this I thought might cause suspicion, and as I had the commissary's protection in my pocket, I thought it best to remain where I was, looking steadily at the troop. I observed the leader of these men look at me with a scrutinizing eye from the moment I turned my face towards him; the troop continued to advance until they came within a hundred yards of me, when the chief ordered a halt, and advanced alone to the spot where I stood. I had no doubt he came to arrest me, but as I had lived a life of suffering and danger for some time, and was naturally of a firm temperament, I stood his glance without showing any fear, although I would have given much to have been on board my ship. After eying me for a moment he said in negro Creole, "Vous pas conné moi, ha!" "No," said I, "I don't know you." "Si fait, vous conné moi bien, oui!" ("You don't know me, ha! but you do know me very well, yes!") I told him I did not recollect him if I knew him. "Vous pas connaître Antoine, naigre M. Lefèvre? Ces epaulets là pour quoi vous pas conné moi." ("Don't you know Antoine, the negro of M. Lefèvre? It is my epaulets there that prevent your knowing me," pointing to his epaulets.) You may perhaps recollect that I mentioned in the first part of these Sketches a black slave belonging to M. Lefèvre, who had charge of and defended his plantation against the insurgents on the Plain du Nord. Antoine was this very man. I knew him well, for he used to come in the large flat-bottomed boat with the crew to get the necessary provisions from our store for the plantation. I knew all he had done before the destruction of the Cape to preserve his master's property, and my heart jumped for joy when I heard his name. "You see those fellows there," continued Antoine in his Creole, and pointing his thumb over his shoulder; "the rogues think themselves free, but they are a thousand times more slaves than ever. They are cut-throats, murderers, wretches, ready to commit any crimes, but they have put on uniforms, and think they are great men! And what," said he, "have the blacks gained that have been set free? They are starving for the greater part for want of food; some work, to be sure, when they can get work to do, but most of them are too lazy to work, and go without food until they are obliged to seek it by plunder." All this was said in a subdued voice, but with sufficient action to lead his followers to suppose he was in dispute with me. He asked why I exposed myself by coming to that part of the town. I told him I had a



written and sealed protection from the commissary. "That's right," said he, "let me see it." I accordingly pulled out the paper, which he took care to display so that his comrades might see it. After returning my passport, he asked me if I had any vessel at the Cape, as he wished to load one for Charleston, where his master lived. He said he had loaded one already, and had produce enough on the plantation to load another; if I would let mine go to Charleston, he would load her for his master. He uniformly made use of this word *master* in speaking of M. Lefèvre. I told him I had understood that one third of the produce of the plantations went to the Government, one third to the blacks that worked it, and one third to its support and the maintenance of the workmen. "That is true," said Antoine; "but I always contrive to save enough out of the two thirds to remit a good portion to my master, who, after all, if justice was done him, is the owner of the whole." I was truly delighted with my friend Antoine, and could have given him the fraternal accolade with all my heart; and as I stepped forward to offer him my hand he saw my object, and stopped me. Pointing with his sword (which he had drawn when he first came up to me) up the cross street, as if ordering me to be gone, he advised me to retire and not to put myself in peril again, but to sleep on board always, and to get away as soon as I could. I had told him I had no vessel, which was a great disappointment to him; but he said he should look out for one, and hoped to make a good shipment to M. Lefèvre. I afterwards saw and dined with this old gentleman in Boston, and related the facts above stated to him. He said it was all true; that this man had continued for a long time to make him remittances, but that of late they had ceased, and he was afraid the faithful Antoine was dead.

As I returned to the King's Wharf determined not to dine on shore again, I met the chap who had invited me to dine with him the day before. He walked directly up to me, and with a fiendish expression on his countenance addressed me thus: "Well, Citizen, so you would not dine with me yesterday." I attempted to make some apology, but the fellow cut me short with — "It is not true; the reason you did not come is because I am black, because you despise the black people. I know what you did when you landed with a body of armed men; that account is to be settled, look to yourself!" Some persons coming by, he walked on; and so did I as fast as I could towards the boat that was waiting for me.

I now determined to get away from the Cape as soon as possible; and as a brig ("Delight," I think her name was) had come out from Boston to my address, I resolved, if I could get my papers from the commissary the next day, to go down to Port au Prince in her the day after. I had told my adventures of the day to my friend the master of the "Betsey," who cursed the papers and the commissaries, and

swore I was a madman to wait for anything. I however went on shore in the morning, and proceeded directly to the commissary, who gave me my orders on the Commissioner of the Public Stores at Port au Prince, with which I embarked, and sailed the next morning in the "Delight;" and delighted I was to get away from my once happy home.<sup>1</sup>

I ought not, perhaps, to omit mentioning an incident that occurred while I was at the Cape, which serves to show, in another instance, that the blacks, when left to themselves, were generally contented and happy with their masters. I had observed that the negro woman who was formerly our cook had left the brig at Limbè while my partner was on

<sup>1</sup> "I subsequently understood, from persons whom I left at the Cape, that a regular plot was laid to take my life, by false information to the commissary as to my having tried to prevail on a negro boy, named Farmer (who had remained behind at the Cape when his master, my friend Mr. Tremain, fled with us), to go off with me; and if this failed it was planned to draw me away from the small settlement about the public stores, and put me privately to death. I understood that this scheme was laid by a free black woman named Betsey, who had been a sort of housekeeper or upper servant in our family while Mrs. Perkins remained at the Cape; and as she had always conducted herself well during that time, we retained her in the same capacity after Mrs. Perkins left the island. This woman had been suspected of embezzling wine and other stores belonging to the house that were under her charge; and I had determined to get rid of her, although I could not allege this as a reason, because I had no proof of the fact. She, however, contrary to the rules of the family and to the police of the city, stayed out one night till ten o'clock; and having no written card from us, as the law required, she was taken up on her return home by the patrol and lodged in the guardhouse. I knew nothing of this till the next morning, when Miss Betsey was not to be found, and the keys of the store-closet, of which she had charge, were missing; but we soon learned that she was in limbo, waiting for an order from me to release her; but in limbo I was determined she should remain, at least for the whole of that day. When she was released, she complained at my having left her there so long, and I paid her her wages, and discharged her. This made her very angry, as I was told at the time; but after a while she appeared to have gotten over it, and used occasionally to visit the house. This had happened some time before the events above spoken of, and the circumstances had slipped my mind at that time, although I had been told that with all her apparent reconciliation, she still continued to feel a revengeful spite towards me. When I arrived at the Cape from Port au Prince she kept a boarding-house, and had a barber's shop attached to her establishment, in which she had placed Master Farmer as principal operator, he having been accustomed to dress his master's hair, which was always well frizzled and powdered. To this shop I went to get shaved; and there, to be sure, I had some conversation with Farmer about his master, asked him why he did not come off with our slaves, though I avoided asking him to go away then, as I knew this was strictly prohibited. Nevertheless this, it seems, was made the foundation of a plot to take my life, through the revengeful disposition of Miss Betsey. I had seen her that morning, and she was very gracious indeed, and urged me to take lodgings and to eat at her house; but as I had determined not to sleep on shore, she lost an opportunity of carrying her purposes into execution while I was there, and I left the Cape before she was aware of my intention."

shore, and that he left her there. On my arrival at the Cape she came immediately to see me, and after expressing her joy at finding me well, asked me to give her my clothes to wash while I remained there. This I did without hesitation, and they were all returned to me the next day done up in nice order; but when I offered to pay her for washing them, she turned on her heel and exclaimed, "Pray, what do you take me for, master? Do you think I would take money from you now?" I did everything in my power to prevail on this woman to accept some money, if not for washing my clothes, as a present from me; but nothing that I could say had any effect on her. She absolutely refused to take anything, and insisted on washing my clothes while I stayed, without pay, saying, "You will want it all by and by, master, and I have hands that will always provide me with enough." I was very much affected with the disinterested and kind conduct of this girl. She had been many years our slave, was an excellent cook, but was generally esteemed to be a bad-tempered woman. She was hideous in her form and face, although she now appeared to me quite comely, and was very clean in her person and habits.

On my arrival at Port au Prince I delivered my credentials, and was assured that I should have the first produce that came in from the country on the Government account; but I soon found that a Philadelphia ship, on board of which there was a French supercargo, that had arrived at Port au Prince after I did, was getting all the sugar that arrived, while I was put off with excuses by the old commissioner of the warehouses, who had orders to supply my demands first.

I complained, and told the old gentleman that he had no right to do this; but although he promised that I should have the next parcel, still the French supercargo found means to soften his heart that I had not the power of doing. At last I became fearful that I should get nothing, and I told the old fellow that unless he stopped furnishing the other vessel and gave me my produce, I should complain to Commissioner Polvorel, who was at Port au Prince. This, however, he disregarded, and was moreover somewhat impertinent, so that I determined to pay a visit to the great magician who held the lives and fortunes of every one in his right hand.

I had never seen Citizen Polvorel, although I had corresponded with him; but I knew his character, and had no doubt he would see that the order of his colleague was executed. I accordingly went to the Government House, and sent in my name requesting an audience. I was not kept long waiting, but was soon ushered into this man's presence. There was in the room with him an old mulatto man named Penchina, a Counsellor of State, said to possess great acquirements and great integrity. He had a mild and amiable countenance. He bowed respectfully when I entered, and directing my attention by a wave of his head

to the side of the room on which I had entered, he said, "There is the Citizen Commissioner."

The Citizen Commissioner was seated at a table covered with papers, pens, and ink; and as I turned to the spot where he sat, his large white eyes met mine with such a peculiar stare and forbidding frown that it had almost as powerful an effect upon my frame as the blow I had received in the breast from the black officer in the Cape. "What is your business, Citizen?" said he, rising from his seat, and showing a figure as powerful as his eye was severe and frightful. I stated in as few words as possible the object of my visit, and told the manner in which I had been put off from day to day, while another vessel was loaded with the merchandise I had been encouraged to believe from the Citizen Santhonax would be delivered to me in preference to all others after my arrival at Port au Prince. The commissioner's eyes grew red as I related my story, until they looked like those of an angry tiger ready to leap on his prey. Where the storm was to fall I knew not, but I would readily have given up my claim to have been safe on board the "Delight." My senses began to reel, and the guillotine erected at Port au Prince, which I had frequently seen, rose up before my eyes in terrible array, when the commissioner burst out with a voice of thunder, his hand clenched and extended towards me, "*Allez, Citoyen, allez à ce Gueux-là, et dis lui de ma part, que s'il ne vous paye pas tout de suit, je lui mettrai l'épée aux reins*" ("Go, Citizen, go to that villain there, and tell him from me, that unless he pays you immediately, I will plunge my sword into his loins"). By this the gentle commissioner meant only to say he would have the old man guillotined. The style or title by which the commissioners Santhonax and Polvorel were sent to St. Domingo by the National Assembly of France was "the Civil Commissioners!" "Well," thought I, "that is kind, gentle, and forbearing!" I did not wait, however, to talk with this philanthropic emancipator for fear that he might take it into his head to emancipate me from the toils of life; I therefore departed to pay a visit to my old friend of the warehouses.

I told him literally what the commissioner had said; and the doors of the public stores were immediately thrown open for my inspection, with assurances that all that was there (which, by the by, was very little) and all that came should be at my service. I must say that I was very much amused at the terror and dismay of the old man when I told him what the Citizen Polvorel had said; but as his fate was in my hands, I thought there was no great harm in suspending the sword of justice over his head until he had fulfilled his duty.

One other instance of the paternal care which the Citizen Commissioner exercised over his loving subjects may show the state of the white population under the reign of these lovers of freedom. My friend Mr. J.

G. F——, an American citizen of the United States, but a resident merchant of Port au Prince, had written to his correspondents in this country that such was the precarious situation of the place that he could not advise them to send out any more goods for sale, and recommended a suspension of their shipments to Port au Prince until things bore a more favorable aspect. I had done the same thing myself; but my letters were not copied, nor seen by any one. How the fact got to the commissioner's ears I know not; but while I was in the act of writing one of these letters in the counting-room of Mr. F——, a file of soldiers commanded by an officer entered. Mr. F—— was out on business. The officer demanded to see him; called for his letter-book and paper case, where he kept his half-written, unfinished letters; summoned an interpreter, and began the examination of the unfinished letters then lying on his table. I looked at these people with astonishment, not knowing their object; but as soon as the interpreter began to read, and the officer to comment on those parts of the letters that related to the importations of goods, I found that I was myself exposed to be brought up before those horrid white and red eyes again, that had so lately thrown me into a cold sweat. I continued to write on for a minute or two, as if quite easy about their movements, and then doubling up my paper, as if it contained some memoranda, I rose and left the room without interruption. I went in pursuit of F——, but he was not to be found; he was, however, soon arrested and sent to prison. After a fortnight's detention in jail to the great injury of his business, he received his trial at the request of the American masters and some American citizens, who represented to the Government the baleful effects that such proceedings must produce when known in the United States. I attended the trial. The commissioner was not present; and I had reason to be thankful that my friend maintained such perfect self-possession. The trial was by interrogatories from the judge to the prisoner. F—— acknowledged without hesitation all he had written, stated the grounds on which he did it, declared that he would do it always when he thought it for the interest of his friends and the United States, and so completely justified himself that the court ordered him to be discharged, with a caution to be prudent.

The young men who had escaped from the massacre of the Cape on board of coasting-vessels, and others that fell into the hands of the commissioners at the time, settled at Fort Dauphin, a small town about forty miles east of the Cape. A second massacre took place there some months afterwards, that carried off the principal part of the survivors of the first.

The circumstances were related to me by a gentleman by the name of Jolly, whom I had long known at the Cape, on my return to St. Domingo in 1794. I met this gentleman at Cape St. Nicholas mole, or

at St. Mark's, I forget which. He told me that Jean François, the commander of the original insurgents of the plain Du Nord, had become jealous of having so large a body of young white men so near him, although they had taken no steps whatever to annoy him. They at first had received assurances of protection from him, and I think he said the black chief had visited Fort Dauphin, and had held a conference with them as to their views; but of this I am not certain. However this may be, they felt themselves in perfect security from having received his promises not to molest them, and no guard was kept on foot to give the alarm in case of need. Accordingly, one night when all the inhabitants were buried in sleep, this man, Jean François, entered the town with a strong party of black troops, and murdered every white man they could find. A few, very few, made their escape. A number of the young volunteers who had fought so bravely at the Government House at the Cape on the 19th of June, and had subsequently escaped and gone to Fort Dauphin, were all butchered in their beds, or while endeavoring to escape in their night-clothes. M. Jolly had succeeded in getting off in a boat, and subsequently arrived at the place where I saw him.

From this gentleman, and some others who had been preserved from the knives of the blacks in the sacking of the Cape and carried into the country, I learned also the fate of many of the inhabitants, male and female, who fell into the hands of the commissioners. The road, said my informants, from the town to the Haut du Cape (a village about two or three miles from the Cape), was lined with men, women, and children of all colors, lying on the ground exposed to the burning rays of the sun; without food, without liquid of any sort to quench their vehement thirst; exposed to all the outrageous insults of the blacks who guarded them; half naked, and half raving with their sufferings, and praying the Almighty to relieve them from their miseries by death. Some had already been happy enough to reach "that bourne from which no traveller returns;" some were speeding their way thither; some weeping, some praying, and some cursing the cruel authors of their sufferings. Among them there were some who, having money within their reach when they were obliged to fly, had taken gold, as the lighter article in proportion to its value, in their pockets. They endeavored to bribe their guards to give them a glass of water in exchange for gold pieces of eight or sixteen dollars in value; but the savages refused their yellow money, and demanded white money or dollars, with which they were acquainted. Such as were fortunate enough to have it obtained what they wished, but those that were without it were refused, although they offered sixteen times the value that their neighbors had paid for it. Hence arose a traffic of dollars for Joes or doubloons, happy to give one piece for another as it would procure them what they most wanted,

a little water. How long these miserable people were left in this situation, I know not; but finally the commissioners ordered that they should receive food and shelter. Among the sufferers were many mulattoes and blacks who had not joined the insurgents; and as soon as the excitement was passed, and the plunder of the freed blacks was expended, they themselves had to experience a full share of the miseries they had inflicted on their masters. Famine and sloth soon accomplished what my friend Antoine had so strongly prophesied would be their fate; and those who had been used as instruments to extirpate the whites soon became the greater sufferers.

Long before the destruction of the Cape it was known that the insurgents of the plain Du Nord, who were commanded by Jean François, were languishing under the severest trials and the most despotic rule. The life of the laborer and the soldier were equally under the sole control of this chief. The smallest departure from the orders given them cost them the severest stripes, or the loss of their lives. Even those highest in the ranks were without hesitation cut off, if his will ordained it; and his second in command was shot by his order, without trial, because he had disobeyed him. It is true that he sometimes exercised his authority for beneficial and humane purposes; but his power was, nevertheless, absolute, and his orders instantly executed whether for good or bad ends.<sup>1</sup>

So far from gaining a relief from labor or the blessings of liberty, the blacks were ten times more slaves than ever, and ten times more severely treated and worked, without any of those comforts that always awaited them under their former masters when their labors for the day were over, and when sickness or wounds were their lot. In lieu of a clean comfortable bed, and kind nurses in a commodious hospital to watch

<sup>1</sup> "The following well-authenticated anecdote shows what summary punishment this chief of the insurgents was accustomed to inflict: The black man who was second in command, whose name has escaped my memory, had a separate command at some distance from Jean François. He was one of those brutes that always extend their barbarity in proportion to their power. His cruelties to the whites who had fallen into his hands, and particularly to the women, had been reported to his chief more than once; but occupied with other objects of more importance to himself, he had overlooked them. It was, however, finally reported to him that he held an old lady in prison who was supposed to have hidden money on her plantation, and that the lieutenant had threatened that unless she revealed the place where it was deposited before a certain day, he would tie her up and whip her to death. On the morning of the day assigned for this execution, Jean François set off for the quarters of his lieutenant with a company of cavalry. On his arrival he was informed that his second was in the courtyard executing this threat. The chief entered, and found the poor and helpless old woman, stripped naked and tied to a tree, undergoing the infliction of the cart-whip; while the lieutenant was seated in his arm-chair, encouraging his menial to lay on the strokes harder! Jean François had him shot dead on the spot."

over them, they were left to seek relief from the shelter of the hedge on the bare ground, without the care that they had formerly seen given by their masters, even to the beasts of the field.

Certainly, if a balance of suffering could be made up, the black slaves lost as much in proportion to their wants and habits of life by their emancipation in St. Domingo, as the whites did. Instead of being raised in the scale of humanity, they were doubly degraded; for they became the slaves of their own black or mulatto chiefs, a cruel race whom they detested, in lieu of being the slaves and servants of the comparatively humane whites, by whom they were always well fed and well clothed and generally well treated.

"NOTE — taken from various authors, such as Cornier's '*Memoire sur la situation de St. Dominique à l'époque de Janvier, 1792*;' also from a work by M. Buclis, called '*Un mot de vérité*,' published at Paris, December, 1791; and partly from the speeches of the deputies sent from St. Domingo to the National Assembly and delivered at the bar of that body, Nov. 30, 1791.

"While the National Assembly," says a writer of that day, "was considering how laws should in future be made for St. Domingo, that valuable colony exhibited the most ludicrous caricature of the revolution in the mother country. Two of the mulatto deputies to the Assembly, "Henry" and "Hirondelle Viard," having clandestinely returned to the island after the insurrection of Ogé, imported thither all the artifices used by the demagogues of Paris. They distributed libels and incendiary publications of every kind, and provided persons to read them at private meetings of the slaves who could not read; all was summed up in one favorite expression from Robespierre, "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" It was industriously disseminated that the king had given liberty to the negroes through the influence of the Abbé Grégoire, but that the white colonists withheld the boon thus granted to them. They consequently looked upon Grégoire as their patron saint. The revolt broke out in the night between the 22d and 23d of August, and was marked in its commencement with that base ingratitude which too often enhanced the guilt of bloodshed in the mother country. The first person of any distinction who fell was M. Odeluc, member of the General Assembly, and the attorney of M. Galifet's estates, on all of which the treatment of the slaves had been so eminently mild, humane, and paternal that it was a prevalent mode of expressing any man's happiness to say at the Cape that he was happy as one of Galifet's negroes. When M. Odeluc recognized his coachman among his assassins, he said, "I have ever treated you with kindness; why do you seek my death?" "True," replied the wretch, "but I have promised to cut your throat;" and instantly the whole gang rushed in and murdered their benefactor. About twenty white persons, nearly all who were present, perished with him. Another principal place where the insurrection broke out at the same time, was the plantation of M. Flaville. The attorney who resided there owed his death to his gentle and merciful disposition. About eight days before, a negro had been caught in the act of setting fire to an out-building belonging to M. Chabaud. On his examination the man gave intelligence of a plot for a general conflagration and massacre, and pointed out four of M. Flaville's negroes as the principal ringleaders. On being made acquainted with this charge, the attorney had so much confidence in the attachment which he had deserved from those under his management, that he assembled them, told them of the accusation and his own disbelief, urged the enormity of such a crime,



and offered his own head as an atonement if he had injured any of them. With one voice they answered that the story was a gross calumny, and loudly swore inviolable fidelity to him. They kept their oath by bursting into the bedrooms of the members of his family, murdering five of them as well as himself, in the presence of his wife, who on her knees in vain implored mercy for him, and told her, in mockery of her sorrow, that she and her daughters would be spared to serve their pleasure. Then throwing down their weapons, the murderers took torches, and soon set everything on the spot in a blaze. It was the appointed signal, and all the neighboring gangs instantly armed themselves. This account was given by a young man of sixteen, who escaped, though with two wounds. Wherever whites were found they were immolated. Men and women, young and old, fell indiscriminately under the unrelenting fury of the assassins. It was thought that if the Government had sent a strong force into the country, the insurrection might have been suppressed; but they sent only a small detachment, and the flames gained ground on all sides, until the adjacent districts presented to the view nothing but heaps of ashes and mangled carcasses. This small force, however, gained some advantages over the insurgents; but the negroes had increased to such numbers, that when beaten in one quarter they spread themselves into another, till they had filled the greater part of the Northern Department with carnage and desolation. Those who were taken and tried for the murder of their masters pointed to the real source of the mischief: "he was not," said they, "a bad or cruel man; we killed him for the sake of the nation; they have labored in France to give us freedom."

"The crimes committed in this struggle for the French rights of man," says this writer, 'are shocking in the recital, but they are due as a dreadful lesson to the world and to posterity.' (Here follows a detailed account of the horrible acts of butchery and brutality which were inflicted on the whites, both male and female; but they are too shocking to present to the eye of any man of feeling, and too gross to be read by any female of character.) 'Nor did the ferocity of the negro natures, stimulated as it was by the new principles, show itself against those only whom they considered their enemies, but also against their confederates, their countrymen and kindred. Such of their own race as declined joining in their excesses, they frequently seized and roasted by the next fire.' 'When they were in want of surgeons to attend their wounded,' says this historian, 'they confined them in a hut and set fire to it. Their chiefs were always at enmity with each other, and ready for mutual destruction; they exercised over their followers an absolute despotism and unparalleled tyranny; their claims to superiority were outrages of nature, — children killing their fathers with their own hands, and presenting their dead bodies to their comrades as evidence of their courage, and proofs of title to the confidence of their companions.' Accounts were received in France before the National Assembly had dissolved itself, that property had been destroyed in St. Domingo to an amount exceeding twenty-five million pounds sterling, or about one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. About two thousand white inhabitants had been destroyed, or had perished miserably; and at least fifteen thousand of the insurgents themselves had fallen, less by the despair to the which they had driven the colonists than by their own internal jealousies, and the barbarities of the chiefs they had chosen. 'It is a melancholy fact,' says our author, 'that the slaves who had been most kindly treated by their masters were generally observed to be the very soul of this no less perfidious than bloody insurrection. Yet, for the honor of human nature, it should be also known that some were found who at the risk of their lives rejected with disdain all attempts to seduce them.'"

BOSTON, Jan. 11, 1836.

FRANKLIN DEXTER, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — Your last note, which I received a few days past with the second part of the narrative of the revolution of St. Domingo, requests me to give you an account of the events of my voyage after I left that island at the close of 1793. I omitted to do it in the narrative, because it was unconnected with the facts that you had expressed a wish to learn regarding the insurrection ; and I now do it with diffidence, because it involves so much of personal action that there must necessarily be great appearance of egotism.

But as the account is for your personal inspection, and not intended for the public eye, I will with great pleasure comply with your request, not doubting that you will excuse the frequent and necessarily repeated recurrence to myself which will appear in the course of the narrative, which I shall confine to the simple facts, without deviation from their course so far as they now rest on my mind.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

S. G. PERKINS.

*Narrative of a Voyage from Port au Prince to Boston the latter Part  
of the Year 1793.*

THE constant alarms which existed at Port au Prince after the destruction of the Cape, lest a similar fate should befall that city ; the frequent arrests of persons who were obnoxious to the ruling powers, and some rumors that were current as to the disposition of the slaves, led me to determine on returning to America ; and accordingly, after my business was closed, I took passage on board the brig "William," Captain P——, for Boston. The week before the brig was ready for sea, I was dining on board an American vessel with a party of gentlemen, among whom was the commander of a British armed cutter named Young. Some vessel had arrived the day before from the United States, the master of which reported that he had been chased by a row-boat, armed with fifty or sixty men of all colors.

We had heard of this boat before at Port au Prince, and it had been reported that an American vessel had been taken by her, and all hands murdered ; but how the fact was ascertained I do not now remember.

In the course of the conversation respecting this cruiser, it was mentioned that there was on board of her an Irishman of prodigious size, who had hailed the American, and that from his brogue his nationality was easily known ; that he was quite young in appearance, although as ferocious in his manners as a wild bull. At this description Captain Young, of the cutter, observed that he had no doubt this fellow was a deserter from his cutter, on board of which vessel he had acted as

boatswain, and that he had left her some time ago without their having been able to trace him since. "The Lord have mercy upon any poor fellow who may chance to fall into that rascal's power," said he, "for surely nothing else could save him; for this O'Brian (I think he called him) would not hesitate to cut the throat of any man living, if he could get a dollar by it; and when his passions are up, nothing but absolute force would prevent him from destroying his opponent. He has the strength of a lion with the ferocity of a wild-cat."

As we were about to pass through the strait where this boat had been seen, this description of the commander of the cutter was not very consoling; but as we reflected that there were two or three chances to one that we might not meet or see it, and as many more that if we did we might, with a good breeze, escape from any description of row-boat then known, as the American had done before us, we flattered ourselves with the hope that we should be "*quitte pour la peur*." Besides, as she had been seen by several vessels that had escaped her, it was supposed that she would, from fear of having an armed vessel sent after her, shift her cruising-ground, and leave the coast between the island of Gonarve and that of St. Domingo open for us to pass unmolested.

I mention these facts because, if I had supposed there was any great risk of falling in with her, I should not have trusted myself in the "William," as she was a dull sailer, and deeply laden with molasses. I had had enough of pirates on land without running the chance of meeting them at sea, and I was too much exhausted both in body and spirit to expose myself unnecessarily to a new encounter. The season was, however, far advanced, and there was no other opportunity for the Northern States; I had no spare cash to enable me to pay my passage to Baltimore and then home by land, for the little I had saved from my commissions was my all, as far as I then knew, and I could not spare a cent. Besides, I was engaged to be married, and the attractive power lay far east. After I resolved to embark, I was requested by a M. Thoüen, a planter who had become obnoxious to the Government and was coming to the Cape, to take charge of two watches belonging to him, as he was fearful, in case he fell in with a British cruiser, that they might be taken from him, he being a Frenchman, and there being war at the time between France and England. One of these was a plain gold watch; the other was mounted with diamonds, and cost two thousand crowns, or twelve thousand francs. It had belonged to M. Thoüen's wife, who had lately deceased. The watches had been given to me before any rumors of pirates had reached us; and when they did M. Thoüen had left Port au Prince. I had of my own money seventy Joes in gold, rolled up in strong paper, and about seven hundred dollars in silver, besides my watch (for I had bought a gold one at Port au Prince) and a pair of silver-mounted pistols that my brother had given

me some time before I left home. When we sailed all these articles, my own watch excepted, were deposited in my trunk. We left Port au Prince early in the morning, and had a good run until midnight, when it fell calm. The next morning at daylight I was roused by the captain, who told me that the boat we had heard of was in sight and making for us. I immediately rose and dressed myself; and as the least evil to be apprehended was plunder of everything in sight, I put M. Thoüen's diamond watch and my rouleau of Joes in the lower part (about the ankles) of my pantaloons, which were large, and had, as is usual in that country, feet to them; his *gold* watch I put into my fob, under my own watch, which I wore as usual, hoping that by taking *it* they would look no farther. I went on deck, and there I saw the row-galley coming towards us with eight or ten oars of a side. We could not tell which, as she came on, head towards us. She soon came near enough for us to distinguish the men and a long swivel-gun on the deck. The quarters of the brig were surrounded with bags of cotton, which came breast-high, so that they served for shelter in case the pirate should fire into us. I took my station on the quarter-deck with my spy-glass laid on the bulwark, looking out for O'Brian, the Irish giant; but I could see but one man of extraordinary size, and he appeared more like a Spaniard. There were perhaps fifty or sixty men on her deck, all armed with pistols, blunderbusses, and cutlasses, besides long knives in their belts.

There was not a breath of wind, and no vessel in sight, and we were about half-way between Gonarve and St. Domingo in the narrowest part of the channel. The crew of the brig were all on her deck watching the approach of the galley. Not a word was spoken by any one, for we were all too much taken up with our own thoughts and fears to be interested in anything else, and as we were without arms, resistance was useless. There was one man, however, a poor French passenger who lived in the steerage, who did not make his appearance. He had crept down into the hold under some rubbish, where he thought he might escape the *first* onset at least. As the galley approached near to us there appeared to be great confusion on board. "Long Tom," as the swivel-gun is called, was pointed towards us, and one of the ruffians stood with a lighted torch ready to fire it should there be occasion, or should they apprehend resistance. As our people stood uncovered and unarmed, the pirates could see there was no danger, and they steered the boat alongside, raising the most disorderly shouts imaginable. I looked steadily at the crew for O'Brian, but I could see no one who answered his description. The moment the galley touched our vessel twenty or thirty men sprang on board and began laying about them with their cutlasses, until they had driven all the crew, including the mate, down forward, where they were secured. The captain and

myself remained aft on the quarter-deck during this gentle operation, but as soon as it was accomplished the rush was aft towards us. The fury of the crew, however, was restrained by their leader, who asked in French for the captain, and I pointed him out to this now gentle and polite assassin; for as soon as the crew were confined, he became as complaisant as you could desire. He asked me whence we came and where we were bound; when he was answered, he asked for the ship's papers. These the captain produced. He said the cargo was French property, and that he should send us into St. Jago de Cuba for adjudication, as there was war between France and Spain, and we were a good prize. I asked him if his boat belonged to St. Jago. He said it did, and that she was commissioned to make French prizes; that he knew our cargo was French, sent off to save it from destruction by the blacks. To this we could only answer that we were willing to go to St. Jago, where we could easily prove that the cargo was the proceeds of the property carried out from America.

He showed us what he called a commission from his captain to take charge of us as prize-master, and said that as soon as the wind sprung up he should run down for the island of Cuba; but in the mean time he demanded the keys of our trunks. These were given him, and we all went into the cabin together, where the trunks were opened, the money and other effects in them seen, and then reshut without disturbing anything, except an overturn of our clothes to see if there were any more bags hidden beneath them.

The captain had a bag containing about five hundred dollars in his trunk, but nothing else of value except his clothes. The cook was allowed to come on deck to get breakfast, and two of the sailors were let out to haul the yards about, as the little wind we had made necessary.

The mate officiated as one, and the other was a man named Jack Stevens. I shall never forget Jack Stevens. We invited the prize-master to breakfast with us in the cabin, where he behaved himself with great decency, — talked of the Americans, how much he liked them; that it was his intention to go to the United States and live among a people who had a free government; that he had known many Americans, and was very sorry to take us out of our course, but it was his duty; he could not help himself; he was under orders, being the second in command on board the galley, but that we should soon be liberated, as he had no doubt we could show all was right, etc. The fellow managed his tongue so well that he soon talked us out of our fears; and as I could see nothing of the Irishman, I began to think this must be some other boat fitted out as a privateer. After breakfast we went on deck; the galley was at some distance from us, and we had on board sixteen armed men beside the prize-master. The captain's papers had

been all put on board the galley, but I thought if a breeze of wind should spring up while the galley was at a distance from us we might retake the brig and proceed on our course. I talked to the mate about it, who readily agreed if the captain, who was an uncommonly strict man, would consent and lend a hand. I asked him whether the sailor was to be trusted and could be depended on. "Who, Jack Stevens? Ay, sir, for anything he undertakes, I'll answer for him while there is any breath in his body." "Well," said I, "sound him carefully, and take care that you are out of ear-shot of the rascals, for some of them may understand a little English." Jack was soon after sent to me, and I found him ready to undertake any four of *them thieves*, as he called them, if the captain and mate and myself would manage the rest; we might mark him out any four we chose, and he would engage to silence the lot. "But, Jack," said I, "we can't in open day engage seventeen armed men who are on the watch; it must be done at night when some are asleep, so that we can secure their arms, and then we may have only half the number to contend with; and we may release the rest of our crew unobserved, and if there is a breeze, by extinguishing the lights, we may escape the galley." "Well, sir, any way you like, so that I get a fair lick at their dingy heads; I warrant you I'll warm the wax in their ears." "Well, hush is the word, Jack; the captain is to be consulted yet. I will see you again; but be careful you don't show fight before we are all ready." Jack promised faithfully to be prudent, and I went to consult the captain. But at this moment our attention was attracted by a shot from the galley that lay in shore of us towards Gonarve. On looking towards her we discovered a small boat still farther in shore, and the galley appeared to be in pursuit, and fired again and again; and we could hear the shout of the crew each time that Long Tom was let off. I asked the prize-master what this meant, and he replied that it was a pirate they were in pursuit of. Well, thought I, what a lucky thing it is for us that we have fallen into the hands of these honest men; for as sure as we now live, if they had not picked us up the pirate would, and it is better to be in the hands of privateersmen than to be butchered by the pirates. "How do you know that it is a pirate?" said I. "Oh, I know it very well! for we have heard from vessels that we have boarded that there is a pirate in the neighborhood; and that must be he, for there is no anchorage for vessels in the island of Gonarve." The galley was soon alongside the small boat, when a general shout was again raised, and away they came towards us at full speed, with the small boat in tow. The small boat was so situated that she was frequently hidden by the large one; but as they approached us, and the galley hauled up to cross our bow, I saw the boat was full of men. I took the spy-glass, and the first glance I got at her showed me the man whom I had so much dreaded seated

in her stern sheets steering her. As soon as they got within suitable distance, the small boat was cast off, and she rowed directly for the brig. *Que faire ?* I went below.

You may suppose that my feelings were not at ease. I heard the fellow's voice ordering the hatches opened with many oaths and imprecations. I seated myself on the after locker, and took up a book that happened to be near me without knowing what I was doing. I opened it; but my thoughts were on other things. I heard the abusive language of the pirate ordering the men and officers to obey him immediately, or he would cut them in pieces. My blood boiled within me. I could with difficulty keep my seat, but I determined to keep below and not be the first aggressor; but all my prudence, all my discretion, all my self-possession, were gone. I felt as if my last hour had arrived; that there was no escape; that we had been deceived from the first, and that we were in the hands of a gang of pirates.

I always hated discord and contention, and if left to myself should never kill a fly; but I hated oppression of all kinds still more from my infancy upwards, and always resisted what I thought such at all hazards. The hatches were broken open, and I heard the orders of the savage given to load his boat with various articles; still I remained quiet. "Well," said the pirate, "let's look into the cabin;" and giving a call to his comrades, down they rushed. I sat still with my book in my hand, pretending to read. "Holloa! holloa! here below; have you got anything to drink?" vociferated the beast as he entered, (at the same time reaching a case bottle of gin or brandy from the captain's case that stood in the transom.) "Here, my lads, take a tiff!" turning out a tumbler full of the liquid, which he drank off without taking breath; he then repeatedly filled the glass for his companions until the bottle was empty.

The prize-master had followed this fellow below, which I was glad to see; for though I had lost all confidence in him, still there was a decorum, a kindly manner, that soothes even while it destroys.

I had a pair of new white-top boots hanging up in the cabin near the door; they had been sent out to me by my friend and brother-in-law, but were too large for me. I had had thoughts of putting Mr. Thoui's watch into one of these, thinking it a place not likely to be searched, but something had prevented my doing it. As soon as these wretches had drunk as much gin as they chose, their leader began to look round for plunder. I saw his object, and forgot the good and valuable hint given me by our friend Butler, "He that fights," etc. The first things that caught his eye were my boots, nicely polished, ample in dimensions, and apparently just from the last. These he seized without ceremony. My blood was up to boiling heat; away went the book across the cabin, and with one spring I snatched the boots from his

hand and threw them into my berth at the other side of the cabin. "Those are mine, *sirrah*," said I, and turning to the prize-master I called on him in French to protect his prisoners from the outrage of this brute. O'Brian, confused by the sudden and unexpected assault and the manner in which I addressed him, was for a moment thrown off his guard, and probably, from being accustomed to be commanded and ordered about his ship while in the royal navy, was for a minute confounded; but his recollection soon came to him, for his cutlass was out by the time I had finished my appeal to the prize-master, and with a tremendous oath he made at me. But the prize-master, whose views were to find out if possible whether we had other precious metals beside those he had seen, thought gentle methods answered the objects of his party better than violence, and he immediately stepped between us and ordered the fellow to desist. I then told the Frenchman that if we were a lawful prize to him and his galley, it was his duty as well as his interest to protect us from these outrages, and insisted on his sending the fellow out of the vessel. O'Brian did not understand anything I said, but stood cursing and swearing that he would have his revenge.

The prize-master, however, spoke to him in Spanish, and soon persuaded him to leave the cabin. As he moved off he stopped at the door, and turning round doubled his fist, which he shook at me with the fierceness of a maniac, and swore by the living God he would have my heart's blood! I made no reply, but tried to look as bold as he did, although I felt myself entirely in the power of the gang, of whose character I no longer had any doubt. It was not long before I heard the splashing of oars, and I was soon informed that the boat with her crew had gone off to the island of Gonarve, and glad indeed was I; for my courage for want of fuel began to cool, and I felt convinced that unless we were relieved before night we should all be murdered.

I now set myself to work to devise means of defence in case of need, for I was determined not to surrender my life without an effort at escape. I had harsh feelings towards the prize-master, but I saw he was a feeble man, and could not, if he would, protect us long against this barbarian, should he return in the night with his myrmidons to cut our throats. I returned, therefore, to the project of retaking the vessel as soon as a good opportunity offered at night; and to this end I applied to the captain. Captain P—— was a man of great size and strength; but as my friend Jack Stevens said of him, "he is not made of the right stuff, sir." The captain's arguments were: first, it was impossible for us to master seventeen armed men, even if we were armed ourselves;<sup>1</sup> then, if we

<sup>1</sup> "The following facts will show that this is a mistake, and that by good management and a determined spirit a much more slender force than we possessed can control and subdue seven times its own force. The brig 'Ann,'



failed we were sure to be murdered ; next, if we succeeded on board our own vessel, the galley might overtake us, and we were lost without redemption ; and last, the captain of the galley had his register, and if

Robert Lord, belonging to G. H— and W. P—, of this city, was captured in the year 1799 by a French privateer and carried to France, where she was condemned. The captain came to Paris while I was there in the early part of 1800, and I gave him a small box in charge, containing a variety of valuable articles, to bring home to my wife. Captain Lord returned to Bordeaux from Paris, where he was put in charge of a ship, with a view to bring her to the United States. On her passage she fell in with a French privateer from Guadaloupe, and was captured. All the crew, including the mate, were taken out of the ship, the captain alone being allowed to remain on board ; and after putting fourteen men and a prize-master and an Irishman whom they had taken from an English vessel, she was ordered to Guadaloupe. As soon as the prize separated from the privateer, the prize crew began to hunt for plunder, and among other objects fell on the box I had consigned to Captain Lord's care. The articles were taken out of it and divided among the crew. The Brussels lace, cambric handkerchiefs, kid gloves, etc., with a case containing eighteen silver fruit-knives, were separated in equal proportions and divided among the privateersmen. Lord saw this division made with an aching heart. He had tried to save the box from plunder by representing to these fellows that it was a present from a gentleman in Paris to his wife in America, and was put into his keeping ; but all he could say merely raised a laugh against him, and he was obliged to submit, but with a determination, if possible, to retake the vessel and repossess himself of the articles. Accordingly he formed a plan which he carried into operation in the following manner : As he knew nothing of the feelings of the Irish passenger towards his captors, his first object was to sound him and ascertain whether he had a right to expect any aid from him. This he did very cautiously, and soon found his man ready to go all lengths with him. As soon as this was settled, he communicated his plan to his companion, which was to be carried into effect the first foul day that occurred. In the mean time Lord, who had always a penknife in his hand whittling pieces of pine into various shapes, contrived to make, without being observed, several toggles or round spikes or spigots of wood suited to put into the staple when the hatches are closed and the hasp is drawn over it. These he put into his pocket, and waited until a suitable day should arrive for his purpose. At last a cold drizzly day occurred, and the prize-master retired to the cabin for shelter, and took to his book for amusement, and the Irish passenger followed his example. Half the crew were asleep below deck, down in the forward steerage, it being their watch below, so that there were only seven men on deck, one of whom was at the helm. The rest of the watch were sitting under the lee of the long boat to shelter themselves from the rain ; and Lord walked the main deck, occupied as usual with his penknife. Lord spoke French well enough to be understood by the crew, with whom he had made himself familiar during the few days they had been together. ' Why do you sit here in the rain ? ' asked Lord of these men ; ' two of you are enough to stay on deck at a time, and the rest of you can keep yourselves dry down forward, and if anything occurs to need your assistance you can be called.' Accordingly, four of the six went below, and as the booby-hatch was always left open to admit the air, they could see and hear all that was going on on deck. The provisions and water were kept down aft, and the covering of this hatch was, like the forward one, covered with what is called a booby-hatch, which has hinges and fastens with a staple and hasp, and is always kept unfastened. Lord took up a tin pot which he had placed on the deck,

we were overhauled by a British cruiser, we should be taken for pirates ourselves and be hung up in some of the Bahama Islands without judge or jury. Beside, we might be relieved !

The captain was a very good-natured, indolent man, and if put to his mettle could fight as well as anybody ; but he did not like the labor nor the excitement, and though as anxious as any of us to get out of their hands, he thought discretion the better part of valor. I could not move him.

My next plan was to get at my pistols that were in my trunk ; they were loaded and in excellent order, being a pair of first-rate arms, which, as I before said, were presented to me by my brother. My project was to ask the prize-master for the key to get a clean shirt ; this he readily granted, but he accompanied me to the cabin. I told him I was afraid that Irish whelp would return in the night, and as he had threatened to put me to death, I wanted my pistols to defend myself. He looked slyly at me, and said there was no danger ; he would protect me. I said everything I could think of to persuade him, but he remained inexorable.

In the course of the day Jack Stevens got into a row with one of the pirates ; the fellow struck him with the flat of his sabre. Jack knocked

and asked one of the men on deck to go down aft and get him some water, and at the same time he walked forward, and covering over the hatch of the forecutttle he closed the hasp and put a toggle or spigot into the staple ; and before the party below were aware of their situation or had time to make a clamor, he had returned to the man on deck and asked him to see what the other sailor was about so long in getting the water. This man went to the hatchway aft, and stooped down to call his comrade, when Lord seized him by the breech and pitched him headlong into the after-steerage, and then shut over the hatch and fastened it as he had the other. This last act was seen by the man at the helm, who immediately stamped violently on the quarter-deck to rouse the prize-master. This was the signal for the Irish passenger to begin operations ; and having all things ready prepared, Lord soon silenced that personage. In the mean time the helmsman sprang forward to seize upon Lord, who had placed a harpoon in such manner that he could possess himself of it at once ; but the Frenchman was so quick upon him that Lord was obliged to drop his weapon and resort to his fist, with which he knocked the fellow overboard the first blow he struck him. The noise now, both forward and aft, by beating against the hatches in trying to force them open, was so great that Lord was obliged, with his companion, to have recourse to the firearms, which they repeatedly discharged to let the sailors know they had the means of suppressing them entirely. When this impression was sufficiently made, they entered into a compact with their prisoners, agreeing that if the two fellows aft would supply them with provisions and water, they, Lord & Co., would cook it and give them their share. This the Frenchmen both fore and aft were glad to accede to, agreeing to let a portion out to help work the ship daily, and to submit in all things to the recaptors. In this way the ship was brought to Bermuda, where she was libelled for salvage in the Vice-Admiralty Court. Lord collected all the articles belonging to me, and delivered them to my wife ; but the lace was sadly cut up."

him down, and the whole horde rushed forward to avenge the insult ; Jack jumped overboard, and swam to the galley, that was not far off. This caused great alarm, and it required all our eloquence to pacify the indignant prize-master and the enraged crew. Jack was put in confinement on board the galley under deck, where he was kept till the next morning almost suffocated and quite starved. The next morning he was let out ; but the moment he put his foot on the deck, he sprang into the sea and swam for the brig. By coaxing and persuasion I got the prize-master to take him on board ; but he was put below at once, and kept a close prisoner.

It had been calm all day, and we saw nothing in the offing. The prize-master dined with us in the cabin, and was very good-humored ; talked of St. Jago, and wished for a good breeze to carry us there ; abused the Irishman for a hot-headed fool, and said he was afraid he was no better than he should be, but did not think he was a pirate, but that he was a thief and a drunkard. He had seen him before, but that party did not belong to their crew ; they were suspicious of them, and kept a jealous eye upon them. All this I considered as mere sham, as in fact it proved to be ; but he talked of morality and honor, as if he knew their worth. He, however, treated us with civility, and the afternoon went off without any new incident ; the weather was still calm.

But night approached, and my apprehensions came with it. I had no confidence in the assumed character of the galley, and was convinced something would befall us before the next morning. No means of resistance was left us ; the captain refused to aid in the rescue of the vessel, and indeed prohibited the undertaking. Besides, our right-hand man, Jack Stevens, was confined under deck in the galley.

After remaining above as long as the pirate would permit, I went to my berth and lay down with my clothes on, but not to sleep, for had I drunk deeply from the fountain of Lethe I could not have closed my eyes or lost for a moment my recollection. I thought of all the means within my power to defend myself. I did not despair or lose my resolution ; it was increased rather than diminished ; but what could *my* will, unarmed as I was, do against a host of cut-throats, armed with every sort of deadly weapon, from the knife to the blunderbuss ?

I felt sure that O'Brian would revisit us during the night, and his last threatening attitude and vengeful curse when we parted were constantly present to my mind ; but I was young, strong, and full of confidence in my own powers, and I had been accustomed to dangers all my life. The habit of constant exposure to danger grows by degrees into indifference. We lose our excitability as danger and oppression become familiar to us, and a strong feeling of dogged submission or a determined resolution to resistance controls all our actions. The latter was

my feeling; for there was no hope in cowering before the ferocity of such a villain, and die I must if he came on board, unless chance or Heaven should interpose. These thoughts occupied my mind during the night; at the least noise I was up and ready for the worst that could come; but I did not feel as if I were to die that night, and I was determined not to if my own exertions could save me. There was no light in the cabin but such as the eye habituated to darkness can discern, but my senses were all awake, and hour after hour passed on while I watched and listened for the splashing of oars which were to bring the Irish giant back upon us. The morning, however, arrived, and no O'Brian appeared, and my heart and spirits sank within me. Strange as it may appear, I was less depressed, and ten times more fit for action and resistance during the whole of this gloomy night than I was when I went on deck and found all quiet and safe. I said nothing to any one on the subject of my apprehensions, and a little reflection and a warm breakfast brought me to life again.

I mentioned in the first part of this letter that a M. Thotien had given me a couple of watches to keep and bring to the United States for him, and that I had placed one of them in the ankle part of my pantaloons on one leg, and a rouleau of Joes in the other, which belonged to myself. I had carried them thus the whole of the day, but with great inconvenience and pain, as they chafed my ankles so that I could scarcely move at night. When I turned in I removed them to the pockets of my pantaloons, which were covered with the flaps of my frock-coat. After breakfast I took the spy-glass as usual and looked round the horizon and the distant shore, to see if there was anything in sight. As I looked to the northward, I thought I saw a speck, but could not make out what it was. I said nothing. The brig's head was to the northward, and there was a breath of air stirring from the east, off shore. I lounged forward and got into the bow, and then, without any apparent object, went out to the end of the bowsprit.

I watched the motions of the prize-master; and whenever he turned his face towards me I looked with my glass round the shores of Gona-rve and St. Domingo, sweeping the horizon as if I was amusing myself, but watching the speck in the north as I came to it in turn. It grew larger by degrees, but not fast. I saw, however, it was a sail just peering above the horizon; but as there was little or no wind, we approached each other very slowly. My elevated position gave me an opportunity of seeing it when no one on deck could observe it, and the galley was still lower than us. Here I sat for an hour and a half without interruption; and as the wind freshened to the northward where the strange vessel was, the masts and sails rose out of the sea, and although I was afraid to look too steadily at it, I was not long in discovering that it was a large ship of some sort or other. This is easily seen

long before you can discern the hull of the ship, by the distance between the masts; and as the ship was running down a southwest course, my mind was satisfied that it was a British ship of war probably bound to Jamaica.

About half-past ten or eleven o'clock the galley hailed the brig. I heard the captain say something to the prize-master about *bati-menta*, which I knew must relate to this ship, although I did not understand Spanish. I therefore kept my face turned from the deck of the vessel towards the north, looking steadily at the vessel which I was now fully convinced was a British frigate. There was but one glass on board our vessel; and that I had, and intended to keep as long as I could. The prize-master came forward and asked for the glass, but I could not hear him. He asked me what sort of a ship that was in the offing, but a sudden deafness had come over me and I did not notice his question. At length he ordered me to come on board, to which I answered that I would presently when I had made out the vessel ahead. He then again demanded the glass; and as the captain of the galley hailed again to know what the ship was, the fellow sprung out on to the bowsprit and threatened to throw me overboard if I did not surrender the glass. I told him not to be violent, there was time enough for him and me too to look at the ship, that I could not make her out yet; but the fellow seized the glass, and I remained quiet, and hoped that the ship would erelong be within gunshot of us. The prize-master looked for a moment only, and sprang on deck, calling to the galley that it was a *frigata Inglesa*. I still kept my position, looking anxiously at the frigate, which I could now see plainly with my naked eye. Suddenly I heard a noise on deck, and on turning round saw the pirates beating the brig's sailors down below with their sabres. The prize-master came forward and ordered me on board, and then directed the captain, the French passenger, and myself to go into the cabin. This we did without hesitation, followed by the prize-master and four men, three of whom were armed with blunderbusses.

At the entrance of the cabin hung a cot-bed, in which the mate usually slept. Here I was ordered to stop, — the captain and Frenchman being placed opposite to me. Each had a blunderbuss presented at his breast; and the fourth man, with a dagger in his hand, stood over the poor wight who was to be operated upon, with his dagger raised ready to strike in case of need. The prize-master began with the Frenchman, whom he ordered to strip.<sup>1</sup> This "Crapaud" did without delay, and on examination of his pantaloons five Joes in gold were

<sup>1</sup> It appeared afterward that the French passenger had manifested his thanks to the prize-master for sending off O'Brian by showing him five Joes he had in his trousers, saved from that thief! This was indication enough.

found in the pockets. Every part of his body was searched for more ; but this was all the poor fellow possessed in the world, and with it he was flying from insurrection and bloodshed to the United States.

I watched the operation, not daring to move for fear my friend with the blunderbuss might take it in dudgeon ; but I saw what my fate was to be, and I thought of poor Thoüen's diamond watch, to say nothing of my seventy Joes so nicely rolled up in my breeches pocket.

As soon as the new-made citizen was thrown aside under the care of his especial musketeer, they began with the captain, who stood, like myself, with the open mouth of the double-charged blunderbuss at his breast. The enormous frame of this individual made it necessary for him to strip his huge limbs and muscular body to nudity. Looking at the fellow with the dagger with one eye, and at the musketoon with the other, while he reluctantly undressed, was too ludicrous to be resisted ; and although I did not know what was to follow this deshabillement, either to his own person or mine, I burst into a broad laugh, which caused the gentlemen who were searching him to turn their attention to me. The captain had nothing about his person, that I recollect, but his silver watch to surrender ; and when they were satisfied with this, they left him to his man-at-arms, and came over to poor me.

The prize-master ordered me to undress ; and as I stooped under this pretence, I endeavored to smuggle poor Thoüen's beautiful watch, which was done up in paper, into the mate's cot ; but my object was at once detected, both by the fellow with the dagger and the prize-master. The fellow struck at me with his stiletto ; but the blow was arrested by the officer, who warned me to remain immovable, as he should not again arrest the arm of his companion if I attempted to throw anything from my person. The watch was seized in its passage, and then I was thoroughly searched, and the two gold watches and my rouleau of Joes taken from me. The prize-master, or head pirate, then proceeded to the trunks of the captain and that which belonged to me, and took out the two bags of silver, my pistols, and some other articles ; and leaving the guard to watch over us, he proceeded with his satellite, after giving some orders in Spanish to the guard, to the deck. These fellows stood with the muzzle of their guns pointed at our breasts for some minutes, when a rude stamping on the deck caused them to move backwards, till *they* reached the deck also ; leaving us half naked, looking at each other like a set of craven hounds, whipped out of the course. All was silent on deck for some time ; and the captain having resumed his small clothes thought he would take a peep and see what was going on. He mounted the ladder very cautiously ; but no sooner had his eyes cleared the top of the companion-way, than down came his unwieldy bulk on to the steerage-floor. I roared with laughter to see his mighty frame lay

prostrate on the deck; but on inquiry as to the cause of this new mode of retreat, I learned that directly opposite to the gangway he saw half a dozen musketoons presented at his head, which brought on a relaxation of his muscular system, and down he fell like a brave fellow. The galley now pushed off; and as she passed under our stern, the crew gave us three cheers, and rowed off towards the island of Gonarve; and thus ended our acquaintance with these freebooters.

We were soon on deck, and the crew were released from their confinement; and as the breeze increased we shortly had full sail on the brig, steering for the frigate that was now within a few miles of us. But unfortunately, in lieu of coming down to us, she crossed our bow, apparently bound to Jamaica. After things were got into a little order the crew went into the steerage to shift their clothes, but they were soon up again looking like despair. "Well," I asked, "how do you find things below?" "Why," said Jack Stevens, "them damned pirates have robbed us of all our clothes, and I have nothing left but what I stand in; but my old check shirt and trousers must serve me till I get home. But there's some comfort left, for I am now ready for the newest fashions." This good-natured remark put us all in spirits, and we determined to go into St. Nicholas' mole to repair our losses and to give information of the pirate. I drew up a statement of facts which I presented to the captain of the "Penelope" frigate; the mole was at this time in possession of the British. The governor ordered a cutter immediately to proceed in pursuit of the pirates; but as the rascals had got a good haul, and a night had intervened, I presume they had gone off with their plunder, for I never heard anything more of them.

After replenishing our stores and clothing the sailors, we set sail for Boston; and after a long and tedious passage we arrived in the bay. But Dame Fortune had not done with me yet. It was now the middle of December; and the captain mistaking Boston Light for that of Cape Ann (for there was only one light at Cape Ann, and the Boston Light was a fixed one), we were running head on, with a strong easterly or northeast wind, directly on to the rocks of Cohasset. I was in bed, but not yet asleep, when I heard the man forward cry out, "Breakers ahead!" Every one on board sprang to the deck, and "Wear Ship!" was the order. We escaped; but we had nothing to spare, for the rocks were close under our stern when we had got the brig round. The whole night was boisterous, and the wind increasing, and we had got into a position that brought the wind directly against us in beating out of this *cul-de-sac*. The weather was very cold, and the sailors came frequently to ask for liquor, which the captain had not the fortitude to refuse them. I told him repeatedly that his men would all be frozen if he continued to give them spirits; but he said it was cold and hard work,

and they wanted something to warm them. He was himself a very temperate man in all things. I felt convinced that the men could not hold out till morning if they continued to drink, and I went into the cabin and threw all the gin or brandy in the case out of the cabin window. I went on deck and told the captain what I had done; he said he was glad of it; but he had already given them too much. Before the night was half out some of the men began to complain that they could stand the deck no longer, and two of them actually had their feet frozen. I supplied the place of one of them, and did duty as well as the rest; for it was neck or nothing.

In the bustle and darkness of the night, and shifting the boom, I lost my hat overboard, and was obliged to tie a handkerchief about my head after I found I was getting chilled. At daylight we made Boston Light, and ran for it close into the rocks. The pilot came on board, and at the moment he put his foot on the deck our foretopsail blew into a thousand pieces. It was now a severe gale and thick snow-storm; but our pilot brought us up to anchoring-ground somewhere between the Castle and South Boston Point. Farther we could not proceed; and as soon as the crew had got the ship moored, and some food and hot coffee, all hands turned in, exhausted in body and mind. It seems ridiculous to relate what follows, but as you have led me on so far you must excuse the recital: About or a little before daylight, I awoke from a profound sleep, in a state of suffocation. I tried to speak and to call the captain to my aid, but I could not utter a sound; it was with the greatest difficulty I could breathe at all. The cabin was in utter darkness, and I felt as if I should not survive a minute. My throat was entirely closed up by what appeared to me a blister, that stopped the passage of the air. It was tight, but yielded to the touch when I introduced my finger, but filled the whole space of the gullet, so that nothing could pass into or out of it. I thought it was very hard that after escaping the blacks at St. Domingo, the pirates at sea, and the rocks at Cohasset, I should arrive as it were in safety within sight of my home and my friends and die like a dog at last. I had in my pocket a sharp-pointed penknife, that I had placed great confidence in the night I expected a visit from O'Brian; this I seized, and without delay turned it against myself. I thrust it into my throat, and at once found myself covered with blood. I attempted to rise. It was blowing a gale from the northwest, and so cold that I could not dress myself. At this moment the pilot turned out to see how the weather was, and soon struck a light; I had got some relief from the wound I had given myself, but I could not speak. I made signs to him to come to me, and when he saw me covered with blood, the fellow was as much frightened as I was at seeing O'Brian. He, however, called the captain, whom I begged, by writing on a slate, to put me on shore at Dorchester Point, but this he said was impossi-



ble as the wind blew a gale directly off shore ; besides, what could I do when I got there ? “ True enough,” thought I ; and I threw myself down in despair. A fire was, however, soon made, and a flannel dipped in hot water was applied to my throat ; but I thought of the brandy I had thrown overboard the night before, and wished for a portion of it back again, as I believed it would have answered better than the water. After breakfast we got the anchor up, and beat up to town, and I was landed on the end of Long Wharf about noon, and accommodated with a hat by one of the Custom House boatmen.

Thus closed my year's labors ; beginning with earthquakes, followed up by revolutions, loss of property, capture by pirates, and hazard of shipwreck, and ending by being gagged (the palate or roof of my mouth, which had become inflamed and swollen to a great extent from having taken a severe cold during the preceding night, was the cause of my suffering). I have frequently thought that the easy life I have been allowed to live through the blessing and mercy of Providence since that period has been in some measure permitted to me as an offset for the sufferings that I had then to endure ; and as my lot, taken altogether, has been not only a favorable, but a happy one through life, and a much better one than I deserved, I have never ceased, and I trust and hope I shall never fail, to acknowledge my gratitude and to offer up my thanks to the Author of all good.

Before closing this letter I must mention a circumstance that took place some fifteen or twenty years after the events I have recorded. I was sitting in my counting-room on India Wharf writing, when Mr. John Turner Sargent, whom you doubtless recollect, came in accompanied by another gentleman, to whom he introduced me in pretty much the following manner :—

“ Permit me, Mr. Perkins, to introduce an old shipmate of yours, Captain Stevens, of Philadelphia.” I looked at Captain Stevens, and called up my recollection as far as I could at the moment, but did not remember to have sailed with any Captain Stevens in the course of my various voyages ; and I of course observed that it must have been my brother, as I did not recollect to have ever seen Captain Stevens before. The captain smiled, and with an arch look asked me if I had forgotten him as an old shipmate on board the “ William.” I replied that I had entirely (for the pirate business never occurred to me). “ Well,” said he, “ if you have forgotten *me*, I shall never forget *you*. Don't you remember the pirate, off Gonarve, and Jack Stevens who was before the mast on board the brig ‘ William,’ Captain P—— ? ” You may be assured that we were not long in renewing our acquaintance. Captain Stevens had come from Philadelphia with letters of introduction to Mr. Sargent, and, as the latter told me, one of his first inquiries was whether I was living and where he could find me.

When I began this relation I expected to make a shorter story of it ; but when one is writing of events long since gone by, the concatenation of our ideas is maintained by association. Thus one event leads to the recollection of another ; and if this chain is broken, it is difficult to reunite the facts in the due course of events.

Very truly yours, etc.,

SAMUEL G. PERKINS.

The business of the Annual Meeting was then taken up, and the following reports were presented : —

*Report of the Council.*

The Annual Report of the Council of the Society, embracing a statement of its changes and progress during the past year of its history, must necessarily, in the present instance, be brief. The condition of the Society is for the most part satisfactory and encouraging. The record of the literary and historical activity of our members during the year will be stated in detail below. Under the efficient management of our Treasurer, the mortgage on our estate has been still further reduced by the payment of six thousand dollars, leaving only four thousand dollars of the principal to be paid during the present year, — and thereby extinguishing the debt, and leaving the property of the Society free from all incumbrance. We have lost from our membership, by death, five of our members, — the Hon. James M. Robbins, of Milton ; the Rev. John Langdon Sibley, of Cambridge ; the Hon. Francis E. Parker, of Boston ; the Rev. Nicholas Hoppin, of Cambridge ; and the Hon. John J. Babson, of Gloucester. Three new members have been enrolled during the year, — the Hon. Lincoln F. Brigham, of Salem ; Edward Bangs, Esq., of Boston ; and Samuel F. McCleary, Esq., of Boston. Only one Corresponding Member has been elected in the past year, — Horatio Hale, Esq., of Clinton, Ontario, Canada. The deceased Honorary and Corresponding Members, not before reported, were Frederic Griffin, Esq., of Montreal, Canada, who died April 3, 1878 ; the Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica, New York, died Feb. 12, 1886 ; John Winthrop,<sup>1</sup> Esq., of Newport, Rhode Island, died March

<sup>1</sup> The following notice of Mr. Winthrop has been prepared by Mr. R. C. Winthrop, Jr. : —

“John Winthrop, Esq., better known as Colonel John Winthrop, long the senior Corresponding Member of this Society, to which he was elected so far

12, 1886; and Henry Stevens, of London, England, died Feb. 28, 1886.

Of the Society work, we may report that the volume of the Sewall Letters will be ready for distribution in May. The collection of the Washington letters in the Trumbull Papers will be issued at an early date. The Index of the first twenty volumes of the Proceedings of the Society is now passing through the press.

The literary and historical work printed by individual members indicates a large variety of activity and of value. It comprises:—

Oration delivered at the Celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the Founding of the Boston Latin School, April 23, 1885. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks.

The Narragansett Planters. 1886. (See Johns Hopkins University Studies.) By Edward Channing.

The History of a Title. 1885. By Uriel F. Crocker.

Address at the Memorial Services of the Rev. Rufus Ellis. Oct. 11, 1885. By William Everett.

The Isthmus Ship Railway. By Robert Bennett Forbes.

Notes on Ships of the Past. By Robert Bennett Forbes.

The New England Royalls. 1885. By Edward D. Harris.

Groton Historical Series, Nos. 8, 9, 10. By Samuel A. Green.

The Boundary Lines of Old Groton. 1885. By Samuel A. Green.

A Larger History of the United States. 1886. By Thomas W. Higginson.

The First Napoleon. 1885. By John C. Ropes.

A Memorial of Stephen Salisbury. 1885. By Stephen Salisbury.

Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University. Vol. III. 1885. By John Langdon Sibley.

back as Oct. 25, 1838, died at Newport, Rhode Island, March 12, 1886, aged seventy-seven. A great-grandson of the distinguished Professor John Winthrop, of Harvard College, he was a native of Boston and a graduate of Brown University; but his early life was passed in New Orleans, where he was a member of the bar and a colonel of Louisiana militia, serving in the latter capacity on the staff of General Taylor during a portion of the Mexican War. He subsequently resided many years in Europe, in Cuba, and in Rhode Island.

“A man of convivial habits and great personal popularity, he was warmly interested in this Society, of which his great-uncle Judge James Winthrop had been one of the founders. Besides occasional gifts to the Library, he communicated, at different periods, some interesting correspondence between Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and his ancestor Professor Winthrop, which is to be found in our printed volumes. He has left a widow, but no children; and the male line of this branch of the Winthrop family is now extinct.” — Eds.

Narrative and Critical History of America. Vols. II., III., IV. Edited by Justin Winsor.

Samuel Adams. (American Statesman Series.) 1885. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr.

Reports of the Record Commissioners of Boston. By William H. Whitmore and William S. Appleton.

Twelfth Report. Boston Records, 1729 to 1742. 1885.

Thirteenth Report. Records of Boston Selectmen, 1716-1736. 1885.

Fourteenth Report. Boston Records, 1742-1757. 1885.

Every-Day Religion. 1886. By James Freeman Clarke.

Remarks on Life and Character of James Freeman, D.D. 1886. By James Freeman Clarke.

Ten Great Religions. New edition. Parts I. and II. 1886. By James Freeman Clarke.

Stories of Invention. 1886. By Edward Everett Hale.

Boys' Heroes. 1886. By Edward Everett Hale.

Easter: a Collection of Sermons. 1886. By Edward Everett Hale.

Translation of Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice. 1885. By Andrew P. Peabody.

Eulogy on Stephen Salisbury. 1885. By Andrew P. Peabody.

A Commemorative Sermon on the Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D. 1885. By Andrew P. Peabody.

The Fallacies of History. Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. 1885. By Andrew P. Peabody.

In reference to the work yet within the scope of the Society, it is respectfully suggested that a catalogue of the manuscripts belonging to the Library should be prepared and printed at as early a day as is practicable. So rich a collection of historical material has its only key in an incomplete written list in the rooms of the institution. It is possibly feasible, in cataloguing each manuscript, that it should be accompanied by a statement of the dates which it covers, and, in general, briefly of the subject matter. Experience has shown that a manuscript is more easily buried out of sight, in a large library, than any printed and bound book, especially if the written document is not placed in some permanent form for use. The Council would recommend that this question be referred to the special committee already in existence for investigating the condition of the manuscripts belonging to the Society, to report at an early date upon a proper plan for the proposed catalogue, and of its estimated extent and cost.

The fine and truthful portrait of our late President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop (one of the best of Huntington's productions, the gift of individual members of the Society), has been placed in the rooms during the year, — a year in which we have witnessed the administration of a new President, peculiarly fitted for his position by his long membership, his learned and efficient historical labors, and his wide and general culture.

WILLIAM W. GREENOUGH, *Chairman.*

*Report of the Librarian.*

During the year there have been added to the Library: —

Books . . . . .	1,020
Pamphlets . . . . .	4,251
Unbound volumes of newspapers . . . . .	13
Broadsides . . . . .	196
Maps . . . . .	16
Volumes of manuscripts . . . . .	6
Manuscripts . . . . .	186
In all . . . . .	<hr/> 5,688

Of the books added, 861 have been given, 61 bought, and 98 obtained by exchange. Of the pamphlets added, 3,957 have been given, 190 bought, and 104 procured by exchange.

From the income of the Savage Fund, there have been bought 61 volumes and 184 pamphlets; and 41 volumes have been bound at the charge of the same fund.

From the income of the fund left by the late William Winthrop for binding, 116 volumes have been bound.

There have been received 3 volumes and 96 pamphlets from the widow of our late Recording Secretary, Mrs. George Dexter; also 9 volumes, 211 pamphlets, and 14 manuscripts, from Mrs. Emma Rogers, the daughter of our former President, Mr. Savage; and 126 volumes, 196 pamphlets, and 2 maps from the family of the late George Ticknor.

Mr. Amos A. Lawrence has continued his gift of works connected with the Civil War, having added 10 volumes and 100 pamphlets.

Of the books added to the Rebellion department, 43 have been given, and 13 bought; and of the pamphlets added, 215

have been given, and 25 bought. There are now in this collection 1,445 volumes, 3,692 pamphlets, 739 broadsides, and 71 maps.

In the collection of manuscripts there are 668 volumes, 156 unbound volumes, 73 pamphlets with manuscript notes, and 5,275 manuscripts.

The Library contains at the present time about 31,000 volumes, including the files of bound newspapers, the bound manuscripts, and the Dowse collection. The number of pamphlets is about 74,000.

During the year there have been taken out 65 books and 13 pamphlets, and all have been returned; though with the statement of this fact it should be said that the Library is used more for reference than for circulation.

Respectfully submitted,

SAMUEL A. GREEN, *Librarian*.

Boston, April 15, 1886.

*Report of the Cabinet-keeper.*

During the past year numerous engravings, photographs, heliotypes, medals, and miscellaneous articles have been added to the Cabinet, a list of which, with the names of the donors, is herewith given.

A silver medal struck to commemorate the dedication of the Washington Monument, 1885. Given by Robert C. Winthrop.

An engraving of Moses Gill, after a painting by Copley, and an engraving of the North Battery. Given by J. H. Daniels.

An electrotype fac-simile of the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America. Given by Dr. Thomas E. Pickett.

Miscellaneous engravings. Given by Mrs. George Dexter.

An engraving of Chester A. Arthur, and engravings of Benjamin F. Butler, James G. Blaine, and Grover Cleveland. Given by Dr. Samuel A. Green.

A photograph of an oil painting of Lion Gardiner, by Marichal.

Miscellaneous engravings. Given by A. O. Crane.

Miscellaneous engravings. Given by Robert C. Winthrop.

A heliotype of the old Foxborough Meeting-house, and a photo-electrotype of the Carpenter tavern in Foxborough. Given by Robert W. Carpenter.

An engraving of one of the earliest plans of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, with ground plan. Given by Mrs. George Dexter.

A badge worn at the New England Convention, Bunker Hill, September, 1840. Given by Eben N. Hewins.

A photograph of the flag borne by Ensign John Page, April 19, 1775, now owned by the town of Bedford. Given by J. F. Gleason.

An engraving of Abbott Lawrence, after a painting by Alonzo Chappel. Given by Dr. Samuel A. Green.

A farthing of William IV. Given by George W. Robinson.

Thirty-three coins and four medals from the collection of the late James Savage. Given by Mrs. Emma Rogers.

A lithograph of three Connecticut bills of the year 1709. Dr. Samuel A. Green.

An engraved view of Boston. Given by Charles C. Smith.

A photographic view, in 1885, of the Susquehanna River at Bald Friar, Maryland, crossed by General Lafayette in April, 1781; and

A photographic view, in 1885, of the house of Colonel James Rigby, Harford County, Maryland, in which General Lafayette lodged, April, 1781. Given by F. W. Baker.

A photograph of a crayon portrait of Daniel Webster, made by Eastman Johnson, in the Capitol at Washington. Given by Robert C. Winthrop.

A piece of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, which once belonged to David Garrick, and has attached to it the affidavit of Robert Balmanno. Given by Josiah P. Quincy.

An engraving of the attack on Bunker Hill, with the burning of Charlestown, June 17, 1775, by Lodge after a drawing by Millar. Given by Charles W. Gaddess.

An engraving of George L. Balcom, by A. H. Ritchie. Given by Dr. Samuel A. Green.

An engraving entitled "Centennial Memorial of American Independence," by the American Bank Note Company of New York. Given by Robert C. Winthrop.

An engraving of John Blake, by H. B. McLellan, after a painting by M. C. Richardson. Given by H. B. McLellan.

A remarkably good portrait of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, painted by D. Huntington, of New York, given by several gentlemen of the Society, has also been added to our collection. Four paintings have been repaired,—one, a marine painting (that of the ship "Bethel"), the artist at present unknown; and the portraits of George Washington, Dr. Shurtleff, and Dr. Cooper. The portrait of the Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop has also been carefully cleansed, and its frame repaired, through the generosity of our associate, R. C. Winthrop, Jr.

The model of the Brattle Street Church, deposited here a few years since, has, with the consent of the committee who have it in charge, been loaned for a limited time to the Bostonian Society.

The Cabinet is at present in tolerable order and condition. The battle flags have been hung in the upper hall; and in the general arrangement the most has been made of our limited space.

Respectfully submitted,

F. E. OLIVER, *Cabinet-keeper.*

*Report of the Treasurer.*

IN compliance with the requirements of the By-laws, Chapter VII., Article 1, the Treasurer respectfully submits his Annual Report, made up to March 31, 1886.

The special funds held by him are nine in number, and are as follows:—

I. THE APPLETON FUND, which was created Nov. 18, 1854, by a gift to the Society, from the executors of the will of the late Samuel Appleton, of stocks of the appraised value of ten thousand dollars. These stocks were subsequently sold for \$12,203, at which sum the fund now stands. The income is applicable to "the procuring, preserving, preparation, and publication of historical papers." The unexpended income on hand (\$2,305.56) is sufficient for the publication of the volume of Pickering Papers now in preparation.

II. THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL TRUST-FUND, which now stands, with the accumulated income, at \$10,000. This fund originated in a gift of two thousand dollars from the late Hon. David Sears, presented Oct. 15, 1855, and accepted by the Society Nov. 8, 1855. On Dec. 26, 1866, it was increased by a gift of five hundred dollars from Mr. Sears, and another of the same amount from our late associate, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer. The income must be appropriated in accordance with the directions in Mr. Sears's declaration of trust in the printed Proceedings for November, 1855. The cost of publishing the first volume of the Trumbull Papers was charged to the income of this fund; and some small payments have also been made toward the cost of publishing a second volume.



III. THE DOWSE FUND, which was given to the Society by the executors of the will of the late Thomas Dowse, April 9, 1857, for the "safe keeping" of the Dowse Library. It amounts to \$10,000.

IV. THE PEABODY FUND, which was presented by the late George Peabody, in a letter dated Jan. 1, 1867, and now amounts to \$22,123. It is invested in the seven per cent bonds of the Boston and Albany Railroad Co., payable in 1892, and a deposit in the Suffolk Savings Bank; and the income is only available for the publication and illustration of the Society's Proceedings and Memoirs, and for the preservation of the Society's Historical Portraits.

V. THE SAVAGE FUND, which was a bequest from the late Hon. James Savage, received in June, 1873, and now stands on the books at the sum of \$5,295. It is invested in the six per cent bonds of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Co., payable in April, 1887, and in the stock of the Boston Gas-Light Co. The income is to be used for the increase of the Society's Library.

VI. THE ERASTUS B. BIGELOW FUND, which was given in February, 1881, by Mrs. Helen Bigelow Merriman, in recognition of her father's interest in the work of the Society. The original sum was one thousand dollars; but the interest up to this date having been added to the principal, it now stands at \$1,346.95. There is no restriction as to the use to be made of this fund.

VII. THE WILLIAM WINTHROP FUND, which amounts to the sum of \$3,000, and was received Oct. 13, 1882, under the will of the late William Winthrop, for many years a Corresponding Member of the Society. The income is to be applied "to the binding for better preservation of the valuable manuscripts and books appertaining to the Society."

VIII. THE RICHARD FROTHINGHAM FUND, which represents a gift to the Society, on the 23d of March, 1883, from the widow of our late Treasurer, of a certificate of twenty shares in the Union Stock Yard and Transit Co., of Chicago, and of the stereotype plates of Mr. Frothingham's "Siege of Boston," "Life of Joseph Warren," and "Rise of the Republic." The fund stands on the Treasurer's books at \$3,000. There are no restrictions on the uses to which the income may be applied. In accordance with a vote of the

Society passed March 12, 1885, the cost of publishing a Catalogue of the Society's Cabinet was charged to the income of this fund.

IX. THE GENERAL FUND, which now amounts to \$5,200. It represents the following gifts and payments to the Society:—

1. A legacy of two thousand dollars from the late HENRY HARRIS, received in July, 1867.

2. A legacy of one thousand dollars from the late GEORGE BEMIS, received in March, 1879.

3. A gift of one hundred dollars from the late RALPH WALDO EMERSON, received in April, 1881.

4. A legacy of one thousand dollars from the late WILLIAMS LATHAM, received in May, 1884.

5. A bequest of five shares in the Cincinnati Gas-Light and Coke Co. from our late Recording Secretary, GEORGE DEXTER, received in June, 1884.

6. Four commutation fees of one hundred and fifty dollars each.

The fund is invested in an eight per cent bond of the Quincy and Palmyra Railroad Co., for one thousand dollars, payable in 1892, and five shares of stock in the Cincinnati Gas-Light and Coke Co., of the par value of five hundred dollars. Thirty-seven hundred dollars have been paid from it toward the reduction of the mortgage debt.

The following abstracts and the trial balance show the present condition of the several accounts:—

#### CASH ACCOUNT.

##### DEBITS.

1885.		
March 31.	To balance on hand . . . . .	\$1,331.29
1886.		
March 31.	To receipts as follows:—	
	General Account . . . . .	10,913.03
	Income of Peabody Fund . . . . .	1,470.00
	Income of Savage Fund . . . . .	350.00
	Income of Richard Frothingham Fund . . . . .	210.80
		<u>\$14,275.12</u>
March 31.	To balance brought down . . . . .	\$1,845.34

1886.

## CREDITS.

March 31. By payments as follows:—

Reduction of mortgage debt . . . . .	\$6,000.00
Income of Peabody Fund . . . . .	1,890.22
Income of Savage Fund . . . . .	262.12
Income of William Winthrop Fund . . . . .	166.65
Income of Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund . . . . .	27.36
Income of Richard Frothingham Fund . . . . .	46.90
Income of Appleton Fund . . . . .	163.62
General Account . . . . .	3,872.91
By balance on hand . . . . .	1,845.34

\$14,275.12

## GENERAL ACCOUNT.

1886.

## DEBITS.

March 31. To sundry payments:—

J. H. Tuttle, salary . . . . .	\$1,400.00
A. B. Page, salary . . . . .	400.00
Interest on mortgage . . . . .	600.00
Printing Sewall's Letter Book . . . . .	450.00
Printing, stationery, binding, and postage . . . . .	227.25
Fuel and light . . . . .	175.80
Care of fire, etc. . . . .	363.35
Miscellaneous expenses and repairs . . . . .	156.51
H. F. Waters, for researches in England . . . . .	100.00
Income of Appleton Fund . . . . .	732.18
Income of Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund . . . . .	600.00
Income of Dowse Fund . . . . .	600.00
Income of E. B. Bigelow Fund . . . . .	74.36
Income of William Winthrop Fund . . . . .	180.00
Sinking Fund . . . . .	2,000.00
Building account . . . . .	4,000.00
To balance to new account . . . . .	4,631.99

\$16,691.44

1885.

## CREDITS.

March 31. By balance on hand . . . . . \$5,178.41

1886.

March 31. By sundry receipts:—

Rent of Building . . . . .	9,000.00
Income of General Fund . . . . .	128.48
Interest . . . . .	87.56
Income of Dowse Fund . . . . .	600.00
Admission Fees . . . . .	75.00
Assessments . . . . .	970.00
Sales of publications . . . . .	651.99

\$16,691.44

March 31. By balance brought down . . . . . \$4,631.99

*Income of Appleton Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1886.		
March 31.	To amount paid on account of Pickering Papers . . . . .	\$163.62
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	2,305.56
		<u>\$2,469.18</u>

## CREDITS.

1885.		
March 31.	By balance brought forward . . . . .	\$1,737.00
1886.		
March 31.	„ one year's interest on \$12,203 principal . . . . .	732.18
		<u>\$2,469.18</u>
March 31.	By balance brought down . . . . .	\$2,305.56

*Income of William Winthrop Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1885.		
March 31.	To balance brought forward . . . . .	\$12.15
1886.		
March 31.	„ amount paid for binding . . . . .	166.65
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	1.20
		<u>\$180.00</u>

## CREDITS.

1886.		
March 31.	By interest on \$3,000 principal . . . . .	\$180.00
March 31.	By balance brought down . . . . .	\$1.20

*Income of Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1886.		
March 31.	To amount paid on account of Trumbull Papers . . . . .	\$27.36
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	705.73
		<u>\$733.09</u>

## CREDITS.

1885.		
March 31.	By amount brought forward . . . . .	\$133.09
1886.		
Sept. 1.	„ one year's interest on \$10,000 principal . . . . .	600.00
		<u>\$733.09</u>
March 31.	By balance brought down . . . . .	\$705.73

*Income of Richard Frothingham Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1885.			
March 31.	To balance brought forward . . . . .	\$12.20	
1886.			
March 31.	„ amount paid on account of Catalogue of Cabinet . . . . .	46.90	
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	151.70	
			<u>\$210.80</u>

## CREDITS.

1886.			
March 31.	By dividends received . . . . .	\$180.00	
	„ copyright received . . . . .	30.80	
			<u>\$210.80</u>
March 31.	By balance brought down . . . . .	\$151.70	

*Income of Dowse Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1886.			
March 31.	To amount placed to credit of General Account . . . . .	\$600.00	

## CREDITS.

1886.			
March 31.	By one year's interest on \$10,000 principal . . . . .	\$600.00	

*Income of Peabody Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1886.			
March 31.	To amount paid for printing, binding, preservation of historical portraits, etc. . . . .	\$1,890.22	
March 31.	To balance brought down . . . . .	\$301.27	

## CREDITS.

1885.			
March 31.	By balance brought forward . . . . .	\$118.95	
1886.			
March 31.	„ one year's interest on railroad bonds . . . . .	1,470.00	
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	301.27	
			<u>\$1,890.22</u>

*Income of Savage Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1885.			
March 31.	To balance brought forward . . . . .	\$84.40	
1886.			
March 31.	„ amount paid for books . . . . .	262.12	
	„ balance carried forward . . . . .	3.48	
			<u>\$350.00</u>

## CREDITS.

1886.		
March 31.	By dividends on gas stock . . . . .	\$50.00
	„ interest on railroad bonds . . . . .	300.00
		<u>\$350.00</u>
March 31.	By balance brought down . . . . .	\$3.48

*Sinking Fund.*

## DEBITS.

1886.		
March 17.	To amount applied to reduction of mortgage . . . . .	<u>\$2,000.00</u>

## CREDITS.

1885.		
Sept. 30.	By amount transferred from the General Account . . . . .	<u>\$2,000.00</u>

## TRIAL BALANCE.

## DEBITS.

Cash . . . . .	\$1,845.34
Real Estate . . . . .	103,280.19
Investments . . . . .	52,618.00
Income of Peabody Fund . . . . .	301.27
	<u>\$158,044.80</u>

## CREDITS.

Notes Payable . . . . .	\$4,000.00
Building Account . . . . .	74,077.19
Appleton Fund . . . . .	12,203.00
Dowse Fund . . . . .	10,000.00
Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund . . . . .	10,000.00
Peabody Fund . . . . .	22,123.00
Savage Fund . . . . .	5,295.00
Erastus B. Bigelow Fund . . . . .	1,346.95
William Winthrop Fund . . . . .	3,000.00
Richard Frothingham Fund . . . . .	3,000.00
General Fund . . . . .	5,200.00
Income of Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund . . . . .	705.73
Income of Appleton Fund . . . . .	2,305.56
Income of Savage Fund . . . . .	3.48
Income of William Winthrop Fund . . . . .	1.20
Income of Richard Frothingham Fund . . . . .	151.70
General Account . . . . .	4,631.99
	<u>\$158,044.80</u>

The real estate is subject to the following incumbrances, — the balance of the mortgage note (\$4,000), the principal of the Appleton Fund (\$12,203), of the Massachusetts Historical Trust-Fund (\$10,000), of the Dowse Fund (\$10,000), of the Erastus B. Bigelow Fund (\$1,346.95), and of the William Winthrop Fund (\$3,000) and a part of the principal of the General Fund (\$3,700), making in the aggregate, \$44,249.95, against \$50,175.59 last year.

During the year a further payment of \$6,000 has been made toward the extinction of the mortgage debt; and it is the expectation of the Treasurer that the balance of this debt will be paid in the course of the current year, and that some progress will be made in re-investing the funds which are now an incumbrance on the real estate. Heretofore the income of these funds has been credited at the rate of six per cent per annum; but it cannot be expected that so large an income can be obtained from any investments made at the present time.

CHARLES C. SMITH,  
*Treasurer.*

Boston, March 31, 1886.

*Report of the Auditing Committee.*

The undersigned, a Committee appointed to examine the accounts of the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as made up to March 31, 1886, have attended to their duty, and report that they find them correctly kept and properly vouched; that the securities held by the Treasurer for the several funds correspond with the statement in his Annual Report; that the balance of cash on hand is satisfactorily accounted for; and that the Trial Balance is accurately taken from the Ledger.

EDWARD BANGS,  
EDWARD J. LOWELL, } *Committee.*

Boston, April 9, 1886.

Mr. GREENOUGH, from the Committee to nominate officers, reported the following for the ensuing year; and, a ballot having been taken, they were unanimously elected:—

*President.*

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D., LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.

*Vice-Presidents.*

CHARLES DEANE LL.D. . . . . CAMBRIDGE.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.

*Recording Secretary.*

REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG, A.M. . . . . CAMBRIDGE.

*Corresponding Secretary.*

JUSTIN WINSOR, A.B. . . . . CAMBRIDGE.

*Treasurer.*

CHARLES C. SMITH, Esq. . . . . BOSTON.

*Librarian.*

HON. SAMUEL A. GREEN, M.D. . . . . BOSTON.

*Cabinet-keeper.*

FITCH EDWARD OLIVER, M.D. . . . . BOSTON.

*Executive Committee of the Council.*

ABBOTT LAWRENCE A.M. . . . . BOSTON.

ABNER C. GOODELL, A.M. . . . . SALEM.

HON. Mellen CHAMBERLAIN, LL.D. . . . . BOSTON.

WILLIAM EVERETT, Ph.D. . . . . QUINCY.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP, JR., A.M. . . . . BOSTON.

On motion of Dr. PEABODY, the thanks of the Society were voted to the retiring members of the Council.

A new serial containing the Proceedings of the Society from December to February, inclusive, was laid on the table by the Recording Secretary.

The PRESIDENT invited the members of the Society to his house in the afternoon, where a large number assembled and an entertainment was provided.





MEMOIR  
OF THE  
HON. DAVID SEARS, A.M.

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP, JR.

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It is due both to the Massachusetts Historical Society and to the memory of a venerable man who was alike one of its Vice-Presidents and one of its benefactors, to explain why a memoir of him should not long since, in accordance with the usages of the Society, have found a place in one of its published volumes.

More than fifteen years ago, at the February meeting of 1871, the recent death of Mr. Sears was announced in fitting language by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then President; an eloquent tribute to him was uttered by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop; the customary resolution was passed; and the duty of preparing a sketch of his life was assigned to the practised pen of the Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, a personal friend of the deceased. The Society, however, wisely allows a certain interval to elapse before printing such memorials, and in the mean time the eyesight of Dr. Robbins became seriously impaired, obliging him continually to postpone his literary occupations. Thus it happened that although he fully intended to write this memoir, he died, eleven years later, without having found it convenient to do so, nor has any material for it been discovered among his papers. The matter would seem to have then passed, for the time being, into oblivion; and it was not till recently that the Council of the Society observed with concern that several important gaps remained to be filled in its series of contemporary biographies, and that the task of supplying these deficiencies must now be intrusted to writers who had not enjoyed the advantage of any intimate personal association with their respective subjects.

The family of SEARS (anciently Sayer, or Sayres) appears to have been one of respectability at Colchester, in the English county of Essex, at least as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. John Sayer, Alderman of Colchester, died there in 1509, and was buried in St. Peter's Church, where the memorial brasses of himself and wife may still be seen, together with a marble tablet to his grandson George, in the quaint rhythmical inscription upon which the name is first spelled "Seares." Richard, elder brother of this George, and distinguished from other Richards on the family pedigree as "Richard the Exile," is stated to have married Anne Bouchier, daughter of Edmund Knyvet, of Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk, Serjeant-Porter to King Henry VIII., but, becoming involved in the political dissensions of the period, to have been obliged, in 1537, to fly to Holland. By tradition an ardent papist, he is supposed so to have offended his father and father-in-law, who were both adherents to the Reformed Faith, that the former proceeded to disinherit and the latter to disown him. He died, three years later, in Amsterdam, leaving an only son, John Bouchier Sayer, who is said to have married a daughter of Sir John Hawkins the navigator, and to have resided some time at Plymouth in Devonshire, but chiefly in Holland, where his eldest son, John Bouchier Sayer the younger, is stated to have married a Dutch lady of fortune, of the family of Egmond.

Richard Sayer, or Sears, distinguished on the family pedigree as "Richard the Pilgrim," was eldest son of the last-mentioned marriage; and while nothing is known of his early life save that he is believed to have been born in Holland in 1590, his supposed portrait, long preserved by his mother's kindred in that country, would indicate a man of much amiability and refinement. His father is thought to have been at Leyden in 1614, and it is not unlikely that the son may have fallen under the influence of John Robinson and William Brewster, who were then residing there; but, be this as it may, it is clear that at some time or other the descendants of the exile had exchanged the dogmas of the Church of Rome for the doctrines of the Separatists, since, about 1630, Richard Sears turned up in Plymouth Colony in New England, where he took to himself a wife, became a magistrate, and acquired an estate at Yarmouth on Cape Cod. His eldest son, Knyvet, is stated to have visited England on a fruitless errand to recover the alleged inheritance of his great-grandfather, Richard the Exile, after which the family

quietly settled down upon the Cape, where they became an astonishingly prolific race, gradually spreading not merely over New England, but into many other parts of the country. There were, it is true, several distinct persons of the same name among the early colonists; but they do not seem to have multiplied in like proportion, and it may not unfairly be assumed that more than half the families of the name of Sears now scattered throughout the United States are descended from Richard the Pilgrim and some one of his three sons, Knyvet, Paul, and Silas.

In the middle of the last century the eldest branch of these descendants was represented by Squire Daniel Sears, a great-grandson of the Pilgrim, and a substantial farmer and select-man of Chatham on the Cape. He died in 1761, leaving by his wife, Fear Freeman, two sons, of whom the elder, Richard, afterwards a member of the Massachusetts State Senate, maintained throughout a long life the family connection with the town of Chatham; while the younger, David, developed when still a youth an exceptional capacity for business, and came to Boston, in or before 1770, to seek his fortune. His application was so unremitting, and his investments of his small capital so judicious, that within little more than ten years he had become known as a successful and sagacious merchant, and by the close of the century he was reputed to have accumulated one of the largest properties in New England. His unostentatious tastes and quiet habits did not incline him to become a candidate for public station; but his patriotic spirit was evinced by a subscription of three thousand dollars to a fund raised, in 1798, by the merchants of Boston to present a frigate to the General Government at the outbreak of hostilities with France.

His interests were largely in the East India and China trade; but he found time for other speculations, and in 1806 became one of the principal proprietors of a tract of land, thirty miles square, in the northeastern part of what was then known as the District of Maine, embracing all the islands at the mouth of the Penobscot River, as well as the now flourishing towns of Searsport and Searsmont, which were named in his honor.

In 1816, when, at the age of sixty-four and in apparently vigorous health, he was reasonably looking forward to some

years of continued activity, this prosperous career came to a hurried close. A too copious indulgence in that favorite repast of the olden time, a "Saturday salt-fish dinner," brought on serious indigestion followed by a congestion which proved fatal. Dr. John Sylvester John Gardiner, then Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, preached and subsequently printed a funeral sermon upon him, as one of the leading members of his congregation, and the founder of the Widows' Fund of that parish. This production, which may still be met with in collections of early pamphlets, consists not merely of an impressive discourse upon Sudden Death, but is an illustration of the taste of an old-fashioned Churchman for Biblical puns, Dr. Gardiner having taken for his text that well-known passage in the first book of Samuel, "There is but a *step* between me and death," in allusion to the fact that Mr. Sears had fallen on the step of his carriage in a fit of apoplexy.

He had married, in 1785, Miss Anne Winthrop, — one of the daughters of John Still Winthrop by his first wife, Jane Borland, — a lady who had the misfortune in early life to lose both her parents, and who was fated to follow them to the grave two years after her marriage, having given birth to an only child, the subject of this memoir.

A few aged Bostonians can still recall a large house and terraced garden on the upper corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets, then one of the most attractive quarters of the town. Here David Sears the younger was born, Oct. 8, 1787, and here he chiefly resided more than thirty years, until he built, opposite the Common, the stately stone mansion which younger generations so long associated with his name. Beyond the fact that he was naturally all-in-all to his surviving parent, the existing records of his youth are little better than a blank. I have, however, stumbled upon a reminiscence of the late Lucius Manlius Sargent, who recalls a fancy-ball given by Mrs. Perez Morton, at her house in State Street, on the site of which is now the Union Bank, and on which occasion a *pas de deux*, arranged by Duport, a fashionable French dancing-master of the close of the last century, was danced by young Sargent and his friend David Sears in the characters of Cupid and Zephyr. Mr. Sargent does not particularize which was which; but to those of us who subsequently became familiar with the lives and lineaments of these two prominent citizens,

either one of the winged mythological characters would seem better suited to the graceful figure and benignant countenance of Mr. Sears than to the stalwart form and rugged aspect of his partner.

In default of brothers and sisters, his constant playmates were a son of one of his father's sisters, who had married in Boston, and the elder children of his maternal uncle, Thomas Lindall Winthrop, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts and President of this Society. In after years he was fond of recalling how, as a lad, he was occasionally permitted to assist at the famous Sunday evening suppers of his Aunt Winthrop's mother, Elizabeth Bowdoin, Dowager Lady Temple, who had returned in her old age to be a conspicuous figure in that Boston society of which in her youth she had been one of the greatest ornaments.

No one at all intimately acquainted with Mr. Sears in later life would find it easy to believe that he ever failed to be exemplary as a school-boy or decorous as an undergraduate; but I am only able to state with certainty that after a course of preparatory study at the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard in 1803, and took his bachelor's degree in 1807, in a class of forty-one members, no less than six of whom subsequently became members of this Society; the others being the Hon. Henry A. Bullard, Mr. Nathaniel Appleton Haven, the Hon. John Glen King, the Rev. Ezra Shaw Goodwin, and the Hon. James C. Merrill. A respectable degree of proficiency in his studies is evidenced by his having taken part, at the August Exhibition of 1806, in an English Conference on "A Seafaring, Itinerary, City, and Country Life, as Objects of Choice," and by his having figured, at his own Commencement a year later, in a Latin dialogue on "The Patriotism of the Romans."

The particular crony of his college days was his cousin and classmate, Thomas L. Winthrop, Jr.;<sup>1</sup> and after leaving the University, the two young men entered upon the study of law together, becoming marked favorites in society. But their fraternal intimacy was suddenly embarrassed by the discovery that they had both fallen deeply in love with a reigning belle, Miss Miriam Mason, a daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Mason,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Secretary to his kinsman George William Erving, U. S. Minister to Denmark and Spain, but whose early death cut short a career of promise now completely forgotten.

sometime Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, and a young lady equally remarkable for her beauty, her vivacity, and her decision of character.

The greatest proof of good sense within the power of any man — and, more particularly, of any rich young man — to exhibit, lies unquestionably in the judicious choice of a wife. It is a momentous thought that the whole history of mankind from the Creation might have been considerably ameliorated if, by a merciful dispensation, our first progenitor had not, at the very outset, been closely restricted to a single opportunity of forming a domestic tie; while the subsequent experience of all countries and all ages is fraught with pregnant examples of how the wisest of his descendants have repeatedly fallen victims to the insidious allurements or the hidden pitfalls which strew the pathway of this distracting process of selection.

It was, however, the enviable lot of Mr. Sears not merely to have fixed his young affections upon an object so in every way worthy of them as was Miss Mason, but to have enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of distancing all competitors and leading her in triumph to the altar on the 13th of June, 1809. They were an exceptionally handsome couple, entering upon wedded life with everything that youth and health and wealth and social position and cultivated taste could give to make the world enjoyable, but, better than all this, destined to share each other's love and confidence for more than sixty years, and afford throughout this protracted union a never-failing example of conjugal affection and domestic virtue.

For some time after his marriage Mr. Sears resided with his father, and devoted himself to mastering the details of business under the latter's supervision; but in 1811 he and his wife sailed for Europe, and passed several years in foreign travel at a most interesting period, during much of which they enjoyed peculiar advantages for seeing something of the best society of England and the Continent. They were particularly fortunate in being in Paris at a time when the first Napoleon, then at the acme of his power, was celebrating the birth of his son by brilliant pageants, and was busy with active preparations for his ill-fated Russian campaign. But more than in all the splendor of the Tuileries was Mr. Sears interested in being privileged to make the acquaintance of the Empress Josephine, a still fascinating woman of nearly fifty, whose dignified bear-

ing in misfortune appealed to the chivalry of his nature, and in memory of whom he long after ornamented the original doorway of his new house in Beacon Street with a pair of beautiful white marble vases saved from the wreck of Malmaison.

Returning to America in 1814, he found the legal studies he had never completed to be of considerable advantage to him in assisting his father in the management of that great inheritance which, two years later, so suddenly became his own. He was too conscientious not to realize that such an inheritance, rightly understood, meant something more than his own personal gratification, or the opportunity of accumulation for the children growing up about him, but that it brought with it the duties and responsibilities of public spirit and the furtherance of religion and philanthropy.

St. Paul's Church, in Tremont Street, Boston, was one of the earliest of such objects with which he became identified; and not merely was the erection of this edifice, in 1820, largely due to the time and money he devoted to it, but the Sears Fund, still enjoyed by that parish and now amounting in value to nearly forty thousand dollars, was wholly his gift.

At the same early period he began to contemplate the first of that long series of endowments for the benefit of his native city, which have, since his death, been united under the comprehensive title of the "DAVID SEARS CHARITY," the income of which is expended by the Overseers of the Poor of Boston, to use his own words, —

"in aid, or for the support, of citizens or families who may have seen better days, and for charity in all its forms, in such a manner as may best tend to alleviate the sufferings of human life and render the condition of the poor more comfortable."

This fund, now amounting, with its accumulations, to nearly two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and likely to be materially increased by the rise in value of the real estate attached to it, is the largest of the private charitable foundations belonging to the city of Boston, and constitutes a truly noble monument of individual benevolence.

The elevation of the character and the promotion of the efficiency of the Massachusetts State Militia was another of the objects of his early interest, justly regarding it, as he did,



not merely as a bulwark of social order, but also as a most desirable field of discipline for young men. Some few surviving school-boys of 1818 may still remember an exceptional parade of the Independent Corps of Cadets in that year, on which occasion Mr. Sears presented a new standard to, and provided a hospitable entertainment for, the members of that select organization, in which he then held the rank of ensign, of which he subsequently became commander, and for which he continued throughout life to manifest repeated proofs of attachment.

It was at the same period (1820-21) that his pecuniary interest in what were then the "Back Bay flats," now the fashionable West End of Boston, induced the purchase, on the adjacent confines of Brookline, of an estate of some two hundred acres, which during the next half-century he gradually developed from a small farm in a sparsely settled neighborhood into that picturesque residential district since known as Longwood. The principal portion of this attractive suburb was not merely laid out and improved, but largely built up, at Mr. Sears's expense; and his taste, liberality, and foresight are alike evinced in the numerous villas and pleasure-grounds which lend to the vicinity an especial charm, as well as in the wise provisions which have thus far entirely protected them from unsightly and inconvenient neighbors. It would probably not have been difficult for him to procure a quicker return for so important an investment; but he had the satisfaction of having materially contributed to embellish the immediate surroundings of his native city, and it was a source of peculiar pleasure to him, in assigning designations to a score or more of streets and squares on this estate, to associate them with the names of persons and places and families, whether in England, Holland, Cape Cod, or Boston, with which his own or his mother's or his wife's kindred had been intimately connected. It was a dignified and appropriate example, worthy of imitation in these latter days, when the prevailing custom is to discard such associations as too homely, and to provide what are technically called "pretty" names for our public thoroughfares and apartment houses, by ransacking all the euphonious nouns of Worcester's Dictionary and the sonorous surnames and titles of Burke's Peerage.

In this connection it may be added that the various plans which at different times Mr. Sears caused to be prepared and printed, for partially filling the Back Bay and connecting Longwood and Brookline by avenues bordering upon an ornamental sheet of water, lose nothing in point of taste, convenience, and sanitary considerations by comparison with the scheme subsequently adopted by the city, and they had the advantage of involving a less costly outlay.<sup>1</sup>

The management of the great tract of land he had inherited in Maine was a much less congenial occupation for him than the development of Longwood, and the absence of railroads rendered such personal supervision as he had leisure to give at his annual visits both arduous and protracted. Our institutions do not readily lend themselves to the maintenance of the authority of a great absentee proprietor in remote parts of the country. It was not an easy matter to secure a competent agent, and still less to deal with refractory tenants, or with that numerous class of settlers who persuade themselves that they ought to be allowed to occupy, rent free, the soil they have begun by appropriating. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he gradually availed himself of opportunities for selling this estate, retaining only the well-known Brigadier's Island off Belfast, since pleasantly associated to many minds with the occasional summer residence of his eldest son, and still the property of his grandson, the fourth David Sears.

The occasional delicacy of his own health, or that of different members of his family, resulted in his residing much in foreign countries at repeated intervals. The winter of 1829-30 he passed in Paris; that of 1832 in Cuba; that of 1834 in Italy, where his wife and daughters were long remembered as favorites in the cosmopolitan society of the Eternal City, and where he himself was enabled to gratify that intelligent love of art which long before had made him an early friend and patron of the rising genius of the poet-painter Allston.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For an illustration of one of the most elaborate of these plans, the "Silver Lake" project of 1850, see the introduction to Drake's History of Boston, p. viii.

<sup>2</sup> John Quincy Adams, in his diary of Aug. 12, 1835, mentions a dinner given by Mr. Benjamin Gorham in Boston, where he met, among others, Edward Everett, Abbott Lawrence, Isaac P. Davis, and David Sears, adding that the latter, who had recently returned from Europe, told him he had been much disappointed in foreign schools for his children, and preferred the educational advantages of his own country.

From 1836 to 1838 he was a good deal in England, France, and Switzerland, and again in Paris, after a long absence, in 1852-53. It was thus his peculiar good fortune to have been an interested spectator of some of the most exciting scenes in French history, — to have been able not merely to compare his personal reminiscences of the splendid courts of the first and third Napoleons, but to contrast both of them with the severer ceremonial of the Restoration, and the somewhat frugal entertainments which characterized the homespun reign of Louis Philippe, — to have witnessed rioting and barricades in the streets of Paris, and to have been privileged to assist with unfeigned emotion at the obsequies of that venerable soldier and statesman who, whatever later services he may have rendered to his own country, will always best be remembered by Americans as one who in his youth was known as the friend of Washington and the benefactor of our then so recently United States.

It was on his return from his final visit to Europe, in 1853, that Mr. Sears was elected by the Legislature an Overseer of Harvard College, in which capacity he served five years, giving scrupulous attention to the general well-being of his Alma Mater, but with an especial interest in the department of astronomical research. The great fortunes, which have been accumulated in this vicinity since the civil war, and the munificent endowments which have flowed in upon the University as a consequence of these fortunes, have not unnaturally tended to cast into the shade much of the liberality of its earlier friends in the days of small things. The "Sears Tower," however, still fitly commemorates the timely gifts received by the Observatory from Mr. Sears, beginning as far back as 1843, and aggregating some twelve thousand dollars.

To Amherst College, a name then rarely inscribed in either the cheque-books or the wills of rich men, he gave more largely, not that he had any personal or family association with a place he had never even visited, but because he sympathized with the struggles for existence of a deserving institution, and believed that a small, God-fearing, carefully conducted college often affords a safer training for young men than a great, fashionable caravansary of free-thought and advanced learning.

The bent of his mind was essentially a conservative one. Brought up amid the traditions of New England Federalism, a firm believer in the principles of the Revolution, and profoundly grateful to the illustrious statesmen who so wisely shaped the foundations of the Republic, he had yet an instinctive distrust of pure Democracy; and though ready to recognize as a fundamental political doctrine the maxim (now become a favorite catchword of demagogues) "the greatest good of the greatest number," he was at the same time too clear-sighted and too honest to disguise his belief that the credulity and the ignorance and the prejudices of the "greatest number" often unfit them for any intelligent distinction between good and evil.

His health, tastes, and habits alike unsuited him to the fatigue and hurly-burly of public station; but he was in active sympathy with the various organizations which sprang, more or less directly, from the loins of the original Federalists, and, in particular, with the Whig party during the entire period of its existence, — consenting with alacrity when called upon, at different periods, to render service in the Massachusetts Legislature. From 1816 to 1820, from 1824 to 1825 inclusive, and again in 1828, he was a member of its House of Representatives, in 1826 and 1851 of the State Senate, uniformly manifesting in the discharge of his legislative duties an exemplary diligence in expediting necessary business, and a dignified abstention from any participation in the windy and irrelevant debates which have so often characterized the protracted sessions of those two assemblies.

When the Whigs went to pieces upon sectional issues, he cast in his lot with the Republicans; continued until his death an earnest supporter of the moderate wing of that party; was chosen by it, at the general election of 1868, one of the two Electors-at-large for Massachusetts, and gladly made it the last public act of his life to invite his colleagues of the State Electoral College to meet the President-elect, General Grant, at a banquet given by him at his house in Boston.

In earlier years a friend and especial admirer of the great statesman and orator of New England, he never allowed his appreciation of political exigencies to be circumscribed by considerations of purely personal allegiance; and while he would gladly have seen Daniel Webster elevated to the

highest office in the gift of the nation, he was careful never to be reckoned among those thick and thin adherents of that illustrious man, who were content to adjust their convictions to every change in his policy, and who sometimes carried their attachment to him so far as to treat with lukewarm support or open disaffection the chosen standard-bearers of their party.<sup>1</sup>

The two presidential candidates in whose support he was most prominently enlisted were, as it happened, soldiers, — but soldiers who in a pre-eminent degree had deserved well of their country, — Scott and Grant. The defeat of the former, in 1852, he considered a national misfortune, believing that if his wise, patriotic, unsectional administration of the government could have been substituted for the ignoble partisanship of his successful competitor, the civil war, which already loomed in the future, might not improbably have been averted.

When that deplorable internecine conflict could no longer be postponed, and while it lasted, the character and conduct of Abraham Lincoln inspired him with a peculiar sympathy. So far back, indeed, as the political campaign of 1848, when the latter, then a comparatively unknown man, appeared on the stump in Massachusetts and did yeoman service in the cause of Zachary Taylor, Mr. Sears had been an interested reader of his effective speeches,<sup>2</sup> and was prepared to augur well of his career, however little the wisest of us could then have prefigured the exhibition, under the most trying circum-

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Webster, writing to David Sears, April 16, 1842, says: "It gives me pleasure to hear from you, and to see the interest which you take in public affairs. My early acquaintance with your father, and the steady friendship always evinced towards me by yourself, give me an abiding interest in you and yours; and the oftener I hear from you the more I shall be gratified." A few years later Mr. Sears's name was first on the list of subscribers to an annuity fund for Mrs. Webster, contributed by her husband's friends to enable him to devote himself to his senatorial duties without a constant need of law business to support his family.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Lincoln's biographers seem to have lost sight of these addresses, the most brilliant of which was delivered at Worcester, Sept. 13, 1848, when, after taking for his text Mr. Webster's remark that the nomination of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency by a professed anti-slavery party could fitly be regarded only as a trick or a joke, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to declare that, of the three parties then asking the confidence of the country, the new one had less of principle than any other, adding, amid shouts of laughter, that the recently constructed, elastic, Free Soil platform reminded him of nothing so much as the pair of trousers offered for sale by a Yankee pedler, which were "large enough for any man and small enough for any boy."

stances, of those qualities of head and heart which have since contributed to enshrine him in the affections of his countrymen, and which can hardly fail to render him in all succeeding ages a conspicuous figure in the world's history.

In his efforts to maintain national union and enforce lawful authority, President Lincoln possessed no more earnest supporter than David Sears, whose age did not admit of personal service, but whose time, money, and influence were freely and promptly given in aid of the equipment, the comfort, and the alleviation of the sufferings of Massachusetts soldiers; while his personal interest in the struggle was intensified by the fact that no less than three of his grandsons were officers in the Federal army.<sup>1</sup>

It was eminently characteristic of him that he did not occupy himself at this period in endeavoring to obtain from the War Department profitable army-contracts for manufacturing corporations in which he happened to be interested, but that he preferred to devote no inconsiderable portion of his time to an inquiry into the modifications which might profitably be introduced into the Constitution, and the methods by which the hands of government might be strengthened in great emergencies. In connection with these projects he prepared and privately communicated to many of his friends an elaborate scheme, which the march of events rendered nugatory, and which might not have proved altogether practicable, but which at least gave evidence of protracted study and anxious patriotic purpose.

Upon the various issues which successively arose out of the institution of slavery, his attitude was ever rational and consistent. That institution was in itself a repugnant one to him; its existence he believed to be a national misfortune; the extension of its area by even a square foot of soil he was in favor of resisting by every constitutional means; and the eventual adoption of some system of emancipation based upon liberal compensation he awaited with patient confidence.<sup>2</sup> But, it

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel Caspar Crowninshield, 2d Mass. Cavalry; Captain F. S. Grand-d'Hauteville, Staff; and Lieutenant C. W. Amory, 2d Mass. Cavalry.

<sup>2</sup> Shortly before the death of John Quincy Adams, in 1848, Mr. Sears wrote him at length, sketching the outlines of a scheme of emancipation by purchase, under which the sale of the public lands was intended to aid in the gradual extinction of slavery, the rights of property being sacredly respected. The correspondence was printed at the time, and reprinted, in New York, in 1857. The

need hardly be said, he was no believer in a settled policy of deliberate exaggeration and abuse. The gospel of hate preached in so many pulpits, the open outcry of "no union with slaveholders," the covert encouragement of servile insurrection, the sanctimonious, wholesale denunciation as sinners and barbarians of a class many of whom he knew to be among the best and purest of his countrymen,—revolted his well-balanced mind. With all his heart and soul he loved the Union, with all his heart and soul he loved New England, and with all his heart and soul he deprecated the efforts of those wrong-headed men who at different periods publicly threatened or secretly planned to take the Eastern States out of the Union because they could not have their own way, either about the War of 1812 or the Annexation of Texas or the Constitution of Kansas or the Fugitive Slave Bill. A lover of Liberty, he was even more a respecter of Law, believing treason to be equally deserving of reprobation wherever it could be detected, as well in the malignant screech of some Northern Abolitionist as in the bombastic boast of some Southern fire-eater.

It was not so much, however, either with politics or with philanthropy, as with the courageous manifestation of unsectarian religion, that Mr. Sears became intimately associated in many minds during the last quarter of a century of his life. Without ever having been what is now technically called a "Churchman," the Protestant Episcopal communion, to which both his parents had belonged, was naturally the object both of his early attachment and of his earliest liberality, as it always continued to be of his unvarying respect and good-will. On the other hand, in his youth he had been warmly interested in the sermons of Channing; and the train of thought aroused by the spiritual insight of that remarkable man contributed in no small degree to mould, in the far future, his aspirations towards Christian unity. Besides this, he was singularly free from the unreasoning antipathy to the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome, then and now so common; and he would undoubtedly have agreed with a famous preacher of two centuries ago, Dr. Robert South, that

plan proposed was substantially embodied in a letter from Mr. Sears to Senator Wilson, in July, 1861, and which subsequently appeared in pamphlet form, under the title of "Contrabands and Vagrants." All three political tracts are now extremely rare.

“the little finger of fanaticism is harder and heavier than the whole loins of Popery.”

The older he grew, and the more deeply he reflected upon the subject, the more difficult he found it to reconcile the example and the teachings of a meek and lowly Saviour with the exclusive pretensions and the unworthy jealousies which distinguish so many denominations of his professed followers. The thought continually recurred to him, as it has again and again to so many devout minds, that if without distinction of creed, as Protestants are taught, these followers are destined in another and a happier sphere to pass no inconsiderable portion of their time in joining in the adoration and the praise of their Creator, there would be at once a positive advantage and a beneficial example if they could oftener be persuaded to set aside doctrinal differences and ecclesiastical assumptions in order to unite in the preliminary worship of the same Creator in his earthly tabernacles. To use his own words:—

“It is obvious that men who differ as to the origin of sin or as to the precise nature of the atonement may nevertheless equally love God, and may be alike grateful to him for his mercy, and desire his approval, and seek to know his will, and adore his infinite perfections. They may differ on many theological questions, and yet may have the same sentiments of devout trust and reverential gratitude, and may equally feel the need of divine help. If they may thus agree in what is essential to devotion, why may they not unite in religious worship,—why may they not bow together before that God whom they all adore?”

Profoundly penetrated by this conviction, Mr. Sears began, so far back as 1845, to consider the possibility of founding an association, incorporated, many years later, under the appropriate title of “The Union of Churches in a Spirit of Charity,” in connection with which he carefully prepared and printed a Liturgy, embodying his own ideal of religious worship, and subsequently erected, at large expense, upon his suburban estate, a capacious stone chapel, to which he gave the name of “Christ’s Church in Longwood.” The architectural design of this edifice was taken from his ancestral church at Colchester in England. Near it he built a row of houses for the benefit of deserving persons who had seen better days; beneath it he reverently constructed permanent resting-places for the ashes of his parents and the remains of those who were dear to



him ; and in it, for the last eight years of his life, he maintained stated services, fondly hoping it might prove the nucleus and rallying-point of a gradually increasing body of such of his fellow-Christians as might be content to leave dogmatic interpretation to individual conscience, and unite upon a broad platform of peace, toleration, and good-will.

He was not sanguine enough to believe that such a project could be immediately, if at all, successful. He did not pretend to be a theologian, though he had read a good deal of theology. He was well aware his Liturgy would meet with uncomplimentary criticism ; but he looked upon it only as a means to an end, and did not claim for it perfection.

It may be succinctly described as substantially consisting of the Book of Common Prayer, out of which everything in the way of Calvinism has been carefully weeded, and to which, after a number of minor alterations, has been added a variety of material which is occasionally suggestive of the writings of Channing, but which is oftener redolent of the devotional manuals of the Church of Rome.

The Catholic Bishop of Boston (the late genial Dr. Fitzpatrick) was not, however, to be propitiated by crucifixes, candles, and prayers for the dead ; while a sickly smile, rapidly changing into a frown, overspread the authoritative features of the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts (the lamented Dr. Eastburn) when he learned that the wealthiest layman in his diocese had actually set up a new form of worship. It was, as might have been expected, principally by ministers and members of the Unitarian persuasion that any active encouragement was given to the undertaking. Aside from the unaffectedly liberal nature of their Christianity, they would hardly have been human if a plan for demolishing the barriers between contending churches had not affected them with something of the same sort of satisfaction with which a knot of homœopathic practitioners might regard an attempted relaxation of the rules of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

For the general public the matter became a subject of comparative indifference or of studied misrepresentation. To that numerous class of complacent persons —

“ Who live a life of virtuous decency ;  
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel  
No self-reproach,”

but who are generally ready to depreciate or denounce any movement in which they are not themselves personally interested, and many of whom are conveniently supplied with inexhaustible reasons against giving away money to any object under heaven; and to that still more rapidly increasing class of persons, at both ends of society, who make it their business to sneer covertly at all forms of religion, and whose acquaintance with the house of God is confined to occasional attendance at a wedding or a funeral, — to all such it seemed unreasonable or absurd that a sum large enough to have constituted an important benefaction to art or science should be wasted upon the spread of Utopian Christianity; while, on the other hand, to many poor clergymen it appeared little better than positive robbery to divert so much cash from canonical channels.

Mr. Sears was a man of too much self-reliance and tenacity of purpose not to persevere in a course upon which he had deliberately entered. Had he been young enough to prolong the experiment, or could the services have been transferred from a thinly settled suburb, of inconvenient access, to the heart of a crowded city, it is by no means unlikely that some degree of success might have attended them. Under the actual circumstances of the case, the Sunday sight-seers, who fill everything but the alms-plates of fashionable sanctuaries, contenting themselves with a liberal contribution only to the pride of a pastor and the discomfort of his flock, were conspicuously absent; the regular attendance, never large, grew smaller and smaller, and for many years the doors of Christ's Church in Longwood have rarely opened but for a marriage or an interment in the family of its founder.

Judged by the standard of this world, and from the strictly numerical and commercial point of view from which many pious persons apparently prefer to regulate their estimate of the opportunities of salvation afforded by public worship, the project was certainly, and perhaps inevitably, a failure; but it was one of those inspiring failures which in the great unseen hereafter may count for more than some so-called successes. It carries with it more than one moral lesson; and however differently these may be interpreted, so long as that square, silent tower shall stand up against the western sky, a conspicuous object from the new fashionable promenades of

Boston, so long will the thoughtful observer be reminded of him who gave a generous portion of his wealth to realize an idea, and that idea the noble if seemingly impracticable one of undivided Christendom.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Sears was one of the earliest of his fellow-townsmen to own and occupy a summer residence on the since fashionable peninsula of Nahant, not inaptly described by a local humorist in later years as "cold-roast Boston." This long continued to be the occasional resort of various members of his family; but the climate was too bleak for his own taste, and, tempted by the softer atmosphere of the Gulf Stream, he built, in 1845, a marine villa at Newport, to which he gave the name of "Red Cross." It was characteristic of him, at an early period of his connection with what became his favorite summer-home, to convey to the municipality a fund of five thousand dollars, the income of which is permanently at its disposal for benevolent objects; and though the house itself has disappeared, and its extensive grounds are built over, the immediate neighborhood is still pleasantly associated in many minds with the remembrance of his refined, graceful, and unostentatious hospitality.

The summer of 1869 was the last which he was strong enough to spend at Newport. In the following year his health became seriously impaired; and on the 14th of January, 1871, he died in Boston, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. Happily too ill to realize that she to whom he owed wellnigh two-and-sixty years of wedded happiness had preceded him to

<sup>1</sup> In an article on Genesis, in "The Nineteenth Century" for January, 1886, the most eminent of living Englishmen delivers himself in this wise:—

"It may be we shall find that Christianity itself is in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect Theism: when the Kingdom shall be 'delivered up to God,' 'that God may be all in all.'"

The faculty of lucid expression has never found its appropriate place among the varied gifts of Mr. Gladstone. It is not often easy to get at his precise meaning, and it is sometimes doubtful whether he really has one. The above passage, however, would seem to imply that while he has hitherto seen fit to allow himself to be called a High Churchman, he is in reality a theologian of the school of Mr. Sears; and the thought cannot fail to occur poignantly to some of us that if, five-and-twenty years ago, he could have been prevailed upon to forego considerations of personal aggrandizement and enter upon a missionary field in connection with Christ Church, Longwood, the "Union of Churches in a Spirit of Charity" would not impossibly have been nearer at hand, and the decline and fall of the British Empire perhaps more distant.

the grave by only a few short months, he was mercifully spared any premonition that within little more than two short years two of his children were destined to follow him thither, — one of them his eldest surviving son, the heir alike of his name and of his virtues.

His exceptionally long life had been one of singular domestic happiness, — not unmarked, as human happiness can hardly fail to be, with some domestic sorrows. Of his ten children, his first-born, David Mason, died, when a child, in England, another son in infancy, and at a later period a grown-up daughter; while in his old age still another, a woman of surpassing beauty and sweetness of disposition, was taken from him.<sup>1</sup> There was no more prominent trait in his character than his liberality to his children, and the affectionate deference exhibited by them towards him was equally remarkable. The one of them now living who knew him best writes: —

“As a parent he was the most affectionate, the most reliable, and the most generous of friends. In recalling the various events of a long life intimately connected with him, and so much of which was passed in his constant society, I cannot remember a reproachful look or word.”

And this gentleness and courtesy were equally conspicuous in his intercourse with the world at large. No natural reserve of manner, no pronounced air of high breeding, no dignity and ceremony of the old school (contrasting sharply, as it often does, with the slipshod familiarity or clumsy indifference of the new), could conceal the innate goodness of heart which shone through every line of his countenance and found expression in his genial and benevolent smile. Avoiding those extravagances of mutual admiration and mutual denunciation which have so often tended to render grotesque the various phases of social and political development in Boston, he never

<sup>1</sup> There are still handsome women in Boston, both in the Sears family and elsewhere; but to those of us who are old enough to recall the late Mrs. d'Hauteville in the zenith of her attractions, the mention of no other name can better suggest those well-known lines of Byron, —

“The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,  
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul.”

forgot that the independence of his own character and the confidence he was apt to feel in the correctness of his own judgment, were in no way incompatible with the manifestation of a decent respect for the convictions of others. It could never have been said of him, as George W. Curtis said of Charles Sumner, that "he treated difference of opinion almost as a moral delinquency," nor could he ever have brought himself to say of any one, as Garrison said of Henry Clay, "Death has its uses; and never is this more clearly seen than in the removal of such a man from a world which he has only cursed by his bad example."

Still less, like John Quincy Adams, was it his life-long habit to keep a journal, in which every night, before diligently reading his Bible, he relieved his mind of any bitterness which might have accumulated in the previous twenty-four hours by jotting down such expressions as the "envious temper, ravenous ambition, and rotten heart of Daniel Webster," the "double-dealing hypocrisy" of Judge McLean, the "contemptible trickery" of Jonathan Russell, — or that Philip Barbour was "a shallow-pated wild-cat," Paley's Moral Philosophy only fit to be burned "by the hands of the common hangman," and Franklin Dexter "engaged in a dastardly conspiracy against my character."<sup>1</sup>

To describe the subject of this memoir as having been, in any sense of the word, great, would be a gross exaggeration, — he was a man neither of extreme sagacity, nor of rare erudition, nor of varied accomplishments, nor of any peculiarly

<sup>1</sup> Nobody supposes that the dear "old man eloquent" really intended that posterity should accept as his deliberate verdict more than half of the pungent allusions to his contemporaries which so amusingly diversify his published diary, and probably not more than a quarter of those which enhance the interest of that portion of it which is not in print. He was a volcanic person, — often a very "flame of fire," — who wrote on the spur of the moment, and who called a spade a spade.

There is something curiously prophetic and even pathetic in his reflection that he had "ever found a light estimate of the study of Greek and Latin and an irreverent estimate of the Bible to be inseparable companions," while his account of his difficulty with Senator Tazewell of Virginia is the most irresistibly comic passage in American political literature. Tazewell, he says, "combines with overbearing arrogance and rancorous temper a never-dying personal hatred of me because I told him I did n't believe he had ever drunk a drop of Tokay in his life. He had provoked this retort by saying he never knew a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent. . . . My shaft was barbed with truth, and will rankle in his side till his dying hour!"

showy or striking qualities, nor was he one of those exceptionally munificent persons whom absence of offspring or the successful ventures of active business sometimes enable to devote colossal sums to public objects, — but there would be no exaggeration whatever in describing him as having been, in every sense of the word, good. If a computation of the probable number of good men now or recently in this world should be based upon the obituary columns of the contemporary press, the gratulatory optimism of some popular preachers, the glowing but not always disinterested encomiums of some would-be popular speakers and writers, or upon the numerous sincere but indiscriminating tributes of deserved affection, we could not fail to approximate a gratifying total; but, as Cervantes says, “every one is as God made him, oftentimes a great deal worse,” and, in sober fact, a really good man, of what Shakespeare calls “untirable and continue goodness,” is, relatively speaking, about as scarce a product of nineteenth-century civilization as he has been at almost any earlier period of human history.

“Rari quippe boni: numero vix sunt totidem, quot  
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili,”<sup>1</sup>

or, as Dryden renders other lines of the same author, —

“Look round the habitable globe, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!  
.....  
So much the thirst of honor fires the blood;  
So many would be great, so few be good.”

Nature, however, had not been niggard to Mr. Sears in the bestowal of a reasonable share of those little personal peculiarities without which all earthly excellence has a tendency to become insipid. Although the most indulgent of husbands and fathers, he was generally bent on having his own way in matters which immediately concerned himself, and by no means relished any suggestion that his own way was, perhaps, not the most feasible one. There is nothing more annoying to the managers of educational, philanthropic, and religious institutions than a rich man who chooses only to

<sup>1</sup> “Few be the righteous! ’t is a race so small  
The mouths of Nile shall more than equal all!”

BADHAM'S *Juvenal*, Sat. 13.

give away his own money on his own terms; and the conditions laid down by Mr. Sears were sometimes complex. He was a great believer in cumulative endowments, public and private; he liked to tie up land; he hated to feel that, by any possibility, his descendants could ever come within the reach of want; and he sought, by the most ingenious and elaborate provisions in his leases, to guard against the diminished rentals of a depreciated currency. Had he, in early life, been put to the necessity of earning an income, he would have been less likely to become a great merchant, like his father, than to attain eminence as a conveyancer. The "nice, sharp quilllets of the law" possessed no terrors for him, and he may fairly be said to have revelled in the labyrinths of some of his own complicated trusts.

Another prevailing trait was his unaffected reverence for his forefathers, the remembrance of whose virtues and vicissitudes inspired him with a pervading interest. It was largely due to his advice and assistance that his kinsman, our late associate, the Rev. Edmund H. Sears, was able to publish, many years ago, several editions of a work entitled "Pictures of the Olden Time," in which much genealogical and legendary information concerning the family of Sears is agreeably blended on a canvas of historical romance. It was a pleasure to him to associate himself with his father's ancestral church of St. Peter in English Colchester by the gift of a charitable foundation, a tablet, and a service of communion-plate; with his mother's ancestral church of St. Bartholomew in English Groton by a stained-glass window to the memory of a parent so early lost; and with the great body of persons of his name and blood, many of them total strangers to himself, in all parts of the country, by privately coining and distributing medals commemorative of their common progenitor, Richard Sears the Pilgrim.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once said of Ralph Waldo Emerson that he was "a great searcher after facts, but they seemed to melt away and become unsubstantial in his grasp;" and in one of Emerson's own letters, he says of himself: "I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me why I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men." Precisely opposite was the quality of Mr. Sears's mind. He had no ambition to enroll himself among those superior persons—"soul-sculptors" they have been admiringly called—whose

mastery of profound thought and transcendental philosophy has found expression, if not in Sibylline inspiration, at least in mysterious and Orphic utterance; but when he had once assimilated a fact, he never lost sight of it,—when he had once formulated an opinion, it rested upon some substantial foundation.

He considered, and he rightly considered, that the position he occupied in this community was an important one; and it was not merely important, but unique. The possessors of the great fortunes of Boston during the first three-quarters of the present century have for the most part been industrious and ambitious natives of other places, attracted hither by the opportunity of trade, and during the earlier portion, sometimes the whole, of their careers engrossed by the absorbing process of accumulation. The famous Billy Gray, for instance, came from Marblehead, Peter C. Brooks from Medford, Colonel Thorndike and his son-in-law, Mr. Francis, from Beverly, the brothers Appleton from New-Ipswich, the brothers Lawrence from Groton, the brothers Thayer from Lancaster, Mr. Hemenway from Salem. David Sears, on the contrary, was born in Boston and bred in the purple; and he never forgot it. He never forgot that the wealth and social position which were his birthright entailed upon him the duty of a bright example; and from the very outset he set that example before him,—an example of public spirit, of domestic virtue, of religious faith,—an example in preferring his own country to any other, in endowing charities, in promoting education, in displaying urbanity, courtesy, and moderation in all things,—and, last but not least, an example of an elegant but not extravagant mode of life.

It was not with the exhibition of “damnable pomp and outrageous superfluities” (to use the forcible but expressive language of King Henry VIII.), it was not with profuse entertainments or costly furniture or sumptuous equipages that he ever permitted himself to become associated in the public mind; but rather with the maintenance of a dignified and graceful hospitality, and the observance of that luxury which Goldsmith so well defines as the “luxury of doing good.”

In nothing was the refinement of his taste more conspicuous than in the house he built in Beacon Street in 1821. The domestic architecture of Boston had even then begun to



exhibit a tendency towards a style which has become more and more accentuated in recent years, and which, with some rare exceptions, may not unfairly be described as the occasional interjection of the incongruous, the pretentious, or the grotesque upon wide reaches of monotony. Mr. Sears's house, the most expensive of its day, is open to no such criticism; and although, since his death, it has suffered cruel adaptation to the exigencies of a fashionable club, and the unsparing hand of the "decorator" has been allowed to daub and darken its walls and ceilings, enough remains to suggest distinctively, as so few houses do, that it was built by and for a gentleman.

During his lifetime it suggested something more, and was remarkable as the home of a rich man who was too conscientious to betake himself to some rock-bound coast or inclement hillside at the most unpleasant season of the year in order to lessen his share of municipal taxation, and who still less contemplated a removal to Philadelphia for a similar purpose; who never sought to add to his estate by fencing unclaimed lands; who set his face against hazardous speculations; and who even carried his scruples so far as to decline to receive more than the legal rate of interest at periods when other capitalists were eagerly demanding double.<sup>1</sup>

The world moves rapidly in fifteen years. The leading taxpayer in Suffolk County is still named Sears, but he is only a remote congener of the tribe of David. Outside of a continually decreasing circle of relatives and friends, the latter is already more than half forgotten. His great property is becoming gradually subdivided; the memory of his good example is becoming slowly effaced; but his portrait still hangs in the hall of the Charity building in Chardon Street as the founder of far the largest endowment for the benefit of the poor of Boston, and who of us could ask a nobler or more enduring monument?

I have not thought it worth while to enumerate the various societies with which Mr. Sears was honorably associated; and, in accordance with our usage, I have left it to the last to speak briefly of his connection with our own. He was elected a

<sup>1</sup> Our venerable associate, Mr. William Amory, — so much missed from his accustomed seat at our meetings during the past winter, but the charm of whose conversation will linger in our memories long after he himself can sit with us no more, — assures me that this last-mentioned trait is the only serious defect he can recall in the character of his revered father-in-law, after nearly forty years of intimate association.

Resident Member in April, 1848, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Quincy Adams. Nine years later, in April, 1857, he was chosen one of our two Vice-Presidents, and during a long absence of the President in Europe he was repeatedly called upon to preside over our meetings, which he did with characteristic courtesy, besides extending to us his hospitality on more than one occasion. Some older members cannot fail to recall a very memorable evening-meeting at his house in Beacon Street, Dec. 15, 1859, when eloquent and appropriate tributes to the character and writings of Washington Irving, then recently deceased, were successively uttered by Mr. Everett, Professor Longfellow, Colonel Aspinwall, Professor Felton, and Dr. Holmes. On his retirement from the Vice-Presidency, at his own desire, five years later, the Society acknowledged his services by a special vote of thanks, and gladly accepted for its Cabinet a portrait of himself by Pratt, which he modestly preferred to present to us through our late President.

Without making any pretence to be himself a close student of New England history, he was cordially interested in the promotion of historical studies by others; and he practically exhibited that interest, not merely by occasional gifts to our Library, but by repeated subscriptions to objects which we had at heart, and by the important gift of twenty-five hundred dollars to found the "Massachusetts Historical Trust Fund" (now amounting to more than four times that sum, and the income of which is, without restriction, at the disposal of the Society), thereby enrolling himself prominently among our by no means numerous benefactors.

It may be convenient to add that at the present time the family of Mr. Sears is represented by the widow and children of his son David; by his two surviving sons, Frederick Richard and Knyvet Winthrop Sears, and their families; by his two surviving daughters, Mrs. William Amory and Mrs. William C. Rives, and their families; and by the children of Mrs. George Caspar Crowninshield and Mrs. d'Hauteville, his two deceased married daughters.

NOTE. — Since the foregoing memoir was in type, an article in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" for July, 1886, has drawn attention to the fact that the earlier portion of the commonly accepted Sears pedigree, like the earlier portions of the commonly accepted pedigrees of many other New England families, rests upon family traditions of doubtful origin, and cannot thus far be proved. Further investigation is clearly necessary to explain certain apparent discrepancies and verify conflicting dates.

## M E M O I R

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM STOODLEY BARTLET, A.M.

BY THE REV. EDMUND F. SLAFTER, A.M.

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THE Rev. William S. Bartlet was born in Newburyport on the 8th day of April, 1809, and died in the city of Chelsea on the 12th day of December, 1883. He was the son of William Bartlet, who graduated at Harvard College in 1801, and grandson of the Hon. William Bartlet, an opulent merchant of Newburyport, and a munificent benefactor of the Theological Seminary at Andover. He received a good academical education in the public schools of his native town and in the incorporated academies of the neighborhood. He served an apprenticeship of about three years in the mercantile house of Benjamin T. Reed, of Boston. He afterward entered into mercantile business in Newburyport, in which he continued for several years. He was confirmed in St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, by Bishop Griswold, in 1820, and under the tuition of its rector, the late Rev. James Morss, D.D., he early became an earnest and enthusiastic churchman.

In 1836 he became a candidate for Holy Orders in the Diocese of New York, and entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he remained three years, completing the prescribed course of study in 1839. He was admitted to Holy Orders by the Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D.D., on the 30th of June in the same year. On the 15th of November, 1839, he was elected rector of Emmanuel Church, at Little Falls, on the Mohawk, in the State of New York, where he remained nearly three years. On the first day of September, 1842, he took charge of a congrega-

tion newly organized under the title of Mount Zion Church, in Chelsea, Massachusetts. The next year the parish assumed the name of St. Luke's Church, of which Mr. Bartlet was chosen rector, where he continued until Sept. 1, 1849, when he resigned. On Dec. 29, 1850, he became rector of St. Andrew's Church, Providence, Rhode Island, where he continued until July 6, 1851, when he accepted an invitation to return to St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, of which he had previously been rector for the period of seven years. Here he continued until July, 1859, completing a service of fifteen years as rector of that parish.

From this time onward Mr. Bartlet officiated from time to time as occasion offered, but made no permanent engagements. The parish of St. Luke's in its early years contained many discordant elements, which, together with the infirmity of deafness, which came upon Mr. Bartlet at a very early period, rendered his duties difficult and discouraging; and his labors were not attended with that eminent success which he anticipated and desired.

In 1853 Mr. Bartlet published "The Frontier Missionary; a Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Jacob Bailey, A.M., a Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." The work was issued by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, and was the second volume of its publications. A preface accompanied the work, by the accomplished scholar and divine, the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Maine.

In this memoir Mr. Bartlet traces the career of the Rev. Mr. Bailey from his graduation at Harvard College, in 1755, to his death, in 1808, skilfully introducing large extracts from Mr. Bailey's journal, and many letters of local and historical interest, enriching its pages with learned and elaborate annotations. Mr. Bartlet happily finds occasion to give important historical and personal information, drawn largely from Mr. Bailey's correspondence and journals, in regard to many of the clergy of the English Church settled in New England previous to the American Revolution. As these clergymen were mostly, if not all, loyalists during that protracted struggle, a record of the events in which they were involved, and of the experiences through which they passed, sheds a beneficent light upon their character and integrity, over whose

memory a cloud of misconception and unjust prejudice had hopelessly brooded for nearly a century.

The wisdom, learning, and skill with which Mr. Bartlet conducted this work gave to him at once the position, in this line at least, of a writer of unusual promise; and it has always been regretted by those who knew well his capabilities and tastes, that this, the first, was to be his last work of any commanding historical significance.

The same year, in 1853, he contributed to the Collections of the Maine Historical Society two papers of local interest; one entitled "A Contribution to the History of Bath," and the other, "An Introduction to Strachey's Account," extracts from which were reprinted in the same volume. In the last paper he made some valuable suggestions in relation to the exact location of the fort erected by the Popham colony in 1607. Both articles display careful and accurate investigation.

In 1863 he contributed to the March number of the "National Quarterly Review," published in New York, an article entitled "A Review of Quintilian's Institutes of Eloquence;" of "The Elements of Elocution," by John Walker; and of "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," by Dr. James Rush.

The paper is written with boldness and vivacity, and with a manifest consciousness of a thorough knowledge of the subject. It arraigns Archbishop Whately, and condemns the theory set forth in his treatises on Rhetoric and Logic. It discusses the merits of the authors named at the head of the article, and gives some important and sensible rules for the successful use and management of the human voice.

In 1864, at a tercentenary celebration of the birth of William Shakspeare by the citizens of Lowell, Mr. Bartlet delivered, by invitation, a discourse on the life and character of the great poet, which was printed with the proceedings on the occasion and the speeches made at the dinner that followed. The discourse indicates that he had been a careful and diligent student of the dramatist; and his analysis of his character, as a poet and as a man, is clear and discriminating. The performance gave great satisfaction to those who heard it. It was pronounced a "scholarly and comprehensive production, whose suggestions, most of them novel and striking, would be fully appreciated by its readers."

In 1867 he contributed an article to the "Church Monthly" on the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, D.D., Bishop of Maine, who had then recently died. It is brief, and merely a sketch; but nevertheless it sets forth very clearly and skilfully the fine qualities of the noble bishop, whom he had known intimately and to whom he had become endeared by many years of friendly intercourse.

In 1875 he edited and carried through the press a volume entitled "A List of Persons admitted to the Order of Deacons in the Protestant Episcopal Church from 1785 to 1857," which had been prepared with almost incredible labor by Bishop Burgess, of Maine. He supplied many dates and other defects in the list, and added likewise a numerical index to the whole. As thus completed, the work assumed at once a place of permanent historical value and importance.

In 1865 Mr. Bartlet was appointed Registrar of the Diocese of Massachusetts, and by yearly election continued such till his death. This officer is the custodian of the manuscripts and printed documents which belong to the diocese, which have been accumulating from the time of its organization in 1784 down to the present. He is also charged with the duty of adding such historical volumes and papers, whether in manuscript or print, as may be of value in the history of the diocese. Mr. Bartlet held this office eighteen years, and gave all necessary care for the preservation of the historical material in the archives, together with that which naturally came into his official keeping. With the limited means at his control, and the want of a proper depository, he did not attempt to promote the enlargement and enrichment of the historical collections belonging to the diocese.

Soon after he entered upon this office, he began the preparation of a history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts. To this work he directed his efforts for several years, and advanced so far as to leave several chapters in manuscript. It is to be feared, and greatly regretted, that these preparations were not left in such a state of forwardness as to furnish much valuable and important assistance to future historians of the church.

As a writer, Mr. Bartlet was painstaking, and almost morbidly conscientious in his endeavor to rest his conclusions on clearly established facts. His style was simple, perspicuous,

and direct. He held his views with firmness, and with so much strength and tenacity that it gave him too often the appearance of a partisan. He never engaged in public discussions, but in private he was always equipped with barbed arrows, which he hurled skilfully and with vigor upon all in opposition. On theological questions he was conservative, and he did not apparently swerve in the minutest degree from the views in which he was instructed, and which he had accepted when he was a student in the Theological Seminary. In institutional religion his conservatism was equally apparent. No canon or rubric could be changed without challenging his profoundest scrutiny; and unless in the change it approached something still older, it was likely to be accepted with a protest. In his intercourse with society he was modest but eminently social. His memory was richly stored with anecdotes and maxims, in his own and other languages, gathered from every department of knowledge. He acted on the theory of Bacon that apothegms serve not only for ornament and delight, but are the edge-tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of business and affairs. These, with a gravity of manner and a fine sense of humor, he applied freely in conversation, and with great pungency and effect. He was always an interesting and entertaining companion.

Mr. Bartlet received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in 1849. He became a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1858. He was twice married: first, to Miss Hannah M. Stevens, of Pittston, Maine, who died in 1870; second, on the 22d of February, 1873, to Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips Somerby, of Chelsea, who survives him. He left no children.